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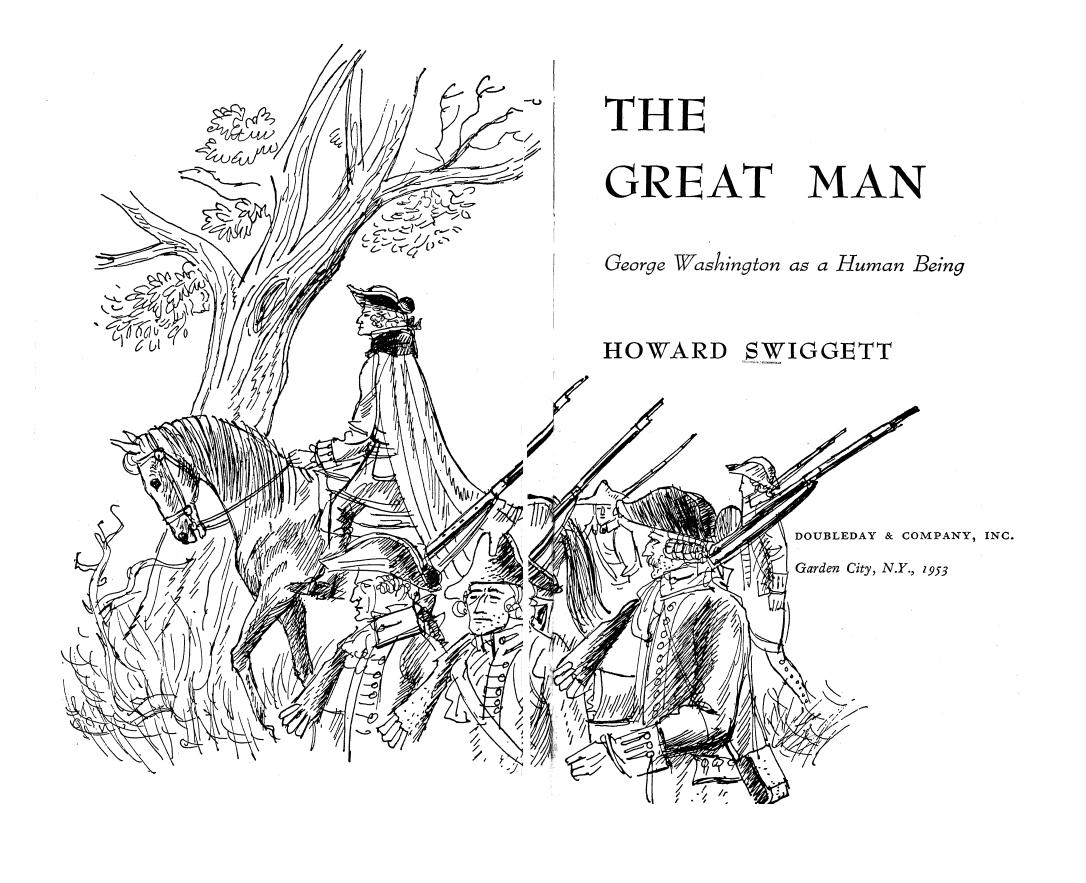
HISTORICAL

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ADVENTURE

The Stairs Lead Nowhere
Most Secret, Most Immediate
The Hidden and the Hunted

THE GREAT MAN



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At the Country Life Press, Garden City, N.Y.

FIRST EDITION

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 53-5965

To LORD STRATHCONA and MOUNT ROYAL In sign of the true brotherhood

FOREWORD

NE OF THE slaves at Mount Vernon was named Stately, and most pictures of Washington suggest the slave had been named for his master's principal attribute. There is an apt illustration of what followed the pictures in an index line of Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings.

"Washington, George, statues, bust, pedestal." Long has he lain in such dull cold marble.

Many¹ have tried to evoke the Living Presence and why they have not succeeded is a puzzling question. Among the reasons may be the endless repetition of the noble stories with what seems to me scant search for news. Another may be the small chance there has been to compare Washington with ordinary men around him because so little is told about them.

But neither these nor larger reasons explain how this balanced but blazing man, who wanted "News on the spur of speed, for I am all impatience" and who, rallying his troops from rout, said they ran "like the wild bears of the mountains," became a stately statue.

Strongly as one may feel there is *news* about Washington, which reveals him as a complex but comprehensible human being, it is still a hazardous if not impudent business to attempt a one-volume Life, while Dr. Freeman's great expedition is still climbing Everest with several camps still to pitch.

Even Gertrude Stein in Four in America, which begins "George Washington is mentioned. He is also remembered." This seems clear enough, as does her assertion: "I say George Washington was the first president of the United States." Less clear is the full import of "She is very sleepy, George Washington."

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Great respect and due modesty, however, have not restrained me and I have experienced a continuous excitement in finding for myself a man of magnetism and grandeur, cold fury and biting wit, goodness and charity, troubles and woe—little woes like the pocket knife "lost I cannot say where"—a high mightiness on a world stage who preferred to stay within fifteen miles of Mount Vernon: moderate yet masculine to the last degree, filled with pride yet with a winning modesty, believing in dignity and decorum but able to laugh at or discard them.

I had a reasonable though by no means scholarly knowledge of the origins and the events of the Revolution, but there were countless details and explanations I wanted which I had not found. After I had worked out the curious timetable before the Lee-Laurens duel I was sure there must be more news, more melodrama and comedy, more puzzling human behavior worth looking for and writing about. And I began to wonder how much other ordinary persons actually did know about Washington—and what they wanted to know.

I sent a letter to fifty adults, all of whom I regarded as more than ordinarily well read, asking what they would like to know about Washington. All but one or two replied that they knew very little except from schoolbooks, and here are some of the questions they asked.

Personal: Was he penurious? Did he drink and what? Did he smoke? How did he feel about higher education? Did he enjoy feminine companionship? Is it he talking in Maxwell Anderson's Valley Forge? Did he speak foreign languages? Did he have any close friends? Did he really love Martha? To what extent was he the implement of other men's ideas?

Military: What was his military knowledge prior to the Revolution? How did he exercise command? What G-2 did he have? What counterespionage measures? Why did he write letters instead of foraging at Valley Forge? Did he regard Saratoga as a minor or prodigious victory?

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Vis-à-vis specific persons: Did he treat Randolph fairly in forcing his resignation? Did he really think he could get Hamilton and Jefferson to work together? What was his relation to the men he worked with? Why was he devoted to Lafayette? Why was Charles Lee retained so long? Since he was presumably not the intellectual peer of Jefferson, Monroe, Hamilton, Madison, was Washington the choice because of integrity or popularity?

Oddments: To what extent was he responsible for preventing a monarchy's being established here? Why did Hamilton and he never speak? Why did he go to the West Indies?

From a child looking over a parent's shoulder: Did he have hair under his wig and why does he always look so stern?

The most searching and difficult questions were these from J.C., D.L.B., and W.L.:

- (1) Militarily, was he more like Marshall, Eisenhower, Bradley, or Rommel? Politically like Churchill, F.D.R., Hoover, Baruch, Lewis Douglas?
- (2) Why was there never any question among a large group of men as to the one they themselves considered greatest?
- (3) Why has the popular appreciation of Washington declined, particularly in the twentieth century?

Most of the answers except to these three questions are, I believe, in the story that follows (always remembering Robert E. Lee's letter to his wife after Appomattox: "the truth will never be known"). I should like to have answered number 3 above by saying such was not the fact, but plainly it is. Part of the cause was the idolatry of most nineteenth-century biographers followed by the "humanization" of the 1920s which, going to the other extreme, was so often a catalogue of dental and visional troubles with unrelated instances of avarice, envy, hypocrisy, and bad temper. More than either, however, is what one must reluctantly conclude was something covered by Brooks Adams' phrase, "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma," though he did not so intend it.

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Inevitably the Gentleman at the Head of the Army who told his victorious soldiers their future happiness lay less in the benefits of a special "Bill of Rights" than in each man's "wise and manly conduct," who spoke with awed humility of "the marvels of the war," who sought constantly the honor and dignity of his country, who condemned "the farrago of nonsense/with which some men/sow seeds of discontentment by imposing upon the misinformed" has had some loss in popular appreciation.

The bulk of the questions asked for news. Along with the major story, could space be found for news of Washington and of the men around him, of lesser stature than Jefferson, Hamilton, and Adams, on whose competence or incompetence, fidelity or faithlessness, so much depended? It seemed to me so, if I began in June 1775; and I felt strongly that the Washington who went to Cambridge was so decisively a new man, wholly different from what he had been, that the previous years were important only as the prenatal months are said to be.

The plan required great omissions, particularly of political theory, and also a selection of incidents and personalities. I have said nothing, for example, about Washington's exact feelings toward his mother and Sally Fairfax. More than enough seems to me to have been written about them, and the truth in either case is largely a matter of wild surmise, made particularly so by the impenetrable conventions of letter writing at the time. I omitted them more easily because I could not see that either relationship affected his life in any tangible way. In saying this, I hope I shall not be accused of irreverence for Motherhood, or ignorance of the impact of romantic devotion.

There is a small matter for which I hope readers will accept my denial, or thoroughly search the evidence, and that is the constant reference to Washington's bad spelling. He misspells occasionally, but most definitely no more than his most erudite associates, only Hamilton possibly excepted. Benjamin Rush, perhaps the most educated, misspells as often, and the brilliant John Laurens wrote his learned father from Valley Forge, "Will FOREWORD XIII

you be so kind as to tell me the orthography of Galley—whether it be as already written or thus Gally." Why on that cold, bleak hillside he needed to know he did not say.

The acknowledgments of a financial debtor are much easier to make than those of a writer who owes a great deal to many people. How, for example, does one "acknowledge" the casual word of interest or encouragement which came at a bankrupt moment? What is the golden mean of gratitude between the pretentious, the effusive, and the laconic? I don't know the answers, but here are a few of the people to whom I am sending I.O.U.s, my close friends: Benjamin R. Allison, Grace T. Buchanan, Dailey L. Bugg, Cassius M. Clay, John and Catherine Finerty, James D. Horan, Paula Sterne, Henry Tetlow. To Professor John R. Alden of the University of Nebraska; Theobald Clark of Lansdale, Pa., for enormous help on Pennsylvania in the Revolution; Howard L. Hughes and Mary J. Messler of the Free Public Library, Trenton, N.J.; James D. Mack, librarian, Lehigh University; David C. Mearns and the staff of the Manuscript Division, Library of Congress; those experts, Avellino, Vigilante, Hill, Morrison, and others of the American History and Manuscript Rooms of the New York Public Library, whom I have had the honor of thanking for many years; Mr. Vail, Miss Barck, and Mr. Leech of the New-York Historical Society; Mrs. Marjorie M. Keith of Washington, D.C.; Wilmarth S. Lewis of Farmington, Conn., for the loan of the Worsley-Bissett Trial; General Lucius D. Clay, retired, Major General S. L. Scott, and the officers at Fort Belvoir for great help on the Trenton planning; Lieutenant Colonel W. J. Morton, retired, librarian at West Point; the present Allan McLane; Miss Edna Huntington of the Long Island Historical Society; Hofstra College Library for use of its reference books; Mrs. Walter B. Thomson, of the Hewlett-Woodmere Library, who borrowed so many books for me; Nicholas B. Wainwright, Jr., of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania for unfailing help and patience; H. H. Eddy of the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, Harrisburg;

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and Page Smith of the Institute of Early American History and Culture, Williamsburg, and Dr. Lee McGinnis of New York.

For the Appendix on 145 of the patriot leaders I am above all indebted to Mr. Thomas J. Watson, Jr., of International Business Machines and his organization, particularly Miss Schroeder, for their generous help. Many answers or leads to obscure questions about The Hundred Forty Five were supplied, often after many hours of investigation, by L. H. Butterfield and Herbert L. Ganter of Williamsburg; Francis L. Berkeley, Jr., of the Alderman Library, University of Virginia; The Library Company of Philadelphia; Professor Samuel L. Bemis; Emma Cocker of the Commission on Historical Sites of New Jersey; Stephen T. Riley of the Massachusetts Historical Society; the present James Mc-Henry; Miss Ruth E. Thomas, genealogist, of Boston, Mass.; Miss Mary L. Thornton of the Library, University of North Carolina; the Offices of the Secretaries of Princeton University and the University of Pennsylvania; Justice A. Dayton Oliphant, Supreme Court of New Jersey; Miss Edna L. Jacobsen, New York State Library; Professor Kenneth R. Rossman, Doane College, Crete, Neb.; the Connecticut Historical Society; and Charles E. Greene, Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, Wilmington, Del., to all of whom I am deeply grateful.

Few people nowadays can "read writin'." Mrs. Marjorie P. Thomas can, and cheerily copied the mss., for which great and very special thanks, as also to Gwen Glass and Kathryn Tebbel of Doubleday & Co., and to LeBaron R. Barker, Jr., and Willis Kingsley Wing, who would have been ornaments to Washington's staff.

If debts within a family were proper things, I should owe large ones to C.S.G. and R.S.K. As before, the book would not have been possible except for Miss Alverta Seeley.

Finally to F.B.S. as con, the end of Choten's Song.

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THE GREAT MAN



THE GREATEST MAN OF ACTION OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

FOR ALL his ambition, pride, and "honor," the man who rode to the command at Cambridge in June 1775 cannot have believed he would become the greatest man of action of the eighteenth century. Doubtless he considered that Marlborough or Frederick the Great was and would continue to be that man, and that Cromwell had been so in the seventeenth century. When Cromwell rose against the King he wrote a letter which, within a few days of the arrival at Cambridge, might have been Washington's in every word:

If you send, let your men come to Boston [sic]. I beseech you hasten the supply to us; forget not money. I press not hard, though I do so need that, I assure, the foot and dragoons are ready to mutiny. Lay not too much upon the back of a poor gentleman who desires, without much noise, to lay down his life . . . to serve the cause. . . . I do not ask money for myself . . . I desire to deny myself but others will no be satisfied. I beseech you hasten supplies. . . .

There was an extraordinary resemblance between the two men. Cromwell had written the letter at forty-four, Washington was forty-three at Boston. Both were country gentlemen devoted to hounds and horses. Cromwell had been involved in a scheme to drain the East Anglian fens; in Washington's case it was the Dismal Swamp. One suffered from malaria, the other from the ague. Each had splendid-sounding names. Who can be sure which of them is defending one of his officers with the characteristic words: "[You say] he is indiscreet. It may be so, in some things, we have all human infirmities. . . . I advised you formerly to bear with men of different minds from yourself"? Is it Washington writing to Baylor or Cromwell to Hampden about the need in the cavalry for "gentlemen who have honour and courage and resolution in them" . . . rather than tapsters? The "My Dearest, I could not think of departing" letter from Washington might well have closed with Cromwell's words to his wife in similar circumstances: "Truly if I love thee not too well, I think I err not on the other hand too much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature."

Nor were their armies wholly unlike. The Ironsides billeting themselves with their horses in Peterborough Cathedral, shattering the great west window, sound like the Continentals in Muhlenberg's little church on the Reading road—and, like the Americans, many would "not serve outside their own localities." The pay of both forces was constantly in arrears and their deserters flogged.

But there were also deep differences. For one thing, as Commander in Chief, Cromwell always had more men than the whole Continental Army and had to move through an area only the size of one of the colonies. He came gradually to supreme command, as though Greene had so emerged by slowly bringing his own division to perfection. Washington had no such margin in which to learn.

The significant difference, however, lies in what Cromwell did that Washington refused to do, though often urged to by the men around him, who argued from Cromwell's example. It is as

¹The Pyms and Habakkuks cannot wrestle with the Cromwells and Isaiahs, R. L. Stevenson said. Nor the Loammi Baldwins, the Pacas, the Bezaleel Beebes with Washington, he might have added.

²Cromwell to Crawford, March 10, 1644.

THE GREAT MAN

though he recognized that all Cromwell's accomplishments were in the end impermanent and said to himself, "These were his mistakes. I will avoid every one of them and what I am trying for will endure."

He did not, as well he might, lead his angry army through the streets of Philadelphia or York as Cromwell did in London, to dismount at Westminster and stride in to tell Parliament that because of their injustice, corruption, petty jealousy, private sins, drunkenness, and embezzlement "it is not fit that you should sit as a Parliament any longer"—and call in his musketeers to throw them out. He did not leave Valley Forge to denounce on the floor of Congress his brother officers for their "shuffling pretences and evasions" or claim that his delays were "strategical" and Gates's, for example, "intentional," pettily interpreting every act of theirs against them, as Cromwell did to Lord Manchester. When the army drew up its grievances he did not, like Cromwell, ride sword in hand down their lines, call out the ringleaders, and have them dice before him to decide which should be shot.

Marked, indeed, were the differences: permanence and continuity as against brief power and glory; clemency as against executions; magnanimity and the act of oblivion as against ruthless cruelty; civil power as against army rule; balanced confidence in the future as against the terrible doubts of God's will; the normal man as against the fanatic.

Washington, it is true, faced no such dreadful decision as the execution of the King, yet had he done so it is hard to conceive of him in the morbid, religious frenzy of Cromwell afterward.

The lifework of one vanished. The other's country is still governed by the Constitution at whose writing he presided, a century and three quarters ago. At Cromwell's funeral, the gentle John Evelyn said, none cried but dogs.

The unquestioning choice of Washington to be Commander in Chief is in itself a puzzle, yet less so than the fact that it became almost immediately apparent that not another man was fitted for the position, so great was the difference between him and the rest. Most amazing of all is that after a life on frontiers and plantations he should have known at once what to do at the head of one of the greatest—and then most unique—of man's enterprises.

The story of this wonderful life is one of stupendous success. Hardly a thing he strove for failed of achievement. Yet all his great masculine deeds were done with modesty and no one was freer of "the distracted ambition of being the greatest man in the world." Let his country have peace and independence and he would not venture twenty miles from Mount Vernon again.

In 1795, Adet, the French envoy, wrote home, "Washington, this colossal hero... is but a wretch whose strength has been exaggerated by a superstitious credulity." While few of his enemies when living, or his critics since, have gone so far, there has been a determined effort by the latter to be sure that every fault and weakness is fully exposed.

When the faultfinding, in its literal sense, is finished, the critics in general have come up with a rather limited indictment. A usual charge is that all his life he was engrossed by money and displayed an almost methodical avarice. Certainly no one had a greater dislike of debt. "Not to pay money when it is due would hurt my feelings"; "in God's name how did my brother Samuel get himself so enormously in debt?" No one was more fearful of the bankruptcies he saw all around him. Would he have been a greater man if he had not lived so that ordinarily he could give or loan to the less fortunate? If, as with Jefferson, Monroe, Robert Morris, William Duer, and many others, there had been nothing left when he died?

Then they say he was dull and humorless. As to the last, he

Plutarch, of Alexander.

^{&#}x27;Of course this is as it should be, though the discovery by W. E. Woodward that there was nothing of the poet Shelley in Washington, while true, is perhaps not unexpected!

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did not have a "fund of funny stories" like Lincoln, whose mind, however, was kept "on the stretch" for only four years of war.⁵ But, as many letters hereafter show, he had a lively sense of the comic and absurd in life. A humorless man above all takes himself very seriously. He does not, like Washington, writing to Joseph Reed from Cambridge, say that a Mr. Campbell has made a very formidable picture of the Commander in Chief, "giving him a sufficient portion of terror in his countenance."

The charge of aloofness, arrogant or morbid, is an accretion of later legend. A practical, everyday man, Jacob Hiltzheimer, the Philadelphia liveryman who was Continental stable master and knew them all in a rough and ready way, dined with Washington in '91. He went home and wrote in his diary, "President Washington is an unassuming, easy and sociable man."

The attempted refutation of avarice or humorlessness, though, is a negative effort, explaining nothing of the magnetism which drew so many to him.

In the composition of the human frame, he said, there is a good deal of inflammable material, and it was that material with his vagaries which made him splendid and fascinating. The inflammable material made him ride into the firing at New York and Princeton, race the guns at Trenton, come up to restore the battle at Monmouth, give the surrender to Lincoln at Yorktown, take the tiller in a storm on the Hudson as the French mission was being ferried over, utter the great "My God, can the writer be a friend of the army" at Newburgh, refuse to turn back in the frozen Delaware; even strike off the wonderful phrase "hackneyed in villainy" for the traitor Arnold and plant "the scarlet honeysuckle and the Gilder rose," or ride with his hounds in the sunrise. Often the inflammable material is most apparent when he refuses to let it catch fire: the icy patience with the laggards, Charles Lee and Gates, before Christmas '76 and Gates after Sara-

^{&#}x27;However, he did tell a story about a New England clergyman who lost a hat and wig "passing a river called the Brunks [Bronx]," thus being one of the first to perceive the humor in that borough's name.

toga; with the prime donne, Jefferson and Hamilton, in the Cabinet, with the Continental Congress and the British government; with Mrs. Washington's niece at Mount Vernon, who gave out fifty-six bottles of the best madeira (reserved for "particular and intimate acquaintances coming from a distance, some of the most respected foreigners and members of Congress") to those who made a convenience of the house in traveling and at most should have had only claret.

The trivial vagaries of this staid man are often overlooked: the love of clothes in the latest mode but suitable for a Republican; the pleasure derived from vast, private paper work; the boyish excitement of the invitations to Dr. Craik and Bushrod Washington to go to the Ohio with him after the Revolution; the love of things, things, things-a pocket knife, bottle-sliders, mother-ofpearl whist counters; the homilies to a steward on the proper hour to market; the tactful intervention in the matter of the mangles ("something to do with ironing clothes") of Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Morris; the Don Juan saga of Royal Gift; the fact that while allegedly "unacquainted with the classics," "with little or no acquaintance with arithmetic," ignorant of Greek and French, unequipped to judge of constitutional legalities, he should have fancied himself as an authority on human love, "a mighty pretty thing but like all other delicious things, likely to cloy." His pronouncement that a thorough-paced coquette dies in celibacy and a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool has the cadence of the proverbial wisdom of Israel. He orders the firm of Meade and FitzSimons [both once his aides] to send a relative a "handsome but not costly gown" as a present. Compare this Polonius directness with the order to them from his neighbor at Greenway Court: "Send my daughter a fashionable hat and shade of any color except white or black and a pair of stays of the measurements sent. She requires they may be of the latest fashion. Send me a 1/4 cask of rum of best quality."

Out of such qualities, great and small, a marvelous life record was made, the greatest aspect of which was that, except in the THE GREAT MAN 7

rarest instances, it never descended to levels of mean or petty conduct. For him consistently to do the Right Thing was not a matter of dull, deliberate conformity to principle, but rather as though he saw the issues and events as an exciting, personal challenge.

To meet it he must put away the past. Not only must he leave Mount Vernon but there he must leave what he had thought was his "honor," that sense of injury and fancied wrongs, his sectional prejudices, and his inability to bear with men of different minds

from himself.

CONGRESS DOTH NOW DECLARE THEY WILL MAINTAIN AND ASSIST HIM

(1775)

WITH the advantage of a century and three quarters' hindsight it is easy to see how badly the Revolution was run. But, when one tries to fix the blame for it, fair judgment is still very difficult. One popular verdict has it that the blunders and mismanagement all arose from the stupid incompetence of the Continental Congress. Another view is that anyone but an overcautious and discouraged Fabius like Washington could have wrung from Congress what was needed, if he had known what it was.

To understand why the patriot warmaking¹ was so long ineffective, it is necessary to keep in mind the concept of government under which it was attempted. To that concept there was small if any objection. Certainly all originally believed it would suffice for victory and that to go beyond it was morally and practically impossible.

The concept, put briefly, was that thirteen states should form only "an alliance of friendship," retaining "as much of [their] present laws, rights and customs as [they] may think fit" and not transferring any power to a new, central government. Members of Congress would be only "the ambassadors" of their state legis-

Fighting is not here referred to.

latures. The concept arose from a fanatical fear of a new tyranny's taking the place of the one they were resisting. Not only was this "right," it was, they believed, all that thirteen states, with their wide differences in culture, habits, commerce, and climate and their mutual jealousies and suspicions, were capable of.

A natural part of the concept was that government should be of laws, not men. The result, as scholars have pointed out, was that new state constitutions became almost the first order of business and much of the talent of the country forsook Continental for state affairs to write these indispensable charters. Surely, many will feel, this could have waited on the organization of the war effort. It could have done so, but in a way it exemplified the wonderful assurance almost all felt that independence was ultimately certain and that the country must be governed by laws.

What did this extreme decentralization mean for the army? In brief and partial summary, these were the powers of Congress and the arrangements for the army:

- 1. To finance the war, Congress could issue Continental bills of credit, for ultimate redemption by the states on a basis roughly proportional to population, *but*
 - 2. Congress could not tax, except for the Post Office.
- 3. Congress could decide on the strength of the army but could only request each state legislature to raise and equip its quota, which Congress would pay and support.
- 4. All officers of or under the rank of colonel would be appointed by the state legislatures but
 - 5. Congress would appoint all general officers.

Complex and ineffective as this system was, all would still have been well if each state had done what it agreed to do. What were the obstacles?

The gravest, and most unpleasant to consider, was that a hardy people, more than two million strong, fighting for hearth and home, were never able or willing to raise and maintain an army at a continuing, effective strength of twenty thousand men. Classically, all that is necessary in such crises is for a Leader to brush past a weak and worthless Congress (called by whatever name) and appeal directly to the people. They will then rise. Not so, in the Revolution. In no real sense was the majority of the population, for all its flamboyant mobs, prepared to sacrifice blood and treasure for independence. It was not alone that half the people—or whatever the exact unknown figure—were Tories. It was primarily that only a few—possibly two hundred men—understood or were capable of understanding all that was involved in waging a War of Independence against a great sea power.

George Mason, later author of the Bill of Rights, protested that Virginia should not be expected to raise three thousand men "as a body of standing troops. We are running the country to an expense it will not be able to bear." He wrote Washington, "I think it extremely imprudent to exhaust ourselves before we know when we are to be attacked." The vigorous, capable Governor Johnson of Maryland, Washington's nominator as Commander in Chief, urged that the Maryland Continental Line be allowed to remain in that state: "[This] may probably be the occasion of its filling the sooner for a good many of our people are possessed with the humour of serving within rather than out of the state."

State governors and their constituents were like the thirty-first President of the United States in feeling that security lay in repelling an invasion; and many resembled the G.I. of World War II who hoped the next war would be an invasion because he was homesick.

"I am exceedingly sorry," Washington wrote Governor Cooke of Rhode Island in the measured words he had to use to the head of a sovereign state who owed nothing to him or the cause beyond what in his own judgment he decided to give or do, "that your states have ordered several battalions to be raised for the defense of the state only and this before proper measures are taken to fill the Continental regiments. You cannot be insensible,

how unequal any one state is, unconnected with the others, to defend itself."

In large majority the state governors were not "insensible" to the fact, but their citizens would not flock to arms to fight away from home. No transfer of power to draft to a central government would have overcome this. The "patriotism," so to call it, of the state governors and of Congress exceeded that of the people, but it should also be noted that no group of either of them constantly sought, to the exclusion of all else, for national effectiveness in the war effort. In fact there was a disposition toward suspicion of the main army, and men like John Adams seem to have gone out of their way to make clear that its only business was to fight, however badly fed, clothed, and equipped. The war was two years old when he wrote: "The states insist with great justice and sound policy and propriety on having a share of the general officers [without regard to fitness of command] in some proportion to the quotas of troops they are to raise. [If the army doesn't like it] they must abide the consequences of their discontent."

The provocative smugness of this letter, so characteristic of the writer, is of considerable interest. Mrs. Bowen, in her biography of Adams, says that "The American Revolution was engineered from first to last by a handful of men by the sheer contagion of private correspondence."

Letter writing, so valuable until 1775, was a curse in the Revo-

Letter writing, so valuable until 1775, was a curse in the Revolution. The capable men were absorbed by the enormous day-to-day business which descended on them. The rest, writing with much self-importance, spread faultfinding, disunity, and suspicion. The Letters of Members of the Continental Congress are not, in the main, either noble or competent. Yet when one is tempted to say they were written largely by bigoted, suspicious, wrongheaded, small-minded men, one also realizes they were plainly not written by traitors and scoundrels, nor by the perverts and libertines of the royal courts of the time.

There is the letter of John Adams to Elbridge Gerry, often

quoted as a tribute to Washington's "sacrifice" and Adams's touching appreciation of it: "There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington . . . leaving his delicious retirement." Has an important man, one may ask, ever written a sillier, more effeminate sentence about another in a crisis of life and death? How typical of the milk-and-water Congress. Then in the Journals of Congress for that day one reads the resolution appointing a Commander in Chief of "all forces now raised or to be raised" and one is stirred by the simple and manly ring of its conclusion: "Congress doth now declare that they will maintain and assist him, and adhere to him, the said George Washington, with their lives and fortunes in the same cause."

The justice, propriety, and sound policy of the states' insistence on a proportional share of general officers would have been more evident if, to such a right, an imperative obligation had been felt to equip, maintain, and pay the several Continental lines to the fullest. Jealous state rivalry to secure the appointment of favorite sons as generals was almost universal, but of rivalry to have their regiments the best equipped and maintained there was none, except as spasmodic "gifts" of blankets or clothing were sent to a cold, half-naked army to be distributed, not on the basis of greatest need, but to the boys from home.

On such occasions one often wonders why Washington did not break the terms of his appointment and, for example, assign Maryland contributions to New Jersey. Such defiance, it may be felt, might well have broken the parochial system and made it a Continental one. He evidently judged the damage would be greater than the gain, perhaps because obedience to authority was the army's greatest and most basic deficiency. He seems to have grasped almost from the start that, given the over-all axiom that civil power was the master and military power its servant, the whole business could succeed only by half measures, compromise, and persuasion. To repeat, had each state striven to outdo its sisters in maintaining the army, no problem beyond the talents of ordinary men would have existed. The system of state

alliance, as against union, was all that was practically possible at the moment. It would have succeeded—as indeed with foreign aid it did—had it been accompanied by the will to be first in efficiency and sacrifice.

efficiency and sacrifice.

The right of Congress to appoint general officers did not, in the long run, encumber the army with incapable men, nor were the best fighting colonels passed over. The threefold evils of the system were these:

Appointment by Congress resulted in a confusion of authority, making it necessary for even the best generals to keep up a direct correspondence with members of Congress and, since the regiments they commanded "belonged" to the states, with the governors of the states. Inevitably ambitious men were tempted to put themselves in a favorable light. Inevitably the civilians took sides and let it be understood how valuable their influence could be. On the other hand, considering the almost non-existent means of securing quick and accurate war news,² the correspondence, for all its distractions, served a good purpose.

Much worse for the army was the fact that the general officers were the sole judges of their own physical fitness to serve. If they felt their health demanded it, they could leave the army, as Gates did before Trenton. Putnam, at sixty, was the only one who insisted on staying when any modern medical board would have found him unfit.

Finally there was their right of resignation. Scarcely a famous name but appears at some time on that index—Sullivan, Greene, Stark, Glover, Morgan, Van Cortlandt, Bland, Henry Livingston, Spotswood, Knox, Monroe, Hamilton among them, not to mention Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr.

A great deal of Washington's time and nervous energy were consumed in persuading officers to stay. Only in the case of Virginians was he "partial." There he felt free to be tough, telling Colonel Theodorick Bland in cold, curt words that a man, so placed as he, must remain with the army "at the cost of private

²The grave scarcity of printing equipment and paper must be borne in mind.

affairs." Noblesse oblige held above all for a young Virginia planter. If Washington's sort of provincialism had animated the states, any system of war management would have succeeded.

It is worth comparing what he said to his friend and neighbor, Bland, with a letter of his to Sullivan of New Hampshire during the siege of Boston. The letter throws out shadows toward the later surprises on Long Island and the Brandywine.

"I am a little surprised and concerned," he writes, "to hear of your moving to Colonel Royal's house.... I should be glad if you could get some place nearer as I think it hazardous to trust the left wing of an army without a general officer upon the spot.... I know you would not easily forgive yourself if anything wrong should happen for want of your presence on any sudden call."

Many armchair martinets have been aroused by this mild rebuke and suggestion. It shows, they say, that dreadful, diffident uncertainty in Washington. He should have court-martialed Sullivan, removed and demoted him, or at least earned his respect by an order given in curt, military language. The inflammable material in Washington must have been almost uncontrollable at such disregard of duty and common sense, but he had already realized that, except on the field of battle itself, the jurisdictions over the army were so tangled and general officers so encouraged, by their states and Congress, to "independence" that there was none of them, unless possibly Lord Stirling, whose "honor" would not have been touched and feelings hurt to the point of resignation by a harsher reprimand. There was, then, no alternative to mildness. What was important was to be sure that the New Hampshire troops and Sullivan stayed, because the Marylanders or the Virginians would not surround and fire on them if they did not. Above all, in the appalling paucity of men fit for command, it was vital to persuade them to stay and to learn about war. Few men have had the insight that enabled Washington to see this reality. On behalf of the supersensitive men around him,

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it must be added that no order to fight to the last or to lead a storming party was ever either ill received or disobeyed.

Within a few weeks of assuming command, Washington's letters made apparent the amazing grasp he and his staff had of the principles of command and, perhaps more remarkable, of the requirements of an army in non-warlike as well as warlike stores, and in non-combatant as well as combat personnel. Of course there was much to be learned but they started with the knowledge that there is a right and wrong way of doing everything and a determination to find the right one. In considerable degree there was the same positive understanding of how the frustrations and failures of a decentralized war effort were to be met. To acceptance of the principle of civilian control and of state alliance, not union-and a willingness to work within that frame -there were two alternatives: resigning the command in exasperation, pique, or despondency, the method of small men; or going booted and spurred to a cowering Congress to seize dictatorial power, like Cromwell or a Roman proconsul. It is wonderful to realize he did neither.

HE DID NOT UTTER A WORD FOR HALF AN HOUR

(1775 - August 1776)

Washington took command of the army besieging Boston with fitting ceremonial. The elm under which he stood became a sacred tree and Craigie House, to which he shortly moved his headquarters from Harvard College, was to be hallowed by Longfellow's occupancy seventy years later. The association has contributed to the legend of a "noble," patient, and melancholy Washington.

It must be said that, in his first weeks as Commander, Washington was at his worst. No member of Congress was ever more petty, carping, and complaining. There was no burden like his burden. Could he "have conceived" the condition of the army was what it was, he would never have accepted the command. The worst aspect of his attitude was that he let himself protest and call names with rabid sectionalism. He was more anti-New England, if possible, than Schuyler, describing them as "a dirty and nasty people . . . [animated] by a dirty mercenary spirit." It certainly appeared that the extremely touchy young Virginian, of the French and Indian Wars, had not yet grown up. Few if any of his great qualities—balance and alertness of mind, the ability to see things as a whole, to judge men for what they could

¹It did not become Craigie House until 1792. It had been bought, in 1759, by John Vassall, later the Tory and one of the forgers of the Washington scandal letters. It was first occupied by Glover's regiment and then by the Committee of Safety.

do—were apparent. The Washington of those few weeks could never have won the war any more than such contrasts as Putnam and Charles Lee could have.

What brought about the early change is not clear. A process of aftereducation of himself seems to have started. On August 5 he learned of the miscount of the powder barrels and that the total, instead of 485, was 38. "He was so struck he did not utter a word for a half hour," Sullivan said. In that silence he evidently turned his mind upon himself and from its recesses summoned all the great dormant qualities of leadership which he possessed. He saw the faults were not one individual's, one state's, or one section's. Cresap's riflemen, arriving from Virginia with such martial élan but wantonly wasting ammunition with their jubilant salvos, were no more soldiers than the New England blunderers responsible for the powder. Neither could become Continental until the Commander was himself above all local prejudice.

Suddenly from his official and private correspondence provincialism disappeared. Criticism of a line regiment in General Orders was not associated with its state of origin, though if it was mentioned in dispatches for gallantry there was a proper deference to state pride. The only exception was characteristic of the new Washington. He allowed himself to criticize the Virginia regiments and, to avoid any charge of partiality, perhaps did not always give them their full due.

The disaster which would have followed an inability to rise above his first prejudices would have been incalculable, but the inability, so strongly manifest to start with, disappeared as silently as light. The powder miscount may have been the shock that started the cure but another aspect of command helped make possible its completion.

There was relative quiet around Boston all that summer and autumn, with more paper work than fighting. An enormous mass of correspondence appeared daily on the Commander's table. As one reviews its contents, one cannot but believe that its very variety and disorder gave Washington's orderly mind the chance to find itself.

Here he saw the vast land spread of the war from Canada to Savannah, and the asylum beyond the Blue Mountains in the event of defeat. He saw that the war must be fed with sea-borne cargoes and above all that all sorts and conditions of men, the brave, the waverers, the fools, the patriots—invaluable men in minor places, worthless ones in great—were part of it. It was not limited to Virginia gentlemen or Massachusetts zealots.

These were but a few of the problems of war and men which crossed the writing table in the Vassall House: the security of the stores at Fort George, New York; orders to Schuyler to push up the Mohawk and watch for Guy Johnson; daily intelligence reports of the movements of boats at Boston; Gates's table of rations for staff officers; William Tudor's complaint of the arduous nature of his duties; General Gage's threat of retaliation against Continental prisoners in his hands if inhumanity to British prisoners did not cease; Hancock's determination to serve in the army to be appeased, and the Reverend Duche's sermon to the 1st Philadelphia Battalion to be acknowledged; word from Heath of a lighthouse, vital to the privateers, being burned by the British and from Colonel Jeduthan Baldwin on a fixed system for shoeing the horses of the express riders; an agenda for a conference with the Six Nations; a detachment to be formed under Colonel Arnold for service in Canada; Abiathari Angel's exertions and misunderstandings with his men and Ensign John Child's desire to complete his senior year at Harvard; the two hundred batteaux to be built on the Kennebec, and the arrival of powder from Elizabeth Town, New Jersey-and from Bermuda; the petitions for discharge from Isaac Farewell and Nehemiah White and Eliphabet Haskins and all the "officers in Sullivan's New Hampshire Brigade who wish to resign"-and the right of Major Christopher French to wear a sword. Wine from a wreck off Plymouth and lemons and pickles from a sloop seized off Misery Island to be disposed of. Lifting of the exportation emTHE GREAT MAN

bargo for all vessels bringing munitions, or sulphur and saltpeter. And slowly, from a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, the dark winter storm gathering over the Canadian expedition, and the melting ranks of the army as enlistments ran out.

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All the while the Commander's cold eyes were beginning to see men he knew well, and men he had just met, show their real selves. On his staff was the brilliant young Edmund Randolph. When he resigned and went home, because of the death of his uncle Peyton Randolph, Washington must have realized that more than family and brilliance were needed in men around him. If a Virginia Randolph could quit so easily, was it any wonder that the Yankees, with their Old Testament names, were leaving? Perhaps nothing Randolph, governor of Virginia, delegate to the Constitutional Convention, first Attorney General, second Secretary of State, ever did served his country better than the resignation which showed his Commander it was not a man's state and family but his character and talents that mattered. Six months later Patrick Henry himself resigned from the army in petty pique over rank. By that time Washington was able to say he did not think Henry fitted to field command to begin with.

The A.D.C.s were a vexing problem for the first eighteen months of the war: Stephen Moylan and George Baylor, brave but wholly unfitted for paper work and not overly bright, in the bargain; Joseph Reed, very capable but badly balanced; that young Blatchley Webb, "a man fond of company, of gaiety and of a tender constitution," a combination resulting in his amounting to little in the war.

There were other Yankees beside Sullivan at Cambridge. Preeminent among those who broadened Washington's appreciation of his countrymen was the Rhode Islander Nathanael Greene, thirty-three. He had been a militia private before Lexington, with a limping walk from a stiff knee that made "the gentlemen of East Greenwich [consider him] a blemish to the company." He confessed, ". . . it is my misfortune to limp a little but I did not conceive it to be so great . . . we are not apt to discover our own defects." Ten days later he was a brigadier and throughout the Revolution further above any other general officer than Washington was above him in balance, judgment, initiative, and audacity.

Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts, then thirty, was there. Unfit for field command because of extreme nearsightedness, he became one of the most valuable officers of the war and went on to a great career. It is strange to think he would be the immediate nemesis in the downfall of Edmund Randolph and would succeed him as Secretary of State. He was never a Washington idolaterand all the more valuable thereby—but his comments on the commander have more acerb wit than malignity in them. And that fall Washington met another future member of his Cabinet when the outsize Henry Knox, then twenty-five, left camp to bring the guns down from Ticonderoga. The day before his return in mid-January '76 the army had word that General Montgomery was among the slain in the snow at Quebec, and the arrival of this prodigious, greathearted fellow,2 with his guns, lifted their hearts. He was not, of course, of first-line brilliance but one of those wonderfully valuable subordinates who took it for granted the war would be long and hard but would end in certain victory, until which day he would stay with it.

The first half year of the war tells the usual story of a democracy's mental and physical unpreparedness for it. The initial successes in Canada were deceptive. The expenses of the army worried Congress more than the fact that the army besieging Boston was melting away as their enlistments expired. It was assumed in Philadelphia that Canada would be "conquered" by the time Howe was starved out of Boston, leaving him nowhere to go but

²We know, of course, that colonial America was a small place where they all knew each other, yet it is striking to read in the Knox Papers for 1774 a letter from James Rivington, later the Tory editor in New York, to the young bookseller Knox in Boston, asking him to get a quotation on some silver plate from Paul Revere. Washington was made Commander in Chief June 15, 1775. On that day, the year before, Knox had published Robinson Crusoe.

home. The fact that a sea power could choose its own landing places along the whole coast line was disregarded.

Yet in spite of all this the army, its personnel shifting like the glass in an old kinetoscope, began to learn its business with musket and pick, and any breakout by Howe became daily less possible. The army's Commander was beginning to master its details—and to accept the limitations of authority which the Confederation had put upon him—and thinking in terms of attack and of complete independence, by no means yet agreed on in Philadelphia. He wrote that he would tell "the tyrant and his diabolical ministry . . . we are determined to shake off all connexions. . . . This I would tell them, not under cover but in words as clear as the sun in its meridian brightness." Two weeks later he proposed to storm Boston across the frozen Charles River, an operation for which the generals were not prepared. Another two weeks and Dorchester Heights was fortified, the guns from Ti in place there, and Boston in their field of fire.

On St. Patrick's Day the British evacuated Boston and the next day the 1st Continental Brigade was on the march from New York, reaching Turtle Bay on the thirtieth.

The year since Lexington had been a strange one. On the one side was the Canadian disaster, terrible not only in its losses of leaders, men, and supplies but in its failure to achieve what so many thought so easy—an alliance with a Canada seeking independence. On the other side was the fact that the Royal Army had been balked or defeated at Lexington, at Bunker Hill, and at its evacuation. While this made for a good deal of easy optimism, the self-confidence it gave the core of the army was of enormous importance. Small and inconclusive as the successes had been, a series of such reverses would very likely have been the end of organized resistance. As it was, the soldiers began to talk and write about the army with possessive pride. But about the whole business, civil and military, there was a parochial immaturity which only the elite would ever outgrow.

It is asserted by some that Washington's greatest shortcoming

at this time was the failure to exercise fully his functions as Commander in Chief, and in illustration it is said by Dr. Freeman himself that he had "no recruiting policy." To give a man command of an army whose generals were the appointees of Congress, and whose soldiers' terms of service were the caprice of the states, to leave its pay and maintenance to the tangled jurisdictions of state and "Continent" and then to expect its commander to have a "recruiting policy," while he is seeking to give battle to the enemy, is surely unique in military history. More amazing, surely, is the fact that a great man of action could be found, capable of accepting such limitations, and yet of a type to ride later among the fleeing troops, recklessly exposing himself, and rally them. And to think for eight years in terms of enterprize.

On April 13, Washington reached New York. Charles Lee had been sent to the command at Charleston, South Carolina. Gates, shortly to be a major general, was in Boston. Sullivan was in the North. Howe was refitting in Nova Scotia. The Loyalist, Sir John Johnson, had slipped through Schuyler's net on the Mohawk and reached Fort Niagara.

On May 21, Washington left for Philadelphia to confer with Congress. That day Henry Dearborn, on a prison ship in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, saw thirty-two transports come in bringing Burgoyne's army for the Northern invasion of the next year. It seemed evident that Howe would bring his army to New York and the consensus of opinion and authority was that it must be held against him whatever the hazards of its tri-insular defense.

These hazards were so great that it has been easy to judge the ensuing campaign as a colossal blunder. While it is true that the loss of the main army, divided by the New York waterways, would have been worse than the loss of the city, one must ask whether it was not a risk which had to be taken. To allow the British uncontested possession of the great harbor and rivers was practically a political impossibility. The topography was not like Boston and no such successful siege could be maintained. Possession of York Island by the British made a siege perimeter from

Long Island Sound at New Rochelle to the Atlantic Highlands in New Jersey, beyond the numbers of the Continentals to hold effectively, as indeed the years proved. But if York Island and Brooklyn were held and fought for—whatever the dividing of the forces—there was always the possibility that the British could be driven to their boats.

As a complete offset to the theory of the considered risk, it is pointed out that the British fleet had such command of the harbor and rivers as to permit landings at will where or when they wanted to. In practice this was only partly true. There were then many more rocks and reefs in the harbor and East River than now. Winds and currents were limiting factors to amphibious operations. When the British later held New York, the French admirals with stronger fleets were never willing to risk the passage of the harbor, a fact that must have given a satisfaction, however grim, to the man who decided to try to hold the city against the British. Furthermore, even the British fleet was never able to accomplish that sensational behind-the-lines landing in force which later writers have believed them so able to do.

Washington left Philadelphia on June 5, reaching New York the next day, in general agreement with Congress that New York could and must be defended. On the eighth came the shattering news of the American defeat at the Cedars in the North, the death of the commander, General Thomas, and Sullivan's succession to him. Gates was ordered from Boston by Congress to the forward Northern command.

John Adams, always a fire-eater in rear areas, wrote Sullivan that the officer who had surrendered "deserves the most infamous death. May immortal disgrace attend his name and character."⁸

By then the Declaration was in draft and John Varick wrote his brother that the New York Tories "exult in their opinion that General Washington was gone to Philadelphia in order to resign if the Congress declared for an Independence." The New York mob was out against the Tories on the thirteenth in disgraceful

⁸Can one imagine a Continental officer writing such stuff?

fashion, and from Albany Lady Johnson appealed directly to Washington for "redress" from Schuyler's "too indelicate and cruel" detention. "I should wish . . . my captivity under Your Excellency's protection." The treatment of the wife of a ruthless Tory leader is a small matter—and the treatment was neither indelicate nor cruel—but it is not without significance that she, like all the great and humble, already felt that Washington would know about her—though they had never met—and would respond. He took the time to send her polite but judicious assurances of her safety.4

Word from Charles Lee of a "favorable outlook" for the defense of Charleston reached New York on June 28 as the first sails of Howe's fleet were sighted, and the next day Washington wrote Congress that forty-five ships had come in. Two days later Martha Washington left for Philadelphia and Mount Vernon. She had reached headquarters at Cambridge at the end of the year, in time for their wedding anniversary.

In many ways this must have been the most painful of their separations. In Philadelphia she was to be inoculated against smallpox, still a hazardous and sickening experience, anxious for them both. But a greater uncertainty and anxiety than the year before now hung over the fate of the army. All then seemed bright. In effect the army had only to stay along the Charles and in the long run hunger would drive Howe to sea. Now the Americans, and in a way the flower of them, had been defeated in Canada and along the St. Lawrence. Men were anxious for the safety of the lakes of New York, and a great army was sailing into New York to land and fight. And if it went badly the

"She reached Powle's Hook in February '77, where Sir John met her, both "Unawed," the New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury said, "by the barbarous threats of the rebels." Less happy was the fate of the "brown Lady Johnson," Molly Brant, the favorite mistress of the great Sir William Johnson. Tench Tilghman saw her on the Mohawk in the summer of '75. "I could not help being affected at the sight of this poor creature when I reflect on the great change of her situation in life. . . . Treated with as much consideration [by Sir William] as if she had been his wife . . . [she] carries on a small trade, consisting chiefly, I believe, in rum which she sells to the Indians."

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gallows or exile awaited the American leaders. The separation was of course no more poignant for the Washingtons than for hundreds of other officers and their wives except as the secret realities of the army's peril and weakness were particularly known to them, and for her the knowledge that thus far the commanders Warren, Montgomery, and Thomas had been killed.

July went on. The British Rose and Phoenix went up North River to anchor in the Tappan Sea. On the twenty-first in the North the decision to evacuate Crown Point was taken, but on that day in South Carolina Sir Henry Clinton was repulsed at Fort Moultrie. Each event in its way made an effort to hold New York more vital. From the North, too, came word of the grave disputes between Schuyler and Gates. Then on the twenty-seventh "Greene and the others looking seaward" from Red Hook saw the whole great fleet coming in, thirteen, then two, then thirty, until two hundred ships choked the Narrows. The Hessians aboard them had smelled the pine forests of Staten Island two hours out at sea.

On August 9, Sullivan's brigade reached New York, Glover's "amphibious regiment" happily with them. The Philadelphia newspapers asserted the Continentals were seventy thousand strong and in high spirits.

THEY GAVE GREAT WHOZAUS OF DEFYANCE

As WE wait for the British landing at Gravesend on Long Island it is worth while to consider some of the characteristics and personalities of the two armies and their respective allies.

There is a stereotype of the American and British armies of the Revolution which continues to have general credence, not only in novels and radio plays but in a great deal of historical writing. It needs examination if the war is to be understood.

In general it is to this effect: The Americans were all dead shots, brave and patriotic, although the militia often ran away. A frightened Congress expected them to fight without food, clothes, supplies, or pay in spite of letters of protest from a generally despondent Washington. Steuben, "after a cup of coffee and a single pipe," whipped them into shape and Lafayette inspired them. At other times their mirthless spirits were very low, lifted only by great ideals of liberty.

The inference is that their organization and operations were at the level of a large posse crowding to arms, in William Jennings Bryan's phrase, between sunrise and sunset.

Opposed to them was a well-fed, well-disciplined British Army, who were, however, their inferiors, since they did not want to be "free" and were also often cowardly and usually cruel. But the British were not so bad as the Hessians, who were

ignorant "human cattle" sold at so much a head by their kings. In each of these pictures there are degrees and details of truth. Both armies were made up of good and evil men; gallantry was common to each, as were desertion, crime, and cowardice. Each had its days of glory, adversity, and despondency. Each several times missed roundup by bad luck, chance, or human error. In both armies there were men marvelously like their enemies, recognizable human beings thinking more of the day's petty business than of for off divine events. than of far-off divine events

than of far-off divine events.

As to differences in the armies, perhaps the most significant is in the ages of their general officers. At Boston in '75 the average age of Washington, Gates, Lee, and Putnam was forty-nine, but six years later at Yorktown the average age of Washington and his then principal generals was forty-two. At the time of Long Island in '76 Howe was forty-seven, Clinton and Cornwallis thirty-eight, Knyphausen sixty, and Burgoyne surrendered the next year at fifty-five.¹ The average age of Admirals Howe, Rodney, and Hood was fifty-three at the beginning of the war, and at Yorktown the three French commanders were an average of fifty-six. Of the four most famous foreign volunteers, Lafayette arrived at nineteen, Kosciusko at thirty-two, Steuben at forty-eight, and De Kalb at fifty-seven. Greene, Sullivan, Wayne, and Knox had not reached their 'teens at the outbreak of the French and Indian War. It is interesting and probably significant of disand Indian War. It is interesting and probably significant of disciplinary difficulties that such famous brigadiers, subordinate to them, as Glover, Hazen, Nixon, Poor, Stark, James Clinton, Brodhead, and Morgan were on the average six years their seniors.

The most capable of Washington's officers were born after 1740 and had had no fighting experience. Gates, Lee, and the brave but incompetent Putnam, with the greatest experience, proved the greatest disappointments.

Brooks Adams said of Washington, in another connection, that

¹John T. Headley remarked that "the generals of the highest grade, in both armies, averaged nearly two-hundred pounds."

one of his great gifts was the capacity to see when an old order had passed away. It seems to have been particularly true of him as a commander. He saw clearly that his force must be a "new army." The French tactics against Braddock were effective in a wilderness but inapplicable along the seaboard from Boston to Virginia. He seems equally to have perceived that an American Army could not be made to resemble that of Frederick the Great, as Lee and Conway thought, while at the same time being aware that it could not exist as embattled farmers.

A verse of a patriotic song of the early war said:

The foe comes on with haughty stride Our troops advance with martial noise Their vet'rans flee before our youth And Gen'rals yield to beardless boys.

It is a matter of perennial wonder that in all wars the civilians appear to feel they are somehow helping, or having faith in, their armies by belittling the enemy. Nowhere, of course, in the diaries or letters of the Continentals, officers or men, is there such non-sense.

The British generals were not of great competence. There is an amusing legend that Hamilton dissuaded Washington from an attempt to kidnap Clinton because an abler officer might be put in his place. But they were not cowards and Howe had led Wolfe's storming party at Quebec. For him Washington, as frequently will be seen, had little ill will and often a good deal of sympathy. He wrote Hancock after Long Island about providing money to American prisoners in New York, saying: "Their allowance [of food] perhaps is as good as the situation of General Howe's stores will admit of. It has been said by deserters and others that they were rather scant."

Howe, though indolent, seems to have been a decent, human fellow. When young Alexander Graydon was a prisoner in New York, his mother got through the lines and secured an interview with Howe. He listened while she presented various reasons

why her son should be released on parole, and she said to him finally.

"Have I Your Excellency's permission for my son to go home with me?" Bowing, he answered yes.

Then, like a mother and a woman, she asked without preliminary, "May Colonel Miles and Major West be permitted to go with him?"

"Now, madame," Howe replied, "you are making three requests instead of one."

The blackest mark against Howe is the brutality he allowed Loring and Conyngham to use against American prisoners. He asserted to Washington that American wounded were treated equally with the British in their hospitals. James McHenry, then a surgeon and a prisoner, denied this, as did all officers taken at Long Island and Fort Washington. Howe may have believed it because he wanted it to be true, and Colonel Boudinot, sent by Washington to inspect the condition of prisoners, reported that he "found everything as decent as could be expected. . . . Pork good, biscuits musty. . . ."

It would be interesting to know more of the notorious Joshua Loring, Howe's commissary for prisoners. Boudinot found him polite and agreeable and wishing "every indulgence to prisoners that could consistently be granted. I was told I might lodge wherever most convenient. . . ." The probability is that Loring, responsible for so much suffering, was a glib, breezy fellow, making money out of the prisoners but convincing the complacent Howe that proper humanity was shown. It would not be the last instance of a commander's being deceived by a subordinate.

As to plundering by British troops, there can be no question, nor any that the Continentals were equally guilty. In both cases Howe and Washington repeatedly had offenders executed.

"Great symptoms of a disposition to plunder being perceived in the troops, the Commander-in-Chief sent a messenger to General de Heister desiring him to warn the Hessians not to persist in such outrages as they would be most severely punished. Most of the brigades received the same instructions." So reads John

André's journal.

In the landing before the Brandywine, the Hessians claimed Howe complimented them on their restraint, compared to the British, a half dozen of whom were hanged. Colonel Harcourt, the daring officer who captured Charles Lee, had a party of his own dragoons flogged for looting, although their victims interceded for them.

One unfortunate Royal Canadian officer was court-martialed and found guilty of "ungentlemanly behavior" in two very contrasting ways: "First, for plundering in the Jerseys. Second for suffering himself to be kicked by Captain McEwan without

properly resenting it."

As to widespread rape, it appears to have been confined largely to December 1776 in New Jersey, and the depositions with regard to it are identical with those too familiar in World War II and before: ". . . a widow and daughter of John Christopher by the enemy, Philip Parmer's daughter ravished by six soldiers and Thomas Keynes's . . . wife and only child of ten ravished . . . a girl of thirteen ravished by five brutes . . . mother and daughter ravished in the presence of the husband and sons."

This ancient crime of armies is too old to be easily accounted for. There are doubtless cases where otherwise decent men have perpetrated it. Perhaps it has not been said that it is dangerous for any male to have the power over the weak of an invading army. Reading diaries and letters of junior British officers, it is impossible to suppose rape was any more tolerated by them than by their opposite numbers in Washington's army.

How familiar they are, asking the Americans taken at Long Island, "Is such cold weather usual in September?"

In talking to us, Graydon said, "the term rebel was entirely banished from our hearing. When speaking of the belligerents it was your people and our people."

Inhabitants of Germantown, helping bury the American dead after the battle, were told by British officers, "Don't bury them with their faces up and thus cast dirt in their faces for they are also mothers' sons."

So much has been said of their perfect integration as an army, it is worth recalling that Grey, one of their best generals, failed to come up to Clinton's support at Monmouth because his command could not be found and that in the withdrawal from the Jerseys to New York, June '77, André complained that "The Second Division was again halted near Amboy for nigh two hours by an ill-comprehended or ill-delivered order."

As might be expected, Howe's foreign troops, the Hessians and Brunswickers, were an efficient, disciplined fighting force under General von Knyphausen, a not unappealing old warrior. He was sixty when on foot through heavy fire he led the attack on Fort Washington, tearing "down the fences with his own hands to urge the men on." At sixty-four he was unhorsed by lightning in the attack on Elizabeth, and his military acumen at Chadd's Ford on the Brandywine was a major factor in the American defeat. In August '78 three hundred officers and men of his Anspackers deserted. He wrote Washington a letter which is extremely funny in its korrekt, humorless German way. He warned Washington that they were all men of bad character and asked that the horses they had taken with them be returned.

Superbly korrekt in return, Washington replied:

Altho' it is not my business to inquire into those private motives which may induce officers to leave your service, yet I cannot but be sensible of the consideration that could give me notice of their characters. The officers, I can assure you, brought no horses to this army, or any of its posts that I know of.

I am, Sir, your most obedient, etc.

In the signature, the words "with great personal respect" were inserted after "sir."

General Stirling, after Trenton, told the captured Hessian officers that Knyphausen had treated him like a brother when he was taken at Long Island and that he was anxious to be as helpful to them. The family of Robert Townsend, one of the famous Culper patriot spies, of Raynham Hall in Oyster Bay, Long Island, liked the Hessians quartered there better than Simcoe and his Queen's Rangers.

Colonel Rall, who surrendered and died of wounds at Trenton, was entirely different. He was almost unique in history in that nothing good of him has ever been said except that he was brave and all the bad that has been said is true, on the evidence of his own officers before and after the action. Their diaries before Christmas refer to his heavy drinking and late rising—"in his bath till eleven o'clock." Warned that an attack was likely, his officers testified at Cassel, in Germany, in their court-martial in the spring of '82, that he had said, "Fudge! These country clowns shall not beat us," and let discipline and inspection slide.

But for all that, wakened by the firing and yelling at seventhirty in the morning, going to the window in his dressing gown to bawl out "Was ist's?" he grasped the situation through his stupor, got into his uniform, and ran out to his death.

More Hessian than British officers kept diaries. They were filled with curiosity about the country, recording what they saw with German thoroughness—much material about birds, plants, "air," and the cold delicious spring water. And the inevitable "souvenirs" were sent home—stuffed birds and Indian relics. To them, as to all soldiers, "sixteen letters from home came all at once" after weeks without any. And there are also, in many, touching bits of old-fashioned sentiment and one charming sentence out of the old Germany of Nuremberg or Rothenburg, written by a captured officer on the cold march from Saratoga to Boston: "We were so covered with frost at Nobletown [near Great Barrington, Massachusetts] during the night that we looked like great sugar dolls."

Captain Baurmeister wrote, "I am sensitive and let things affect me, especially our wounded so that I do not know where I am." How familiar his saying, "We are very short of necessary help."

Chaplain Koster, shocked by slavery in Philadelphia, gave "a Negro boy thirteen religious instruction and in the German THE GREAT MAN

language and sent him to Hesse," from which a hundred and seventy years later other displaced persons were going west.

Another officer admits that in an exchange Americans "arrived in the rebel camp poorly provisioned and half-sick so that many of them died [but] our miserable Hessian hospital ships have killed many of our soldiers." Unlike Rall, none of the other Hessians, particularly those with Burgoyne, called the Americans "country clowns."

One wrote his family that, to visualize the many colors in the uniforms of Gates's officers, they must "get a sample card from a shop," but, he said, "the English American excels most of Europe in respect to the stature and beauty of its men. [They are] big, handsome, sinewy, strong, healthy," and a brother officer of his said that at the surrender "The American Army stood like soldiers . . . nay more all the lads that stood there in rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so alert that it was a pleasure to look at them and we were all surprised at the sight of such a handsome, well-formed race." The abundance, prewar, of meat at low prices may have accounted for the stature and looks of the army. Christopher Ludwig himself, born in Hesse-Darmstadt in 1720, the "baker-general" of Washington's army, asked Washington to "let us take [Hessian prisoners] to Philadelphia and show them our fine German churches. Let them see how our tradesmen eat good beef, and drink out of silver cups every day."

The Hessians seem to have grasped the American social and political conditions very clearly. "Things are not as they were in the last war [with Frederick the Great]," one writes, "where one said 'Peasant, find something or you'll get a beating.'" And a Jäger officer put his finger on a basic fault in the American Army: "Hans cannot concede that Peter, who is his neighbor, should command him."

Like many a homesick soldier, time and the world over, another wrote, "This is a bad country, this America, where you always have to drink either to get warm or to get cool or for protection against the evil mists—or because you get no letters."

According to most histories, Americans had a particular contempt and hatred for the "Hessian hirelings," and there seems to have been a general truth in this, though it is in odd contrast to the efforts made by Congress and the state legislatures to induce the Hessians to desert and become citizens.

The efforts arose from the concept which prevailed until the restricted-immigration laws of 1920, a concept that what the country needed was a larger population without regard to its quality. Laborers, servants, and artisans were needed and the German settlements in the America of the Revolution were models of thrift and self-sufficiency. It is estimated that five thousand Germans deserted from the British lines or as prisoners of war. Washington declined to have them in his army.

There is one other aspect of the Hessians at variance with the general opinion of them. What sympathy has been shown them has arisen from the belief that, like dumb-driven cattle, they were torn from their farms and families and shipped by their greedy kings to fight. While this is partially true, it is far from the whole truth.

Records published in Cassel, as long ago as 1879, revealed that in three and a half years the Hessians sent home to their families six hundred thousand dollars from their pay and two or three times that amount "by mail and other facilities." There is primary evidence that "soldiers cheered at the news of departure for the land of promise" and that young men left schools, colleges, and offices to join the expedition.

The first French expedition, under D'Estaing in 1778, left after four months, without facing the British Army. Rochambeau brought out the second in '80 and it was not engaged until September '81 at Yorktown, when, however, "ruddy and handsome," it went five hundred miles through the heat to battle. Therefore there is little to say of them except that they were a good, well-fed, well-disciplined, well-clothed army which accomplished its mission. If we are to believe Lafayette, writing to

Washington, "the French discipline [at Newport] is such that chickens and pigs walk between the lines [of tents] without being disturbed" and to its credit it must be said that General Heath reported that "not one [of the officers] has been seen the least disguised with liquor" (what a splendid euphemism) "since their arrival."

Now as to Washington's army. Certainly one of the severest tests of judgment and research lies in assessing the amount of discouragement, hunger, nakedness, and incapacity in the army as against its obvious high spirits, dash, and self-confidence. One might suppose the answer was that when they were fed, clothed, and paid they fought and that, starved, unpaid, and half naked, they deserted and mutinied. But it was in the latter condition that they struck Trenton, and on the long mountainous march to Chemung in '79, Sullivan's army, at his request, "Agreed to live on ½ pound of beef and ½ pound of flower per day for the future as long as it may be necessary."

"Hungry but not disaffected," though in mutiny, they turned on Knyphausen's five thousand men to hustle them back to New York in '80. They were long unpaid on the way to Yorktown but they marched twenty miles a day, the deserters consisting mainly of nine veterans of the Rhode Island Line, who preferred "100 lashes to a journey to the southward . . . amazingly averse to the people and climate."

Burgoyne, writing to Germain after Saratoga, came close to the answer: "The panic of the Rebel troops is confined and of short duration; the enthusiasm is extensive and permanent."

The question naturally arises whether in the existing circumstances the army could have been better organized and supplied from the start.

The obvious answer is yes, provided more men of ability had felt an imperative duty to join it, particularly in such staff capacities as adjutant general, quartermaster general, commissary of purchases, etc.

Such zealots as John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were neither

so old—forty and thirty-two—when Washington was made Commander in Chief, nor so attendant on Congress, after a year, that they could not have stood the ardors of the field. Twenty-six Signers of the Declaration were younger than Washington. Hancock, then thirty-eight, thought himself fit to be Commander in Chief but when passed over made no effort to fight. Patrick Henry—Liberty or Death—forty, resigned from the army in '76 in pique at a colonel's commission when he expected to be a brigadier.²

It does not seem to have occurred to any of that group that they were personally called upon to serve near to the enemy. Greene, a year older than Jefferson, had a chronic stiff leg, Knox had a maimed hand. Glover had twelve children to think of. What was the dividing line between these men, irrespective of the question of fitness to be an officer? Few of the civilian leaders felt any need even to offer themselves.

One must wonder what answer John Adams expected to his question: "Was it credible that men who could get at home better living, more comfortable lodgings, more than double the wages, in safety, not exposed to the sicknesses of the camp, would bind themselves during the war?" Surely a dim view of the qualities of his fellow Americans. Washington might well have replied, "Since it is not credible, I suggest the army disband and independence be abandoned."

The deafness to martial duty was not confined to men in their thirties and early forties. When Washington offered George Mason's twenty-four-year-old son a place on Greene's staff, after the Gates disaster at Camden, that great patriot declined for his son, saying, "I have ever intended him for civil and private life; his lot must be that of a farmer and country gentleman."

²John Adams, writing General Parsons that "the list [of proposed officers] don't shine," said he had vanity enough to think he "could make a figure in such a group" and was so "vexed as almost to resolve" to be a colonel, hastily adding that "a treacherous shattered constitution is an eternal objection against my aspiring." Owing to his then "shattered constitution," he lived but a month less than fifty years more.

The grandson of the wealthy Virginian, Landon Carter, was not allowed by his mother to accept the commission offered him in Baylor's Horse, and Washington wrote Carter prophetically, "A mother's tenderness and tears too often interpose a check on the ardor of our youth." Madison at twenty-four feared for his health in the army, and later luminaries like Rufus King, twenty, and Joel Barlow, twenty-one, served but a matter of a few months. Barlow, as a temporary chaplain, wrote, "I have certainly done right in coming into the army, my duty is extremely easy—it is not disagreeable. They certainly treat me with attention." Within twelve days he had left to get a Phi Beta Kappa key at Yale, and returned eight months later, to inspire the force at Peekskill, he said, by reading them a poem as Cornwallis was surrendering.

Very fittingly Philip Freneau, twenty-three, later the scurrilous defamer of Washington, being, as he said, "averse to enter the army and be knocked on the head," left the country for Saba under the Dark Cliff in the Sugar Islands. There is an ironic propriety in the later association of Freneau, Barlow, Tom Paine, Madison, and Jefferson against Washington as President.

Happily most of the young men were more like James Mc-Henry, who at twenty-three, getting news of Bunker Hill, made his will and left for the army to stay till Yorktown, or young David Humphreys, who wrote his girl in Boston:

Tomorrow—brief then be my story—I go to Washington and glory!

The general characteristics and habits of the handsome boys whom the Hessians saw in the ranks are very familiar—annoyed by discipline, hilarious, trigger-happy, noisy, likable, tough and unbreakable when their blood was up, uncontrollable when the firing stopped.

Some of their escapades are funny, some shameful, but all familiar.

The wild geese flying south over Cambridge in November '75

led to "an open and daring violation of General Orders" as the boys blazed away at them.

On the west bank of the Delaware, two weeks before Trenton, Charles Willson Peale was doing a miniature when he was startled by firing along the shore. He went out to see this situation: a sheep had been slaughtered by a Continental regiment and unwisely left for a moment "opposite the ferry." Whenever the Continentals came out of the house to get it, the militia fired at them and "they were prevented from going out for it."

Around Morrisania in the fall of '76 the opposing sentries agreed not to fire at each other and amused themselves "tossing thick, twisted rolls of chewing tobacco back and forth," but within a month strict orders had to be issued forbidding "any person going down to the lines and firing upon the enemy without an order from a General Officer."

Unbelievably, Loammi Baldwin reported that assault and murder of soldiers by the whores of New York was a commonplace, and Wayne's *Orderly Book* states that "All soldiers found strowling are to be confined and may depend will be made examples of."

Other incidents were not so funny. "Our men cannot let anything lay that comes their way," Sergeant Young of the Pennsylvania Militia wrote, in added distress at their profanity. "They break open and quarter themselves in any houses they find shut up," a Rhinelander of New York complained.

Miles Oakley of White Plains, who had fought at Quebec with Montgomery, had his house "robbed and pillaged by our troops" and upon his protest "the house and barn were burned" and his wife and four small children left destitute.

There was a riot in Easton between De Kowatz's "Hussaws" and the Invalid Corps, there as permanent guards for the prisoners of war. Men of both units were clubbed and stabbed. Thirty-one Moravians signed a deposition to Washington, saying that "the Invalides have behaved themselves [since their arrival] very immodest, incivil and not like soldiers but villainous and roguish,

especially of breaking open the stockhouses and as the greatest thiefes stealing the people's money and other sundry goods."

But only twenty-seven of the deponents would attest that the Hussars "have always behaved and conduct themselves as honest, modest and brave soldiers and in civility to every person whomsoever and never done any damage of thiefery."

Punishments for all this were severe. Certainly Washington considered thirty-nine lashes inadequate in '76 and in '80 proposed "a hundred lashes at four several times for desertion and being absent twelve months," to the horror of later humanitarians.

The punishment of soldiers is always a difficult problem. The families of murderers and rapists in armies of occupation today have small difficulty in finding congressmen to plead extenuation.

It is always forgotten that good soldiers in the Revolution had no reason to fear floggings or executions and it is not clear what the softhearted would have done with the criminals and deserters. There certainly can have been no mental confusion on their part as to what they were fighting for. They were in their own country, fighting to expel an alien invader.

If punishments for desertion and crime had been more "enlightened" the army might indeed have dissolved. In which case someone would have succeeded Washington, with a policy of blood and iron, and become the "savior of his country."

"The [Headquarters] Gard," Elizah Fisher's diary of November 24, 1778, reads, "marcht down to see a man hung for robing he was executed at eleven in the fournoon Thomas Glover by name and there was five whipt one hundred lashes apeace all save one for robing two of them belonged to the Gard . . . Joseph Timberley for striking an officer."

No diary of the time appears to protest the brutality or injustice of such punishment, and all severe sentences were reviewed by Washington and clemency frequently extended. Local commanders and presidents of courts-martial were enjoined to seek for extenuating circumstances. In August '78, Washington pardoned ten such criminals, though they seemed to him "almost

beyond the reach of mercy itself." General Sullivan even submitted to the Commander himself the proceedings against "Jean Baptiste Allin for purchasing a stolen goose." Of the too frequent mutinies, Washington wrote:

The condition which a commanding officer is to observe in cases of this kind in general is to use every means for discovering the authors of the mischief; to inflict instant punishment on them and reclaim the rest by clemency. The impression made on the minds of the multitude by the terror of the example and their inability to take any resolution, when deprived of their ringleaders, is a sufficient security against farther attempts. Humanity and policy unite in prescribing such limits to capital punishment when the crime has become so general. [Author's italics.]

The contrast between conditions in camp and "in the great seaport towns where every necessity and luxury of life were enjoyed" was a provocation to looting. The reports of such city life by officers and soldiers, returning from furlough, as General Heath vividly put it, "to men, standing sentinel, as it were, in the jaws of death, ill clad, cold and hungry with nothing but water oftentimes to drink were trials almost too great for human nature to bear."

The behavior of Continental officers was not irreproachable, though, as Washington wrote to many, and specifically to young Baylor raising a cavalry regiment, "I earnestly recommend to you to be circumspect in your choice of officers, take none but gentlemen, let no local attachments influence you; don't let your good nature influence you to say yes, when you ought to say no."

The results in the main were good, though there were repeated courts-martial of officers for such crimes as "insolence, disobedience, neglect of duty and defrauding soldiers," and though "the general hears that some officers have taken up horses between the enemy's camp and ours and sent them into the country for private use. Can it be possible that persons bearing commissions and fight-

ing in such a cause can degrade themselves into plunder of horses?" And though, at Valley Forge, Graydon saw the British deserters, drummers, and fifers "sneering at drunk [American] officers." And though (1781) there was "a pernicious habit [forbidden by standing and invariable order] of officers leaving camp on furlough, or what is still worse to quit the service, taking with them soldiers as servants"—"there were many officers who have lived sometimes on bread and water rather than take any of the allowance [of meat from] the men," and others like Captain Erkuries Beatty who, superintending the tailors sewing "for the naked men waiting for clothes" in the huts in Morristown, got them all singing "as you know they must."

There is comedy in some of the courts-martial. "Lieut. Ral-waggon of the [Pennsylvania] German Battalion is found guilty of making a great noise among the soldiers going to Trenton [on a march in the quiet of April 1777] contrary to General Orders and sentenced to be cashiered for the same."

However, Captain James Holmes (of the 4th New Jersey Line), charged with going into one Palmer's garden and tearing cucumbers from the vines (August '77 on the way to the Brandywine) and abusing and striking Dr. William Smith, was found not guilty as he "had leave" to take the cucumbers and "Dr. Smith [a Tory Episcopal rector] deserved the treatment."

The valorous, cheerful young veteran of all the battles till then, William McMichael, was convicted (in February '78) of "behaving in a scandalous, infamous manner [violation of 21st Article, Section 14, Articles of War] unbecoming the character of an officer and gentleman." Perhaps the conduct arose from one too many of the glasses filled to the brim with "some kind of spirits . . . [the liquor set on fire] and drunk up flame and all," which young Du Ponceau, Steuben's aide, described at Valley Forge. In the same court-martial, Lieutenant John Rust of the 10th Virginia Line was found guilty of "getting drunk and playing cards," but "recommended to His Excellency for reinstatement."

Washington refused in a very strong reply which is of considerable interest. He wrote:

His continuance in the service would be a disgrace to it and as one point of the charge against him was gaming that alone would exclude him from all indulgence; a vice of so pernicious a nature that it never will escape the severest punishment with [my] approbation.

This certainly sounds like an extreme and self-righteous decision by a man who played cards for money. The reasons for it were probably these. Rust was a Virginian and Washington required personally more of an officer from his state than from the others. As to the card playing, it is obvious that Washington could not play for money during the war, and that he saw the inevitable breakdown in the whole corps of officers if gambling was permitted. At the low and irregular level of pay it would accentuate the gulf between men of property and those dependent on their pay. Additionally, with the terrible daily depreciation of the Continental currency, it would be disastrous to have officers gamble in it. In a small, unpaid, hungry army the inequalities and animosities arising from gain or loss at cards was not to be tolerated.

The conclusion, of course, is that the army was made up of all sorts and conditions of men and that no generalization about them applies, except that there were more good than bad.

"The behavior of yesterday [September 16, 1776]," Elisha Williams, a year out of Yale, wrote, "is such a contrast of that of some of the troops the day before as may show what may be done where officers and men exert themselves."

"I am heartily tired of this retreating, ragged, starved, lousey, thievish, pocky army," Colonel Baldwin wrote in '76, though he stayed with it to the end.

At times it had to be implored "for the sake of decency [to put] boughs or hurdles" around the latrines. There was "shameful inattention to cleanliness and decency and picking up offal and filth of the camps."

"Officers are to be careful that their men wash, shave and keep themselves as clean as possible . . . and eat their meals at such hours as the commanding officer shall direct." Yet British officers watching an American outpost just before the move to Valley Forge reported, ". . . their soldiers appear neat and clean."

They had a typically American wastefulness. "Brigade quarter

They had a typically American wastefulness. "Brigade quarter masters are immediately to have racks fixed up to prevent the great waste of forage, occasioned by feeding [horses] upon the ground."

Greene's hungry men howled when rations of rice were issued instead of flour.

As in modern wars, they were constantly called upon to exempt or release technicians to factories—shoemakers, ropemakers, wheel and carriage makers, miners, turners and shingle makers, even comb makers at Valley Forge.

"You are not aware," Washington wrote Richard Henry Lee, April '77, "of the evil consequences that would follow a general exemption of all persons concerned in iron works from military duty. [If they are exempted why not] farmers equally useful. ..."

With all their shortcomings, what seems most typical of them is the "Great Whozaus of Defyance" they bellowed across at the British as they built "Shiver de Freeses" along the lower Delaware, and the "grand sham fight" on the anniversary of Saratoga from which they were "getting sober" two days later.

Equally typical of the young officers is the letter on Christmas Day at Morristown in '79 of twenty-year-old Erkuries Beatty, wounded at Germantown and Monmouth:

I am just down from dinner about half drunk all dined together upon a good roast and boiled but in a cold hut however grog enough will keep out the cold—tomorrow we will all dine with the colonel which will be another excellent dinner and I think you may call that fair living.

Extreme provincialism was an evil of the war, but pride in the regiments of their own state lines was the sort of rivalry that

makes a good army. "If the other [states] had behaved as well [at Long Island] as Smallwood's Marylanders, the result would have been different," Tilghman wrote his father.

"Believe me, sir, the Yankees [the New Hampshire-Massachusetts Line] not the Southerners took Trent Town before the other troops knew anything of the matter more than that there was an engagement," General Sullivan wrote Meshech Weare. Dearborn at Monmouth almost burst with pride at the way his Connecticut regiments "desended with shouldered arms until we had got within four rods of them when our men dress'd very coolly and we gave them a heavy fire. . . ." The country regiments thought "the troops from around New York are a sad pack"!

They could move fast when they wanted to, going all the way to Yorktown at over twenty miles a day, wagons carrying the packs "that they may press forward with greater facility." In his raid on Sag Harbor, Colonel Meigs and his men went ninety miles, land and water, in twenty-four hours. Sullivan's army, coming out of the Chemung campaign, went a hundred fifty miles, Dearborn records, "through a mountainous wilderness in eight days with their artillery and baggage."

At the Brandywine, Greene's reserve, coming up to Sullivan's aid, did between four and five miles in about fifty minutes, and the night of Arnold's treason Wayne's brigade, alerted at two in the morning at Tappan to occupy West Point, went sixteen miles over rough, narrow paths, without torches, and reached the Point in four hours for breakfast. Very appropriately, they were the men in December '82 to whom the British rear guard, going to their three hundred ships in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, called back, "You come too fast for us."

Much has been made, and has had to be, of the dearth of fighting qualities in the militia. It is curious to think the case of a regular army as against militia had to be argued as late as World War I, and that General Upton's book, refuting the case for

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militia, was the gospel from which Theodore Roosevelt preached, and that both were arguing against a militia system, used till then in all our wars and extolled by Benjamin Rush in the days of the Conway Cabal.

It is very easy and tempting, in writing of the Revolution, to make a sweeping condemnation of militia—easily panic-struck and quick to go home as they were. Why, one asks, did its ablebodied men feel they need only serve for ninety days, or less, while the country needed an army for the duration of the war? They were surprised at Long Island, they were panic-struck on Manhattan Island like most raw troops, they were unable to cross at Trenton, they were surprised and ran at the Brandywine, and almost caused the capture of Lafayette's whole force at Barren Hill. The list could be greatly lengthened and few cases could be found where they were able to fight for their own hearths and homes without clamoring for the Continentals.

Yet wholesale condemnation of them would be unjust. As Paxson wrote in his classic History of the American Frontier:

The potential military strength of the American border settlement needs to be understood in order that the capacity of the frontier for war may be realized . . . the unit working on the frontier was a young married couple. Bachelors could not operate to the best advantage with both farms and cabin to be developed. . . .

When these men were called out by signal fire or guns, they were, in a special sense, giving up everything to serve. The work of years could be wiped out in a day, and the hope of the year to come be lost if they were not back for planting or harvest.

In echelon, America was the coastal cities, the inland towns, and farms or plantations, the villages, the frontier cabins, all mutually interdependent for food or supplies, with communications between slow and difficult.

The problem's complexities would themselves fill a book. The militia, "perpetually new because perpetually changing," as John Marshall said, was also perpetually misled about its need of disci-

pline and training because of Lexington and the memories of Braddock's defeat. Its leaders were too often like "the squat little militia officer from New York County" whom Graydon saw in the line of prisoners being interrogated after Long Island.

"You are an officer, sir?" the British sergeant major said in astonishment to the comic figure in civilian clothes.

"Yes."

"Your rank, sir?"

"I am a keppun," the little man replied to a roar of laughter. We shall see many examples of the wrath the militia's short-comings aroused at headquarters, but we shall also see, and shall not forget, many occasions when they "behaved to a miracle," as when Philemon Dickinson of New Jersey, as Washington wrote Hancock, "on Millstone River near Somerset Court House led his raw troops thro' the river, middle deep [in January '77] taking forty waggons and one hundred horses, sheep and cattle" from the British Army.

Lord Cornwallis, in a dispatch to Sir Henry Clinton before Yorktown, perhaps best sums up the case: "I will not say much in praise of the militia of the Southern colonies but the list of British officers and soldiers killed and wounded by them since last June proves but too fatally they are not wholly contemptible."

In an outline of the varied qualities of the American Army—their gallantry, their long-suffering, their hilarity, their wastefulness, drunkenness, and desertions—a most grievous omission would be the failure to recognize the power and extent of the religious ideas with which many, if not most, were imbued.

George Whitefield had brought the Great Awakening, the New Light, to this country in 1738. Many soldiers as boys had been among the thousands gathered at one time to hear his remarkable voice across the open fields telling of the sufferings of the damned and the freedom of men's consciences. He had died at and was buried from the house of Major General Parsons's

father, and his preachings were still what many tried to live by, not only in New England but through the middle colonies and the South, wherever there were Sotch-Irish immigrants.

"Oh how unprofitable have I bin this year past in the servis of God," Amos Farnsworth wrote on New Year's Day, '76, in camp around Boston. He had been out since the day of Lexington and been wounded at Breed's Hill.

A year and three days later, after the Princeton action, Sergeant Young, of the Pennsylvania Line, wrote, "Blessed be the God and Father of my Lord Jesus Christ for his protecting care over me and mine," and then he added what every Christian soldier must wish to ask: "Give me a sense of pardoning love."

Typical of the diaries is that of Fisher, of the Headquarters Guard, in June '79:

Was Sunday and there was a sermon preached at headquarters by Mr. Hitchcock and he took his text in the 27th Chapter of Job at the fifth verse you may find the words. ["God forbid that I should justify you: till I die I will not remove mine integrity from me."]

The God Whitefield had preached sent sinners to damnation, and General Dearborn tells of a prayer to Him which chills the heart across the years.

On Arnold's march to Quebec in '76, Colonel Enos with three companies suddenly turned back for home. "Our men made a general prayer that Colonel Enos and all his men might die by the way or meet with disaster equal to the cowardly, dastardly and unfriendly spirit they discovered in returning back without orders . . . and then we proceeded forward."

They seem to have been sure, from Washington down to the ranks, that God was with them and that therefore, in the long run, who could be against them?

On the eve of Long Island, Solomon Drowne, an army surgeon twenty-three years old, who served throughout the war, heard of the landing of the Hessians and the British subsidy paid their King. He wrote his parents, "We, for our ally, have the Great God who requires no subsidy."

THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING AROUND BROOKLYN

(August 1776)

THE EVENTS of the seven days' fighting around Brooklyn, August 22–29, 1776, have been very fully described by many able writers. For the last forty years the most informed opinion has held Washington solely responsible for the errors of judgment which resulted in the disaster. On the credit side they mainly find that, physically, he did not spare himself, crossing and recrossing the river, was "up at 4 A.M." and even was up all night, as though this were unusual during a battle.

The fact that there was a chance worth taking for a victory is often overlooked. Young Alexander Graydon, who was among the Americans taken prisoner, put it this way after the event:

In conducting the war on our side a great variety of interest was to be considered. Add to this, that the combatants had not yet measured arms with each other; and General Washington was not without hope that his troops would prove equal to the invaders. . . . He knew the British were not invincible. He had seen them panic-struck under Braddock and was aware of their having been staggered by a handful of irregulars at Bunker Hill. . . . But it is sufficient for his exculpation that the necessity of attempting the defense of New York was too imperious to be dispensed with.

If the necessity of defense is admitted, what is to be said for Washington's management of it?

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Smoke from the skirmishing around the British landing at Gravesend Bay was visible in New York in the morning of the twenty-second and "a large number of the enemy landed at Long Island which occasioned orders to move forward part of the strength at this place [New York]. Several regiments passed over the ferry [mine among them]. . . . I can say I am well and in good spirits," young Lieutenant Huntington scribbled to his father, "with love and comp'le to Mama and friends."

The American lines ran from the Bay Ridge hills, back of what is now Fort Hamilton, along the Park Slope. Patrols were along what is now Eastern Parkway toward Ridgewood and Forest Park. Greene's illness had shifted the command to Sullivan. He reported "smart fire" on the twenty-second and the early afternoon of the twenty-third and that "things argue well for us." Five regiments had crossed to his support, with Washington himself going over on the twenty-third for inspection. On his return four more regiments were sent over and on the twenty-fourth old Putnam was ordered to take over, leaving Sullivan in command of the left flank.

The situation was less favorable on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. Washington found that, along with a great deal of confusion, ammunition was being wasted and entrenching delayed. It appeared the weight of the attack would be on the American right up the Bay Ridge hills, but at nine o'clock the night of the twenty-sixth the British started in force to their own right in the flanking march which, coming through Bedford Pass, would put them in Sullivan's rear. To their own amazement they found the pass open and undefended. Washington's over-all responsibility for this is plain but one is reminded of what Winston Churchill said of the lack of a land traverse for the harbor guns at Singapore: "They should have told me. I should have asked."

As the British halted to re-form and then pour through the gap, Stirling was heavily attacked on the other flank at Gowanus at four the morning of the twenty-seventh. Washington crossed to be with Stirling and there heard Clinton's guns to the far left.

The British victory was all but complete, both Sullivan and Stirling being taken prisoners and the whole Continental Army on Long Island apparently doomed. Yet in one of his many incredible blessings to this country, Sir William Howe let the twenty-eighth pass in relative quiet while he consolidated his position.

The confusion and disorganization in the American lines was immense but, while among some elements there was panic, other brigades like Smallwood's were as steady as the Guards, and at the core of the army were men who though they blundered, did not panic. It is possible to think of many instances in history where sauve qui peut was the rule for all.

Mifflin's brigade, with Glover's fishermen regiment, crossed on the morning of the twenty-eighth and took over the positions on the American right. Orders went to Heath at Kingsbridge for "every flat-bottomed boat and other craft fit for the transport of troops" and by noon they were opposite the Brooklyn shore.

It is worth realizing that, back of the entrenchments, hundreds of men carried on the movement of food and ammunition, brought off wounded and prisoners, transported the relieving regiments, and kept liaison and communications with Philadelphia and New England going.

On the twenty-ninth, at the house of the Signer, Philip Livingston, the decision to evacuate was taken in the knowledge that British ships and boats would almost certainly control the East River and dispute the passage. Mifflin's command of six regiments—less Glover's regiment, who would man the crossing—was to be the last to quit the lines.

Thomas Mifflin, then thirty-three, is generally credited with being the leader of the later Cabal against Washington, and one must wonder whether another blunder, in that perilous night, did not give him cause, and some justification, for his opinion of Washington's incompetence. About two in the morning Alexander Scammell, twenty-nine, then temporary A.D.C. to Washington, "mistook his orders" and, reaching Mifflin's headquarters in

¹At Joralemon and Hicks streets, Brooklyn.

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the darkness, said the whole command was to pull out at once and start for the ferry.

Mifflin and his men, with great skill, pulled out without alarming the enemy, less than six hundred yards away, and started for the ferry, where the embarkation was still at its height. The forward elements were met by Washington. There were angry words with the innocent Mifflin and the entire column was ordered back. It is a wonder the cursing troops did not waken the dead. There has never been a full assessment of who blundered, but there seems small excuse for the order to Scammell not to have been written and precise, whatever the shortage of paper. Scammell was a Harvard graduate and a lawyer. He should have understood, but also he should have been told so clearly that no doubt existed. It is hard to believe a benign Providence was not alert to rectify the blunders of men.

The diary of Lieutenant McMichael of Pennsylvania reads, "... at 9 P.M. we crossed at St. George's Ferry to New York with great speed and secrecy," but for Benjamin Tallmadge of Connecticut, later so famous, it was "the third night without sleep. ... We were very anxious for our own safety and when the dawn appeared there were several regiments still on duty. At this time a very dense fog began to rise ... scarcely discern a man at six yards distance."

The American losses, killed, wounded, and missing, in the Seven Days were between the American figure of a thousand and Howe's figure of thirty-three hundred. One almost feels that it had to be, that it was the indispensable training maneuver in which many brave men died. More and better officers would have maintained better discipline and greater battle alertness. Better stuff in many of the troops would have told a different story.² The only consolation is that at the end competence and command were asserted and the men and guns were brought off.

²Six thousand militia went home in the week after the battle. Can one wonder that floggings were a punishment for military offenders?

But what to do now? The army was on York Island, assailable from three encircling rivers across which it had to be fed and supplied. If it moved to Westchester, the British could strike for Philadelphia by landings from Powle's Hook to Amboy. If it crossed the Hudson to the Jerseys, it exposed New England and northern New York. And its numbers were dwindling ominously.

Returning to his command on September 5, Greene wrote Washington: "Two thirds of the population of the city of New York and the suburbs belong to the Tories. We have no very great reason to run any considerable risk for its defense. I would burn the city."

The next day Congress announced they "would have special care taken in case [General Washington] should find it necessary to quit New York, that no damage be done said city by his troops on their leaving it." Colonel Malcolm of the New York Line said, ". . . the very thought of abandoning the poor city gives me the horrors."

It became apparent that day that Howe would attempt a landing at Kingsbridge on the Harlem to cut Washington off north of the city. About two thirds of the army was accordingly moved to Kingsbridge and York Island was left with a garrison of five thousand troops, line and militia.

The decisions were in the main those of the majority of Councils of War. John Marshall said later—in defense of Washington's own apparent indecision—that this system had almost the effect of law. There can be no doubt that in these early weeks of September Washington did not provide "leadership." Yet, given all the circumstances, one wonders whether Napoleon himself would have had the immediate and right decision at his finger tips. The Continental Commander was not in a position to look at a map, move three pins, and announce, "I will strike the army there and there and there." And if he withdrew to the passes of the Highlands or New Jersey then, God only knew how many troops would stay with him.

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He had, Dr. Freeman says, "no rational prospect of defence," which is quite true but—without seeking to exculpate Washington—has anyone with the advantage of a century and three quarters' hindsight been able to say, "Plainly this is what he should have done"?

The events of the next few days proved there was no great will to fight in the army. About one o'clock on the afternoon of September 15 the British began landing at Kip's Bay on the East River and the defending troops quit their works in disgraceful panic. Testimony to it is contemporary and patriot.

"Here the Americans, we are sorry to say, did not behave well," Heath wrote, and "here it was, as fame hath said, that

"Here the Americans, we are sorry to say, did not behave well," Heath wrote, and "here it was, as fame hath said, that General Washington threw his hat on the ground and exclaimed 'Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?'" The story, though now regarded as a legend, sounds uncommonly true as the final exasperated outburst of a fighter if not a strategist. The inflammable material had been damped for twelve months. Greene, reporting to Governor Cooke of Rhode Island two days later, said, "The whole brigade ran away from about fifty men and left His Excellency on the ground within eighty yards of the enemy, so vexed at the infamous conduct of the troops that he sought death rather than life." For the man who had rallied the colonial militia to protect Braddock's panic-struck regulars, this must have been beyond endurance. "The general did all in his power to convince them they were in no danger," Colonel Tilghman wrote his father the next day. "He laid his cane over many of the officers who shewed their men the example of running. These were militia, The New England Continental troops were much better."

There was a semblance of a rally near what is now 110th Street, after a rout beginning at Forty-second Street, but New York was lost. Nonetheless the inexplicable Howe did not move farther for twenty-seven days, while "the two armies [were] as quiet as if they were a thousand miles apart." Gates in the North

wrote Schuyler, "I am astonished the enemy have given our army so much time to strengthen them. I hope Howe like many an abler general has missed his step."

A cardinal principle of strategy is never to act on the assumption that the enemy will make the wrong move in return. In the absence of any possibility of himself being able to make the right and successful move, one may wonder whether the man who had played whist so many snowy days at Mount Vernon did not say to himself, "With such a hand as this, I must hope my opponent will play his cards as badly as he usually does." Perhaps this gambler's exception made it possible to hold the army together for another deal.

TO AN HARASSED AND
ENFEEBLED ARMY, A SERENE
AND UNEMBARRASSED
COUNTENANCE

(September – November 1776)

Island did not make any clearer the question of where the dwindling army could stand and fight. Posted along Harlem Heights, the British could still go up North River and the Sound to land in flank or rear. On October 12, Charles Lee reached Amboy from South Carolina and came on to headquarters. There he urged withdrawal to White Plains and the move was completed by the twenty-first. Those familiar with the area will be interested to learn, from the British Army historian, Fortescue, that "Washington's front [was] everywhere covered by a deep river called the Bronx of which every ford was defended by powerful works."

On October 27, Howe pushed forward from New Rochelle toward White Plains. A week's fighting followed in which, though many American units panicked, the bulk of them showed themselves in no way inferior to the British best. It is due also to Rall of the Hessians to say he fought with great bravery and dash in the attack on Chatterton's Hill. Had there been but a few more American regiments equal to their best, the outcome of

White Plains might have been what was hoped for on Long Island. The quick shifting of units, extraordinarily good fortifications—both indicated the basic Continental competence.

On the night of November 4 the Americans heard the rumble of wagons and gun carriages from the British lines and in the morning they saw Howe's whole army marching toward Dobbs Ferry, having broken off the action.

The American military position was therefore not desperate. Three attempts to overwhelm the main army had failed in the face of almost every likelihood of disaster.

Over all hung the stark fact that the Continental and militia enlistment times were running out and the army melting away. But did this trouble the patriots in Congress? John Witherspoon, the president of Princeton, wrote Gates, whose son had just passed his entrance examinations, that his own son "can do nothing in the present state of affairs upon his farm . . . is desirous of going into the army." Well, that would be one of the sixty thousand Benjamin Rush wrote Wayne would soon make up the armed forces. It would mean, he said, lots of promotions and Wayne would do well to have a recommendation from Gates all ready.

Greene was in command at Fort Lee in New Jersey, with Continentals and militia sufficient for the line of communication to Philadelphia, or to reinforce Fort Washington on the opposite New York shore.

Ammunition was coming up "in light waggons"—over one hundred thousand rounds on October 27—and three days before Greene had reported to Washington that the Q.M. had laid in "provisions and provender upon the back road to Philadelphia for 20,000 men for three months."

Greene himself, "very hearty and busy" after his fever, was all over the place, shortening the road to the Fort Washington ferry by two miles, going over on a personal reconnaissance to Staten Island by night, salvaging "many thousands of scattered boards around the camps"—while "Common Sense [Tom Paine]

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and Colonel Snarl [were] perpetually wrangling about mathematical problems" at his headquarters.

In New York, well above the city, Heath had four thousand men guarding the Highland passes. Twelve hundred men and six months' provisions additional were thrown into Fort Washington, and the main army, with Washington and Lee, still had nine thousand effectives, on paper, south of Peekskill, facing Howe.

On November 5, Gates at Ticonderoga learned that Carleton had fallen back from Crown Point. That day Howe began pulling back toward Kingsbridge on the Harlem, and it was guessed in the American camp that the British would try to cross to the Jerseys, "bending their future operations that way."

While their move was developing, word of Carleton's retreat, securing the North for the winter, reached Washington, and Gates was ordered to join him with the Pennsylvania and Jersey Lines. Washington himself crossed the Hudson at Peekskill on the twelfth with what Continental regiments there were, other than New York's and New England's, a force of perhaps two thousand men to add to Greene's strength of thirty-five hundred at Fort Lee.

The plan was that Charles Lee should follow, as the British move clarified, and that the sturdy Heath could hold the Highlands east of the Hudson.

On that day, the twelfth, Howe sent Washington a letter under a flag beginning, "The enclosed letter having been intercepted and brought to me, I am happy to return it without the least attempt being made to discover any part of its contents." It was from Washington to Martha. Howe's letter went on politely to urge an exchange of prisoners, saying, however, that he was "perfectly satisfied from your assertion, that the delay . . . has not arose from any disregard on your part but from the neglect of those to whose care the arrangement . . . has been entrusted." In their correspondence the commanders frequently expressed or implied sympathy with the other's difficulties with subordinates.

At the moment the situation of Colonel Magaw in Fort Washington did not appear serious. The position was strong and the garrison's morale reported as excellent. If Howe attacked in force, all felt that a successful evacuation across the Hudson, already well provided for, was feasible and of course the longer the fort could be held the worse for Howe's plans.

Washington discussed the problem with Greene at Fort Lee on the thirteenth and returned to headquarters at Hackensack, fifteen miles away. There on the fifteenth Magaw's dispatch to Greene was repeated to him:

A flag of truce came out just now from Kingsbridge, the [British] adjutant general was at the head of it... [he] would hardly give two hours for an alternative between surrendering at discretion or every man being put to the sword. He waits for an answer—I shall send a proper one—You'll I daresay do what is best—— We are determined to defend the fort or die.

Robert Magaw, Col. Com'g.

Washington rode at once for the river, found that Greene and Putnam had gone over to Fort Washington, and followed them. At sundown in midstream he met them coming back and the rowers held the boats as they reported.

All faced one of the most familiar and most grievous of military decisions. Was Fort Washington a forlorn hope? If reinforced, could it hold out? If it resisted, even for a while, could the garrison be brought off in the last moments? Must they be left to their fate?

Inquiry on and investigation of military decisions resulting in disaster are of course a necessary part of government and of history. On whom must the blame be put? Such investigations, however, including the recent and valuable ones of Knollenberg and Freeman, seem often to imply that the right and successful decision was always apparent but not seen or grasped by the weak, "tired," or willful men who faced it. To the men of action who, in the hurly-burly of the moment, must make such

decisions, the right one is very frequently a matter of luck. In this case, none of them knew that Demont, Magaw's Britishborn adjutant, had already delivered the plans of the fort to Howe. Evident as it may be today that the garrison should have been brought off the night of November 15/16, it was decided they should resist, nor did Magaw himself protest when in the early morning Washington, Greene, Putnam, and Mercer went over again to talk to him.

The British and Hessians attacked with great dash almost as soon as the generals had gone. There was a sudden panic in the garrison and from the west bank the Continental commanders saw the fort fall, with 2818 officers and men killed or taken.

The responsibility was clearly Washington's and his wrong decision is variously ascribed to native indecisiveness and fatigue. As to that, it is strange that the forty days of retreat and disaster which followed should have rested him and restored his decision for the audacious strike at Trenton. Terrible as it all was, the first President of the United States picnicked with his family on the site of Fort Washington in the summer fourteen years later.

On November 18, Cornwallis, with between four and six thousand men, landed eight miles above Fort Lee and the next day Greene evacuated it with two/three thousand men, "losing only ninety or a hundred prisoners, a set of rascals that skulked out of the way for fear of dignity."

Even with the British ships in the Hudson, Greene slipped his supply boats down the river by night to Newark, and Washington at Hackensack and he at the fort got the ammunition off by wagon train.

"Before this reaches you, you will have heard of the loss of Fort Washington. . . . Otho Williams is reputed to have fallen," Colonel Harrison of the staff wrote Schuyler on the twentieth, adding to it: "10 P.M. . . . an express in from Orangetown. The enemy have landed on this side between Dobbs Ferry and Fort Lee."

The dispatch was relayed to Gates on the twenty-fifth, with orders to move south, concluding, "When you arrive at . . . Esopus you will take the best route to join General Washington as circumstances shall direct."

In view of later events it is due Gates to note that there was not the slightest delay or reluctance on his part to march. On the twenty-sixth from Newark, Colonel Harrison, writing for Washington, ordered him to send down "with all possible expedition the whole of the troops belonging to the states of Pennsylvania and Jersey . . . order 'em to fall in on the communication leading from New York to Philadelphia at Brunswick, or between that and Princeton and to direct their march by a back and secure route. . . . I have mentioned Brunswick supposing and hoping we shall be able to make a stand there . . . send frequent expresses to advise of their approach. . . . The enemy was marching in four heavy columns [from Hackensack] yesterday morning."

The next day, before receipt of this, Gates wrote President Hancock of Congress from Albany that eight Continental regiments would be there in a day or so "to go to New Windsor [down the Hudson] by boat to be on hand to succor the Southern army." Nothing patronizing need be read into the last phrase. He goes on, "Have fixed Colonel Wayne in the command at Ti he is a capable good officer and has health and strength fit to encounter the inclemency of that cold and uninhabitable region. . . ." The dispatch, like so many those fateful days, is interrupted by a new order, this time from Schuyler to move at once, and Gates concludes that "two regiments will embark this day."

In contrast to this promptness in the North, Charles Lee, with a force as large as Cornwallis had on the twenty-first, began the course of conduct which leads Freeman to say, "An enigma Lee was—and still is." It is difficult to see what was ever enigmatic about this man of folly.

At the time Lee was writing to Governor Bowdoin of Massa-

chusetts, indicating that he believed Washington was through as Commander in Chief. He wrote Washington that he would presently move with his troops and half of Heath's force, which would leave the Hudson all but defenseless.¹

In saying this Lee had not counted on the qualities of a rather dull but obstinate soldier who had his orders and obeyed them. Lee supposed Heath would yield to his superior rank. Heath refused on the grounds that his orders were from the Commander in Chief, and until he changed them, they would be obeyed. Lee said that Washington's retreat made it impossible for him to exercise command east of the Hudson and that circumstances gave Lee authority. Heath was unmoved and Lee with ineffective sarcasm wrote him, "I perceive that you have formed an idea that should General Washington remove to the Straits of Magellan the instructions he left with you [would still apply]." "Be my mode of reasoning as it may I conceive it to be my duty to obey my instructions," Heath replied, and Lee began the slow movement that ended so happily, though few then thought so, for the American cause.

Washington and Greene had reached Newark, the twenty-third. The line of retreat to the Delaware, if Lee did not come up, was New Brunswick–Princeton–Trenton. The situation on the twenty-fourth was grave "as the eastern mail of Friday was taken by the enemy." Over it all hung the expiring enlistments. Reed, after writing Lee, had been sent to Governor Livingston of New Jersey to ask for more militia, the situation aggravated by a British landing at Perth Amboy and a Tory rising in Monmouth County to the southeast.

To counter the former, the army fell back to New Brunswick, reaching there November 29. That day, in Reed's absence, Washington opened Lee's letter, acknowledging and expanding

That day Reed of Washington's staff had written Lee his famous letter: "Oh, General! An indecisive mind [Washington's] is one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall an army. . . . I think yourself and some others should go to Congress and form the plans of the new army."

Reed's to him on "the fatal indecision." He sent it at once to Reed without other comment than that its presumable official contents had led him to read "what neither inclination nor intention would have prompted me to."

It has been suggested that reading the letter jarred Washington into "decision." The fact seems to be that something extraordinarily healthy in his mind made him able to dismiss such things as not to be unexpected in men and of small importance.

The inflammable material in him was not like a litter of dead leaves, to burst into smoke and flame at every spark. Besides, there was much to do. He wrote Hancock, "I have sent forward Colonel Humpton to collect proper boats and craft at the ferry [of the Delaware] for transporting our troops and it will be of infinite importance to have every other craft, besides what he takes for the above purpose, secured on the West side of the Delaware."

The letter is dated "1/2 after 1 P.M." December 1, and the postscript adds, "The enemy are fast advancing some of 'em are now in sight."

Short of aides, he had to send an express to Livingston urging characteristically that "gentlemen of spirit and character" appear among the militia "to rouse and hold them." "Get the Durham boats used for transporting produce down the river." One such boat would transport a regiment of men.

Then in a line he wonderfully depicts a human scene along the North Jersey roads with the whole war at the hazard: "The return express who had my letters to you was [seen] idling his time and showing 'em on the road." One might wish Howard Pyle had painted it.

The use of 'em for them in two successive letters is almost unique in his carefully worded dispatches and conveys the rush and strain of that last day in Brunswick. Though it was that day he took time to thank Howe "for your polite return of my letter to Mrs. Washington."

That night the army was on the march to Princeton and the

next day, December 2, as the shops and schools were closed in Philadelphia, Gates in Albany informed Schuyler, "The last of the regiments is ready to embark. I propose sailing this afternoon."

Simultaneously the Moravians, at Bethlehem, just west of the Philipsburg-Easton crossing of the upper Delaware, were asked to "act as becomes men and Christians" toward the sick and wounded who must be sent there. By the fifth they were "coming, in all sorts of wagons, frost-bitten and hungry."

Still no word from Charles Lee by the morning of the third when the army had reached Trenton, though it was known he was in the state, at best several days away. "You will readily agree," Washington wrote him, sending young Walter Stewart to carry it, "I have sufficient cause for my anxiety [at your silence]."

Much has been made of Washington's sorrows and despair during this dreadful month. Actually there is no sound evidence that he ever contemplated anything but going on to ultimate success. But no man dared risk with a laggard public and Congress—John Adams, for example, was snug and warm at Braintree—the possibility of more letdown and indifference. John Adams in his Autobiography wrote, "Sometime in the month of October, 1776, I cannot, from the Journals, ascertain the day—worn down with continual application, through all the heats of summer in Philadelphia, anxious for the state of my family and desirous of conferring with my constituents . . . I asked leave of Congress to be absent." Adams was then forty-one. Some of the men in the retreating army who had been through the heats of the summer's battles were Putnam, fifty-eight, Stirling, fifty, Stark, forty-eight, Glover and Washington, forty-four. "Washington showed himself," John Marshall, who was there, wrote later, "to his harassed and enfeebled army, with a serene, unembarrassed countenance, betraying no fears in himself and invigorating and inspiring with confidence the bosoms of others."

The day that Marshall described, December 5, Washington wrote Hancock, "I conceive it to be my duty and it corresponds with my inclination to make head against him."

Two days later, with Cornwallis still at New Brunswick,

Two days later, with Cornwallis still at New Brunswick, Washington moved east out of Trenton to rejoin Greene, commanding the rear guard at Princeton. On the march, word of Cornwallis's advance reached him and he turned back to the river, Greene sending word, as he quit Princeton, to post all artillery on the west bank to cover the retreat. "Forty boats ready will get the army over," he added. The withdrawal was made more difficult by the eastbound landing in Trenton of the Philadephia Militia, one of the subalterns being the painter, Charles Willson Peale, then thirty-five. His journal says, "We arrived at Trenton about 1 o'clock. Have just rested and eaten when Major Bradford says we must cross the river [again] which we accomplished in the evening. We put a few tents for the night on the shore." By that night the whole army was across in Pennsylvania, Howe's patrol coming in as the last boats left.

"In the disordered and moving state of the army I cannot get returns," Washington reported to Congress in the morning, "but from the best accounts we had between 3,000 and 3,500 men before the Philadelphia Militia [2000] arrived." Still no positive word from Lee and still the enlistments running out, but the weather that day of December 9, Peale wrote, was "fine, more like spring than winter," and the troops "scattered through the woods in huts made of poles, straw and leaves."

The British went thirteen miles upstream, looking in vain for boats. Seldom has a soldier done a more thorough job than the Pennsylvania Colonel Humpton, sent eight days before to collect them. The British search relieved Washington's fears that they were bringing the boats up by road from Brunswick.

The British of course knew the whereabouts of Lee's and Gates's forces. Why was no attempt made to seize the strong point of Morristown and from there attack and destroy them in detail?

Washington wrote Hancock on the fifth that it was not known "whether Howe will cross the Delaware or throw themselves between Lee and me." The question itself disposes of the idea that the narrow, uphill roads to Morristown were not passable. It has been suggested that Howe, a humane man, seeing the rebellion about to collapse, was averse to needless loss of life. If so he showed his humanity in a strange way, as his army raped and looted in New Jersey. Indolence, love of warmth and comfort as against the rigors of winter fighting seems too easy an answer, yet it is hard to find a better one and no one has.

For the moment, therefore, the army could catch its breath unless the Delaware froze. The main British force began falling back to its base at New Brunswick, leaving what the British historian, Fortescue, calls three "frontier posts" under the Hessians along the river—at Trenton, Bordentown, and Burlington.

The schools were reopened in Philadelphia on the eighth and Congress was still there in session, but the day before "many teams loaded with furniture and people, flying from Philadelphia passed the house" of Muhlenberg near Reading, and all the week following as his diary records. Refugees in New Jersey, many with adolescent girls ravished by the Hessian and British soldiers, were fleeing toward the cold banks of the Delaware.

That day Gates was at Esopus, a few miles south of Kingston on the west bank of the Hudson, with his forward elements on the march almost forty miles ahead of him at Goshen to the southwest. His papers contain an order of that day to the three regimental commanders to "continue march from Goshen or whatever place you shall receive this at for the Minising on Delaware where you will await the general's arrival."

While it is true that he had been ordered "to direct their march by a back and secure route," such an order could hardly have meant a route north of Morristown-Philipsburg-Easton. His order would bring his men to the Delaware sixty-seven miles north of Easton. Altogether it sounds like "a back and secure route"

with a vengeance. However, he had what he thought good reasons for it.

Gates himself, with four of his regiments, reached Sussex Court House, thirty miles north of Morristown, on the twelfth, not positively informed of the whereabouts of the main army. "Two of Lee's regiments will rendez-vous here on the 14th." He sent word of this to Washington—and it should be noted the letter is soldierly, correct, and warm. He said he was sending Wilkinson ahead for the route. There had been deep snow the night before but it was now mild: "We shall be able to go in boats down the Delaware which will save much time and fatigue."

The next day Wilkinson sent back an express: "The enemy were at Trent Town on Saturday last and General Washington on opposite shore. . . . Philadelphia in great confusion. . . . I flatter myself I shall be able to meet you at Bethlehem [with Washington's orders]."²

Washington was in the saddle, his headquarters shifting from Morrisville, directly opposite Trenton, to Newtown and farther up the river, his mobility giving grim reality to the later Bucks County jests that "Washington slept here."

General Armstrong wrote the Board of War, "Washington maintains full possession of himself [and] is indefatigable by night and day."

By now Charles Lee was near Morristown, surprised to hear of Washington's "weak force," and blandly informing his commander, "I can do you more service" by hanging on the British flank from the security of Morristown. "Do come on," Washington pled with him, bitterly aware that it was impossible to shoot a major general for negligence or disobedience. "General Lee must be confined within the limits of some general plan," Greene

²On the reverse of the dispatch are the express's notes of mileage from which he would be paid:

[&]quot;From hence to Sussex C. H. 16

[&]quot;To Lying Jones Ferry near Water Gap 16 "From thence to Bethlehem 30."

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wisely observed, but how that was to be done at a distance of seventy miles, with an unwilling man, the pet of half of Congress, was not clear.

Lee was ordered to move through Flemington to the Delaware opposite Tinicum, about halfway between Trenton and Easton, where the boats collected for his crossing were invisible from the Jersey shore. His contumacy was incredible. He not only did not march for Tinicum, he wrote airily of attacking the British Trenton–Brunswick communications and then wrote pompously in the third person, "General Lee thinks he can without great risk cross the great Brunswick post road and by a forced night's march make his way to the ferry below Burlington [to Bristol, Pennsylvania]."

Incredible as it may seem, it was necessary that week, "in order that the recruiting service may not be retarded," for Washington, the army commander, to comb out "as many officers as can be spared" and send them off to ten states with pleas and cash bounties to get men to enlist. Deserters and those jumping the gun on their enlistment expirations were pouring through Philadelphia, many with their muskets. "It is of the greatest importance," Reed advised the Council of Safety, "that arms be taken from the soldiers who are leaving the army. Many of them indeed most make for Philadelphia." Putnam's military police were sweeping the streets for stragglers and deserters.

On December 11 there was snow with rain along the Delaware, but the hard core of the army was not made of fair-weather men. The artist, Peale, began "miniatures of Captain Bernie and Captain Boyd" when his brigade, under Cadwalader downstream at Bristol, was not being "exercised in the manner of attack on the banks of the river and then in the field, supposing the enemy to have surrounded us."

Patrols from Stephen Moylan's command were put across to New Jersey. "Get some person into Trenton and let him be satisfied if any boats are building" were his orders. The general officers were told to provide for a retreat to Germantown in event of a British crossing that could not be contained.

"Endeavor to show [your numbers] now and then to the best advantage . . . as if fresh troops were coming in," Washington told them.

"Spare no pains or expense," he wrote Cadwalader at Bristol, "to get intelligence of enemy's motion and intent. . . . If the army attempt a landing on this side, you will give them all the opposition in your power without hazzarding the loss of your brigade. . . . Keep a good look out for spies and endeavor to magnify your numbers as much as possible. . . . Suffer no person to pass over to the Jerseys without a permit."

Such was the situation when on December 12 Congress decided to move to Baltimore. "The contagion of panic in all orders of the people seized the nerves of some members." So Whipple, a member and a Signer, admitted, though Oliver Wolcott, Sr., writing his wife, put it on a higher level: "The Council of America ought not to sit in a place liable to be interrupted by the rude disorder of arms." John Marshall, writing thirty years later, was tactful enough to say that Congress at Baltimore "exhibited no evidence of confusion or dismay." The move was not a brave one—though governing bodies are not supposed to risk capture. It of course added to the civilian panic and adversely affected the value of the currency. But it had its advantages in leaving the courageous and resourceful Robert Morris as congressional surrogate in Philadelphia.

The two final acts of Congress were characteristic of it at its most absurd. It called on the army for strict observance of the Articles of War, particularly those forbidding swearing! It called on Washington to publish to the army a resolution that Congress would not abandon Philadelphia. He curtly refused to publish anything. "Removing or staying in Philadelphia should depend entirely upon events [and] should not have been the subject of a resolve." And he told them why in plain words almost as brusque as Cromwell's might have been.

General Orders issued in Phildelphia that night read:

All officers of the Continental Army who are now in this city by furlough or order, those only excepted who are on the recruiting service [author's italics] or who may have leave of absence in writing from the Commander-in-Chief are hereby required to join their respective corps before tomorrow evening.

At the front, as so often in such time, the spirit was different. Stirling wanted to put twelve hundred men across at Tinicum "and come down on [the Hessians] from the north." Cadwalader in a blast to Robert Morris wrote: "For God's sake why did you [the Congress] remove from Philadelphia? You have given an invitation to the enemy. You have discovered a timidity that encourages our enemy and dispirits our friends. I am led [to write this] by the damned gloomy countenances seen wherever I go except among the soldiers." (Author's italics.)

The next day at Basking Ridge, twelve miles southeast of Morristown, Lee wrote the famous letter to Gates:

... entre nous a certain great man is most damnably deficient. He has thrown me into a situation where I have my choice of difficulties—if I stay in this province, I risk myself and army, and if I do not stay, the province is lost forever. I have neither guides, cavalry, medicine, money, shoes or stockings... as to what relates to yourself if you think you can be in time to aid the general, I would have you by all means go. You will at least save your army....

Comment is unnecessary on a document which so completely speaks for itself.

Happily Lee was as poor a prophet as he was a human being. "That disappointed Englishman," as Thomas Johnson, who nominated Washington Commander in Chief, called him. But he had one accurate glimpse of the future—the risk to "myself." The letter had scarcely gone when Colonel Harcourt with his British dragoons nabbed him and carried him to Brunswick, to spare the Continental Army his presence for seventeen months!

AN ENTERPRIZE WHICH I HAD FORMED AGAINST TRENTON

(December 1776)

Sullivan took over the command at Morristown and was at once in motion toward the Delaware. His line of march was toward Philipsburg-Easton instead of Tinicum and one must suppose that Lee had not told his officers the orders he had received. Sullivan's dispatch, with the news of Lee's capture, reached Washington on the fifteenth.

In a postscript Sullivan added, "Dear General, I most heartily sympathize with you and my countrymen in this affecting loss." With his wonderful self-mastery and sense of propriety Washington gave no indication that he regarded the capture as anything but "an affecting loss." He threatened stern reprisal for any punishment of Lee by the British because he had had the King's commission. He supported the prompt resolves of Congress looking to special comforts for Lee as a prisoner of war. No contemporary, even the hostile ones, quotes him as showing the enormous relief he must have felt.

Two letters by members of the staff written on the sixteenth give an idea, however, of what the headquarters feeling was. Colonel Webb wrote Jonathan Trumbull, "The general is much surprised General Lee should venture to lodge from camp in a country where he must have known we have many enemies. In-

deed we shall find hard work to convince many officers and soldiers that he is not a trayter." Tench Tilghman wrote his father, "General Lee was picked up a few days ago in a strange manner for so old a soldier. He knew he was in a country full of concealed enemies and still trusted himself three miles from his army."

How appropriate it is that Hancock in Baltimore should have informed Robert Morris that "Lee was the idol of the officers and possessed still more the confidence of the soldiers." As to that, the surgeon, Shippen, saw all Lee's troops marching through Bethlehem at four in the morning of the seventeenth. "They were in good spirits and much pleased with their general [Sullivan]."

If Lee was the idol of his officers, it is curious that some of them told Ettwein, the Moravian minister at Bethlehem, that "this infamous man had threatened the very day he was taken prisoner to make an end in a few hours of the nest of Tories in Bethlehem and to offer his men amusement in the Sisters' House."

The fact that the capture of Lee, second in command of the army, and his subsequent conduct caused no more than a ripple in American affairs is a wonderful tribute to the levelheadedness and insight into character of the bulk of the patriot leaders. One of the best ways of getting the measure of Washington and Lee is to take any letter by either and try to imagine it as having been written by the other.

Bethlehem lay on the "great circle" route used by couriers, congressmen, and officers on their way back and forth to New England or the North from 1776 to the fall of 1778.

Southbound they crossed the Hudson at Peekskill, down through Suffern-Boonton-Morristown to Philipsburg, New Jersey, and thence through Easton-Bethlehem-Reading-Ephrata (another Moravian settlement) to Lancaster and across the Susquehanna to York.

The Sun Inn, still standing, was at Bethlehem and its guest register is one of the most fascinating of Revolutionary documents. Like hotel registers today, it is evidence. The guests themselves did not register but the landlord wrote their names in a single line each day. On the fifteenth he wrote the names of four Continental officers, General Gates, Lord Stirling, Benedict Arnold, and Colonel Glover. It is striking to read this simple, civilian entry and then to trace through the dispatches for its dramatic causes.

The quartet is an unusual one. Two major generals, one from the main army, a brigadier, and a regimental commander from Sullivan's division.

First as to Stirling. The various aides and expresses sent to urge Lee to march for the Delaware had failed to move him and he was professing, up until his capture, ignorance of the route he was to take. On the fourteenth Washington had decided to have Lord Stirling go in person. He was a Jerseyman and a general officer and the boats at Tinicum for Lee's troops were under his command. It would be impossible for Lee to raise any relevant question which Stirling could not answer. He carried a sharp letter to Lee in which letters for Gates and Arnold were enclosed, to be forwarded "by an officer without delay." By good luck, or basic distrust of Lee, Washington added a postcript, saying he had sent them "by another conveyance."

At Tinicum, again by good luck, Stirling learned from Sullivan's rider of Lee's capture, and that Sullivan was marching for Easton. Accordingly Stirling rode to meet him on the Pennsylvania side.

At Bethlehem he met Gates well ahead of his own column. This was all to the good and Gates was reading Washington's letter to him of the day before, entreating him to do just what he had done, "not to delay in hasting. . . . Lord Stirling is meeting General Lee and concocting a plan of operation. . . . I wish

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you to be there . . . don't wait the slow march of your troops."

In the letter to Gates was one for Arnold. He had come with Gates as second in command from the Northern front. On the day they passed Esopus, Sir Henry Clinton with four brigades had occupied Rhode Island without the loss of a man and Sir

Peter Parker's supporting ships were off the Connecticut shore.

On December 12, the day Congress left Philadelphia for Baltimore, Samuel Adams and a number of other members of Congress had written Washington, saying that "if General Greene or Gates who are greatly beloved in that part of America with a suitable number of brigadiers could be spared for the defense of Rhode Island, it would be appreciated." It is difficult, however much one may desire it, to write calmly of such civilians.

Two curt dramatic lines in the Calendar of Washington Papers tell the story:

1776, Dec. 14. Washington, George [Bucks County]. To General Arnold [en route from Ticonderoga] ordering him to Connecticut.

The result was that Arnold was never in battle under Washington's direct command.

A curious detail of dates should be noted. We know that Arnold's orders were enclosed to Gates. We know from Gates's endorsement that Washington's letter of the fourteenth was received by him at Bethlehem on the fifteenth. We know from the Sun Inn register, and Wilkinson's *Memoirs*, that Arnold arrived with him. But in Gates's letter to Washington of the seventeenth he says, "General Arnold has this moment received from me Your Excellency's letter of the 14th." Did Gates withhold the order from Arnold? Had Sam Adams written him that Congress suggested Gates for the Eastern command? With

'Gates's anticipation of the order looks like soldierly ardor. His later conduct makes this doubtful and "Jack" Trumbull, his A.D.C., wrote his father, the governor of Connecticut, "I arrived at this place last night [Bethlehem, the fifteenth] with General Gates. I shall not be surprised to hear the enemy are in Philadelphia." Defeatism is not characteristic of a boy of twenty, and was probably the contagion of his general's.

Congress out of Philadelphia, as he knew from Washington's letter, was he considering Charles Lee's last warning to him to consider whether "you think you can be in time to aid . . . "?

We come now to the fourth man, Colonel Glover, commanding the "amphibious regiment" from Marblehead. We know from Sullivan's marching orders of the eleventh that his regiment was then in the center of the forward brigade. It plainly cannot have been chance that its commander, out of perhaps twenty in the Gates and Sullivan columns, was at the Sun Inn with three general officers on the fifteenth, two days ahead of Sullivan.

The reason is not mysterious but makes evident, as perhaps nothing else has done, that the Christmas crossing was a D-Day in miniature, planned in advance and not a gambler's throw in sudden desperation.

The march to Trenton and the fighting there could be planned by the soldiers. The great question was, could they get over? Two to three thousand men with artillery and horses cannot be led to a riverbank and told, "There are the boats. Get in and get over." We shall come back to the details of the problem.

On the seventeenth, "Towards evening," a Moravian diary records, "some three- to four-thousand men [Sullivan's infantry] arrived and went into camp. As the night was cold, our fences both sides of the [Lehigh] River suffered. At dusk General Sullivan with thirty officers came to attend our meeting."

On the face of it this last suggests an unusual depth of religious feeling on the part of cold and exhausted soldiers. Doubtless that was part of the reason for attendance but there was far more to it. At the evening meetings in the dim church the marvelous Moravian choir sang manuscript music of Johann Sebastian Bach, much of it yet unpublished in Europe, with the organ, the flutes, oboes, and French horns which had enchanted Franklin twenty years before playing the accompaniment.

There is surely something of exquisite aptness in the fact that this community of conscientious objectors should care for the bodies of the sick and wounded and by the beauty of their music refresh and restore the souls of the warriors.

Down the river, martial music brought delight to another group, the children of Trenton. The Hessian bands were of course far beyond anything ever heard in America.

"Our parades," the Hessian Captain Wiederhold wrote, "looked like a Roman Catholic procession. They only lacked the Cross and banners. There were numbers of little girls and boys marching in front and singing." He wrote it on the fourteenth, already disturbed that Rall, his colonel, was up late drinking, sleeping till nine and in his bath till ten or eleven.

Gates and Sullivan, with their infantry now reduced to about two thousand men in all,² reached camp near Newton on the twentieth. Gates was at once offered the command at Bristol, but rode on to Philadelphia without committing himself.

On the eighteenth Washington had written a letter to his brother, one line of which has been quoted countless times by his critics as evidence of his despair and by his idolaters as something nobly akin to the Words from the Cross. It is the "game is pretty well up" letter. The clause is toward the beginning of a long letter. Apparently no attention has ever been paid to the contrasting conclusion of the letter, which reads: "I cannot but think the prospect will brighten although for a wise purpose it is at present hidden under a cloud. . . . I cannot entertain an idea that [the cause] will finally sink though it may remain for some time under a cloud." Aside from the concluding confidence of the letter, there is a mass of evidence, in that week, that Washington had not the slightest idea that the game was up, whatever he might say to a younger brother who was not fighting.

The day he knew Lee was taken, he wrote the Pennsylvania Council of Safety that the enemy's "disappointment in boats and in the face of winter will prevent their making any attempt upon Philadelphia till spring."

He wrote Hancock to "increase the battalions . . . the next will

^{*}The Moravian diary figure was a normal exaggeration.

be a trying campaign and all that is dear and valuable may depend upon the issue of it.... Let us have a respectable army and such as will be competent to every exigency."

He urged action to increase the corps of artillery and establish one of engineers, adding that he had recruited three battalions and that in the next campaign he cannot "refer to Congress at the distance of 130 or 140 miles every matter that is in its nature self-evident. I have no lust after power. . . ."

He sent Sheldon off to raise a regiment of horse in Connecticut: "No stallions, mares or white or grey horses... pay \$100.00 cash."

Long dispatches went to Governors Trumbull and Cooke in Connecticut and Rhode Island and to the Massachusetts and New Hampshire legislatures to recruit and supply their regiments.

And then the terse and telling line to Robert Morris: "For God's sake, hurry Mr. Mease with the clothing. Muskets are not wanted at this place."

These are not the acts or words of a man wailing that the game was up, but like those of Greene writing with calm fortitude to his wife: "Fortune seems to frown upon the cause of freedom; a combination of evils are pressing in upon us on all sides. However I hope this is the dark part of the night which is generally just before day."

The plans for the "enterprize at Trenton" were made subject to the arrival of Sullivan's troops on the twentieth. Meanwhile patrols of New Jersey Militia were active across the river. The intelligence coming in from there said:

Captain Anderson and his party returned [the twentieth] with the loss of one man taken, 2 or 3 missing. Nothing material. The snow hastened his return. . . . I have endeavored to prevail with some intelligent person to go down into Trenton, but without success. . . . People here are extremely fearful of the inhabitants of Trenton betraying them. . . . A person from Crosswicks . . . saw a scow and 4

batteaux [guarded by] one hundred Hessians. He is of the opinion those boats were not collected by the enemy, but accidentally left there. . . . A Negro fellow informs me they are building boats at Henry's Mills, a mile from town. He was told by the soldiers there were many boats coming from Brunswick. . . .

The usual channel for the reports was from patrol leader to General Philemon Dickinson, commanding the New Jersey Militia, at Yardley's Farm opposite Trenton, and thence to H.Q. Dickinson with a field glass could watch the Hessians going in and out of his own house on the river road leading into Trenton, and on the leafless hilltop in Upper Wakefield Township signals and movements were visible a long way off.

On the twenty-second Headquarters heard that "Tavern keepers on the Lancaster road [out of Philadelphia] have pulled down their signs and refuse the soldiers provender or drink—they will assign you no reason." Well might any soldier have said, "The game is pretty well up," when, twenty-five miles back of the wintry front, civilians would refuse him food and drink.

At dusk that evening, as Charles Peale "finished Captain Bernie's miniature," his colonel sent for him and ordered the men paraded for inspection of arms, ammunition, and blankets. Two days' provisions were to be cooked. "I was informed we were to cross the river." As the men were told, two fell out to vomit in the familiar fright of raw troops.

Without censorship and with modern security methods beyond the means of available personnel of the army, the Christmas plan could not be kept a complete secret, though great efforts were made to do so. Even in his letters of those days to Robert Morris, Washington wrote only on "naval matters" or that few of Gates's troops were re-enlisting. But there was "rumor" of the enterprise in Philadelphia. "I have been told today that you are preparing to cross into the Jerseys. I hope it may be true," Morris wrote him on the twenty-first.

If nothing else, the brief line from Congress' sole agent ex-

plains much of the long intimacy between him and Washington. Who of the others—John Adams, Whipple, Hancock, Lovell—could have resisted a rebuke that they had not been informed, or suppressed their civilian curiosity? Whatever Robert Morris's private enrichments from trade, whatever his many faults, his practical sagacity and experience of affairs made him invaluable.

By Monday, the twenty-third, the plans for three crossings on Christmas night had been made: Washington with the main army to cross nine miles north of Trenton, Ewing at Morrisville, and Cadwalader, presumably *under Gates*, from Bristol. On the twenty-fourth the British General Grant got wind of the plan and warned Rall in Trenton.

On the late afternoon of the twenty-fourth there was a council of general officers, A.D.C.'s, and Colonels Glover and Knox. Greene's headquarters near Newton were selected for it, probably as a security measure to avoid soldier talk of a "big meeting at General Washington's."

In general the hypothesis from which the planners worked was as follows: The river width was about six hundred feet. Its average depth except in midstream was less than two feet and not more than a foot at the Pennsylvania bank. Velocity was about five miles an hour, with the risk of increase from heavy rain or snow.

Transport would be by Durham boats, the ore and grain barges, sixty feet long, eight feet wide. Sixty to a hundred men could be carried in each. Downstream they floated with the current. Up or across stream they were propelled by four boatmen on walking boards, using eighteen-foot poles. About forty boats were hidden behind Malta Island a little upstream.

The timetable called for the column to form at 17 hours after supper. Crossing to start at 18 hours and finish at 24 hours. March to start at 1 hour, entering battle at 5 hours.

The sole favorable factor was that the far shore was not defended.

Six hours for the crossing in three waves left a theoretical margin of safety of three hours. Hazards which could consume it were these: A rise in the velocity of the river would necessitate a reduction in loadings of men and material. Conditions of ice and storms would create great odds against the successful crossing of all barges and necessitate a larger reserve of barges. Since no rehearsal was possible, all plans must be subject to correction after the first results were known. Glover's regiment, who would man the barges, was reduced by sickness to 124 men. At below-freezing temperatures, in darkness and confusion, how many crossings could these men sustain? Maximum loadings would probably require a draft of more than one foot and therefore ramps for men, horses, and artillery would be required. These must be fitted, removed, and piled in darkness.

Morale factors were serious. Barges taking the first wave should be back in a little over an hour. During that freezing wait, rumors of capsizings and comrades drowned would spread along the columns. The jesters would say, "That's the army for you," but even the stouthearted who would walk into rifle fire would begin to feel the terror of the cold dark water.

As the crossing developed, calculations of space would be found wrong. Three squads of a Pennsylvania regiment would be shut out to cross with the Marylanders, or a New Hampshire regiment told to cough up two squads to go over with the Virginians. The main columns would be formed one mile back of McConkey's Ferry, "marching as it grows dark."

The family in whose house the council was held told a historian years later that the general officers ate, but paid for, all their turkeys and drank all the milk of their one cow. Well, men have seldom been more in need of proteins and vitamins. One might wish that instead of his bareheaded, uncloaked "Washington at the Delaware," Jack Trumbull had painted the scene as the well-fed, audacious men mounted to ride off in the snowy dusk.

There are two letters of Washington's written on the twenty-

third, of much interest. Colonel Joseph Reed, who had chosen to leave the staff after Washington's interception of his letter to Lee, was at Bristol with the Pennsylvania Militia under Cadwalader. The day before he had written to the "fatally indecisive" Washington urging "at least a diversion by your troops at or about Trenton."

He had not been told of the "enterprize," knowledge of which was evidently limited, as far as possible, to general officers and Colonels Glover and Knox. No doubt, in Reed's case, a special security existed, not as to his patriotism but as to his discreetness and trustworthiness. Washington wrote him, however, "Christmas Day at night, one hour before day, is the time fixed for our attempt on Trenton. For Heaven's sake, keep this to yourself. Troops will carry blankets and three days rations. If we are successful, which Heaven grant, we may push on."

It is dismaying to an American to realize the soothing tact and cajolery which men, ardent for battle, had to employ with the civilians.

Wharton, president of the Council of Pennsylvania, addressing its inhabitants that day, had to say, "We call upon you, we entreat and beseech you, to come forth to the assistance of our worthy General Washington. . . . Step forth like men."

worthy General Washington. . . . Step forth like men."

Only 856 blankets had come up from Philadelphia on the twenty-first, and Washington the next day urged the Bucks County Committee to "have neighbors or acquaintances" solicit blankets in the countryside "as people feel themselves hurt when the demand is made, backed by armed force."

A week before, when a collection of old clothes for the troops was made in Philadelphia, Washington, in acknowledging it, felt it necessary to say, "If the old clothes so charitably contributed by the inhabitants of Philadelphia answer the present necessities of the other regiment . . . the new shall be all applied to the regiments particularly belonging to your state."

His second letter of the twenty-third is in the Gates Papers. It

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is in his own bold, steady hand.³ When the shortage of officers and all that was at risk that day is realized, there is an ominous quiet in its words. It is damning but it reads as though one of the greatest judges of men knew that some of them, like Gates, incapable of recognizing the moment of glory and destiny, are better left out of great enterprises.

I shall not object to your going to Philadelphia on account of your health but wish it would have been permitted you to have gone to Bristol rather, in order to have conducted matters there in co-operation with what I hinted to you as having in view here.

I fear their [sic] may be some little uneasiness about command there as some of the Continental colonels have gone down with the brigade that marched last— If you could only stay there two or three days to concert with Colonels Reed and Cadwalader a plan and direct in what manner it is to be conducted I should be glad of it.

He well knew that, if there was not in Gates the Montrose stuff to "put it to the touch," it was useless to order him to do it. In the ancient principle, no one is a judge in his own case. Congress and custom had changed one word for Continental general officers. Each as to his health was a judge in his own case. Gates did not write to Washington again until January 24, 1777.

On Christmas Eve, in that lull when all was planned and waited only the zero hour, Washington apparently cleaned up his headquarters desk—letters to the New England governors about the "next campaign," even to his "brothers," the Passamaquoddy and St. Johns Indian chiefs who had aided Arnold, and then the long letter to Hancock in Baltimore, beginning, "That I should dwell upon the subject of our distresses cannot be more disagreeable to Congress than it is painful to myself." It reports that the troops of Lee and Gates are not re-enlisting—seven days to go—and that he will be left with five Virginia regiments, Smallwood's Marylanders, Hand's Pennsylvania riflemen, and two others—"fourteen to fifteen hundred effective men."

*Not quoted in Fitzgerald, WW, or in Calendar of Washington Papers, Library of Congress.

In judging the army and Congress, in these terrible opening years, one feels it is fantastic to suppose all virtue lay with the army. There must have been sacrificial patriots in Congress, besides the Morrises, with the valor and judgment of the army. Yet, time and again, a congressman's letter turns up to refute it. Consider the shocking complacency of William Whipple's letter to John Langdon in New Hampshire, written that same Christmas Eve, snug and safe in Baltimore:

General Washington [is] joined by militia.... Army daily increased, besides he has been joined by the division lately commanded by General Lee also a body of troops from Ticonderoga under command of Gates so that they are now pretty strong and I think if they have got rid of the panic that seized them at the time they lost Fort Washington they may still give a good account of Howe's army.

It is interesting to compare the diaries of a Continental and a militia subaltern on their marching orders received on Christmas afternoon.

"We were ordered," Charles Peale of the militia wrote, "to join brigade. Many of the men were unwilling to turn out as it was a day they wished to enjoy themselves."

Lieutenant McMichael of the line wrote, "We have now received the glad news that marching orders have been issued. At sundown we marched down the Delaware to McKonkey's Ferry and crossed at 9 P.M. for Trenton." To this brief summary of four hours' marching, waiting, crossing a river in snow and sleet, he adds, "The weather uncommonly inclement"!

Old tales by old people of that night are many. But there is one which, though told by a nonagenarian years later, has a ring of human reality. The old man, Thomas Betts, said that his father was one of the guides to the ferry and walked beside Washington's horse. He said Washington "talked with as much confidence about the roads, crops, farming, size of farms and the price of produce as if he were a farmer on his way to market, but

made no allusion to the war." It sounds strikingly like the Master of Mount Vernon.

As the troops mustered at the river, away to the north at Bethlehem, wonderfully timed to security considerations, a courier galloped in and "Dr. Shippen with a majority of the surgeons left for the army, having been summoned."

The crossing planned to take six hours took nine. Although not a man or artillery piece was lost, the storm of wind, snow, and sleet which began about six o'clock was almost unconquerable.

No evidence of its severity equals the letter of the fiery, impetuous Stephen Moylan, written to Robert Morris on the twenty-seventh. Moylan, forty years old, was a wild Irish cavalryman in the Sarsfield tradition. Battle was food and drink to him, yet he "was unfortunately too late to share in the honors of the day, being catched in the storm and little imagining that any attempt would be made at such an inclement time." (Author's italics.) If Moylan could think that, small wonder that Rall felt safe.

The wind, the diaries say, was in their faces but the ice jam on the Jersey shore, which blocked off Cadwalader downstream, suggests it may have been at their backs. A minor wonder is that not a horse broke loose. They would have been secured head and rear across the barges but the half-frozen horse-holders should not be forgotten—along with Glover's men.

Stephen, commanding the first wave, was drunk at Germantown ten months later, but he was a soldier that night. The perimeter was outposted by young William Washington and no Loyalists got through his sentinels on the Trenton roads. Two men were frozen to death during the night, but the company commanders' care for the men, waiting without fires, both sides of the river must have been superb. But the long hours of delay on the riverbanks were enough to shake the soul even of the man who that month twenty-two years before had been plunged from his raft into the Monongahela.

Gates's letter, saying that he had gone on to Baltimore, was handed to Washington in the hut at the ferry. There also came "discouraging accounts . . . from Colonel Reed of what might be expected from the operations below. . . ."

From the ferry Washington wrote Cadwalader, "Notwith-standing... I am determined as the night is favorable" (Is that the west wind? Certainly the sleet and snow were not favorable) "to cross the river and make the attack upon Trenton in the morning. If you can do nothing real at least create as great a diversion as possible."

An officer, probably Colonel Fitzgerald, scribbled some notes in the ferry house on the Jersey side near 3 A.M.: "The troops are all over and the boats have gone back for the artillery. I have never seen Washington so determined. . . . He is calm and collected but very determined. . . . We are ready to mount our horses."

One may hope the legend of the casks of applejack brought into the perimeter by farmers is true. Knox wrote his wife the wind was at their backs on the march, blowing them and the eighteen guns into Trenton. Of course the flower of the army was there-Greene and Sullivan, bursting with pride in their Yankees; Stirling, fifty, but "with the most martial appearance of any general in the service"; Stark, forty-eight; Hand, fortytwo, the Irishman from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, with his riflemen who would cut off the fleeing Hessians-and then all "the gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold," the great young men of the future-Knox, twenty-six, with his bass voice audible through the storm; Baylor, twenty-four; John Marshall, twenty-one; Hamilton, nineteen; James Monroe, who would be wounded, eighteen. Even Wilkinson, who brought Gates's letter, was not then "from the bark to the very core [the] villain" of thirty years later, but a boy of nineteen. And Aaron Burr, twenty, was in the show.

If ever a corps d'élite went into action it was the Continentals that night, the very symbol of what someone has called men's THE GREAT MAN 85

magnificent absurdity. It must have almost broken the heart of Colonel Robert Harrison to have been left with the headquarters papers, and one can imagine the cursing of Tallmadge, Nathan Hale's classmate, caught en mission in Philadelphia.

"We arrived at Trenton at 7 A.M. [in the inclement weather] when we began the attack which continued till 9 A.M.," young McMichael wrote the next day. "[We crossed back with the prisoners in the afternoon] and having obtained comfortable lodgings I found Morpheus had got possession of me."

The story of the quick, brilliant attacks north and south of the town, the surrender with Rall mortally wounded, is too well known to need repetition, but it gives one pause to think what would have happened had Hessian sharpshooters picked off Washington and Greene. Perhaps no man is indispensable. If anyone was capable of succeeding Washington it was Greene, but he was then only thirty-four, a Rhode Islander, a Quaker, and too good a soldier to be popular with Congress. Sullivan or Putnam would have been out of the question. Gates had refused even to participate in the action. None of the valiant brigadiers had the stature for supreme command. If Washington and Greene had fallen, as well they might, it is unbelievable that anyone could have held the army or the cause together.

Anything short of complete success would have been almost

equally fatal, as would even heavy losses among the young men.

But the whole operation had "snap, precision, cadence." A thousand prisoners were taken, with losses of two killed and the two dead of exposure. It changed the face of matters, to paraphrase a Washington dispatch, not only there but everywhere else. They came back the night of the twenty-sixth when the storm had abated. The moon was just past the full "and because the full moon in December is high in the sky, the sky must have been bright after the storm."4

The Continentals from Washington down took it with becoming modesty, though it is obvious they were bursting with

I am indebted to the Harvard College Observatory for this information.

pride. Tilghman, holding his fellow aide, George Baylor, with the dispatches for Congress, scribbled to his father, "I have the pleasure to inform you I am safe and well after a most successful enterprise . . . the night was excessively severe, both cold and snowy, which the men bore without the least murmur . . . our people advanced up to the mouths of the [Hessian] field pieces, shot down their horses. . . . I have just snatched time to scrawl these few lines."

To Hancock in Baltimore, Washington wrote in the charming mannerism of the time, "I have the pleasure of congratulating you upon the success of an enterprize which I had formed against a detachment of the enemy lying in Trenton and which was executed yesterday morning. . . . 2,400 men . . . got over by three with artillery . . . near four when the march began . . . nine miles [to Trenton] . . . eight o'clock."

To Heath in the Highlands "... the troops experienced the greatest fatigue in breaking a passage through the ice and all the severities of rain and storm.... Officers and men behaved with great firmness, poise, advance and bravery."

On the Pennsylvania side on the twenty-sixth there had been two dispatches for Washington from Colonel Cadwalader at Bristol.

One, dated that day, read, "I imagine the badness of the night must have prevented your passing over as you intended." The other, the night before, began:

The river was so full of ice that it was impossible to pass.... I concluded to make an attempt at Dunks's Ferry.... I embarked the first battalion of militia, then two field pieces with which I went over to see if it was practicable to land them and upon examination found it was impossible—the ice being very thick—upon reporting this to the field officers they were all of opinion that it would not be proper to proceed without cannon. During this time the 3rd Battalion was landed—we concluded to withdraw the troops that had passed but could not effect it till near 4 o'clock this morning. The whole then were ordered to march for Bristol . . . our men turned out chear-

fully. We had about 1,800 rank and file.... The militia will be easier kept together by being in motion... We have procured shoes, stockings and breeches for them. They are in good spirits and enlist very fast.

It is fascinating to see how closely the journals of Charles Peale and a Sergeant Young follow the report.

Peale wrote: "When the 1st and 3rd were nearly landed on the other side, the wind began to blow and the ice gathering so thick at a considerable distance from the shore there was no possibility of landing and they were ordered back with all the troops that had landed."

Sergeant Young wrote: "December 25. At night orders to hold ourselves ready to move with two days' provisions and so to meet at a Grand Parade at 7 this evening. . . . [We crossed at Dunks's Ferry] . . . on account of the ice on the Jersey shore they could not land the great guns."

And Thomas Rodney wrote his father, the Signer, "We had to walk a hundred yards on the ice to get on shore."

There was no rebuke from Washington for Cadwalader. An attack with militia without the "great guns" might have gone badly. Cadwalader's general orders had been not to hazard the loss of his brigade. Yet at Trenton the American guns were scarcely in action and the Hessians' not at all. Cadwalader was downstream and perhaps the ice was piled higher there. The decision to withdraw with a third of the infantry landed and the rest all but on shore was a terrible one to have to make. Yet the same difficulties and decision must have faced Washington. Mc-Michael's regiment was over by 9 P.M. and had to wait six hours for the advance to start—and no fires. Certainly often during that time the temptation to turn back must have been almost overwhelming. Officers must constantly have come up to say, "Sir, the shore ice is so thick, it is impossible to get the boats in and the wheels of the gun carriages cannot get a grip on the sleet on the bank." But cross they did and, despite cold, ice on the

route, and lack of shoes, marched on Trenton at the normal rate of march for infantry, two and a half miles per hour.

Well might Washington have felt like Wellington: "By God,

I don't think they would have done it without me."

One must wonder whether all his life Cadwalader did not mourn for what he might have done. Perhaps that was why he fought a duel later with Conway.

Two days later, with their blood up, and a ten-dollar bounty for six weeks' service in their pockets, the New England Line reenlisted and Washington wrote Congress via Robert Morris his "intention of passing the river again and the places I have in view," and with natural pride told Maxwell at Morristown, "I am about to enter the Jerseys with a considerable force."

This time Cadwalader crossed, Peale and Sergeant Young among his eighteen hundred men. A woman sent mince pies down to the shore as they disembarked and Young's heart was moved by a pathetic Hessian with his nose shot off.

We are just going over to Jersey again in pursuit of the Hessian Army [Tilghman told his father], the general waits while I write this much. My most affectionate love to my sister, I am,

Your dutiful son.

As the army was set in motion Congress granted Washington "dictatorial powers" for six months "unless sooner determined by Congress." He could recruit sixteen battalions of infantry, three thousand light horse, three regiments of artillery, "take wherever he may be whatever he may want..." It was all very fine, though how or why a field commander in New Jersey could or should recruit from Georgia to New Hampshire and northern New York, by congressional fiat and without money, was not clear. Still the grant of power would have turned many heads.

As it was, Washington wrote Robert Morris on December 30, "We have the greatest occasion at present for hard money to pay a certain set of people who are of particular use to us."

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He asked for \$150 in silver to be sent him. Morris was able to raise, and send "in two canvas bags," only \$124 in silver. How pleasing is the cheery postscript: "Hearing you are in want of [even] a quarter cask of wine have procured a good one . . ." and how telltale the sentence: "I had long since parted with very considerable sums of hard money to Congress." The small amount was a bitter commentary on the grandiose grant of dictatorial powers but "the circumstances of it [were] too remarkable ever to be forgotten by me," Washington wrote with the accounting for it eight years later.

On New Year's Day he wrote to Congress via Morris, Clymer, and Walton, then in Philadelphia, "You are pleased to pay me many personal compliments as if the merit of that affair [at Trenton] was solely due to me, but I assure you the other general officers who assisted me in the plans and execution have full as good a right to your encomiums as myself."

MAINTAINING VAST ARMIES IN IDLENESS

(January – July 1777)

THE DRAMATIC night steal-away from Trenton to Princeton, and the battle there, need little retelling. Young Mc-Michael put it in one sentence: "January 3 at 1 A.M. we paraded and marched for Princeton."

Washington had faced Cornwallis's superior force across the creek at Trenton the day before. In the night he moved east, then north, by the vertical angle of the roads, Cornwallis moving too late by the shorter hypotenuse.

The fighting at Princeton was brief and brilliant. All Washington's inflammable material was on fire. As he rallied the militia he was caught between the fire of both forces, and rode out of the smoke untouched.

The great American loss was Hugh Mercer, who the night before had regaled Greene's headquarters with the description of Washington "riding over the fatal field of the Monongahela untouched."

Prisoners, equipment, and British staff papers were taken, and only a few more soldiers would have made it possible to overwhelm Cornwallis's base at Brunswick. But the army, small, ill equipped, and valiant, had been through a terrific nine days—three times across the Delaware with long night marches and two battles. Many enlistments had more than run out. What mattered above all else was that it remain a threat in being to

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the British, and Washington ordered it to march for the hills around Morristown for winter quarters.

It is well to remember that even modern armies, with all their cold-climate clothing and equipment, seldom seek battle in January. The Continentals had makeshift clothing and no preserved foods; snow or rain could ruin the ammunition in their cartridge boxes; and there was no service of supply bringing up their daily necessities.

Nonetheless, as a British officer wrote, "after the unfortunate affair that happened to the Hessians the rebels were frequently very troublesome to us and every foraging party that went out was pretty certain to have a skirmish with them."

In a vivid phrase young Graydon wrote at the time, "General Washington with the little remnant of his army at Morristown seemed left to scuffle for liberty." Graydon had just come out from New York on parole after Long Island. The contrast between the power and color of the British forces there and the tatterdemalions at Morristown was very great. What he did not see, and what writers so often fail to sense, is that, in the face of desertions and discharges, confusion and disunity in Philadelphia and in the state governments, the machinery of army administration was carried on. One might suppose from many books that Washington in Morristown, with a partisan band of patriots, spent the day dismally writing his troubles to Congress. What else went on in January '77? For one thing the whole

What else went on in January '77? For one thing the whole army was inoculated for smallpox. To appreciate this enormous achievement at a time when it was medically hazardous and the simplest facts of science known only to the few, and religious beliefs profound, one should consider how recently in this country the right of non-compliance has been asserted and that as late as 1945 in the British Army a man could refuse vaccination on religious grounds.

The army was not without its small-time racketeers. So many enlisted, received a bounty, deserted, and re-enlisted again for another bounty that General Orders were issued to execute such men. A "blue, red or yellow ribband or tape will be placed in the hat at time of enlistment and failure to wear constantly will be punished by 39 lashes."

"Soldiers of the army are to be informed that all the ferries over the Delaware and North River have strict orders to put none of them that have not a regular discharge or pass across but to apprehend them as deserters." (Penalty death.)

There were ways around those orders. "... extortion scandalously practiced by the guards [at the Delaware ferries] reach my ears so frequently that they can no longer be submitted to," Washington wrote Gates, responsible for them, ordering new guards, new officers, and constant inspection.

Much is often made of floggings and executions in Washington's army. Setting aside the fact that Washington did not invent them and was not the last, by many years, to use the latter, it should be remembered that a man who must often order brave men, his friends and comrades, to certain death in battle has small occasion for a troubled conscience over the fates of worthless ones. Men were not flogged for valor, obedience, and common duty.

Without providing specific funds for the purpose, Congress authorized Washington to issue recruiting warrants from New England to Virginia. There was a vague assumption that the Continental loan officers would supply cash to the recruiting officers (who must also be supplied from the army). Are you aware, Washington asked Congress, that the loan officers in Connecticut, for example, cannot do business "for want of notes and cheque books? [Have I] a right to draw warrants upon the loan officers in the different states?"

In general the states were raising regiments "for internal security instead of completing the Continental battalions." Patrick Henry wrote Washington that he proposed to fill the Virginia quota by "volunteers for a period of six months." It is hard to understand what happened to the common sense and ardor of prewar zealots such as John Adams and Patrick Henry. "It THE GREAT MAN

will never answer any valuable purpose," Washington wrote the latter of his proposal.

British and Hessian plunder and rapine in New Jersey had been vicious. Tilghman wrote his skeptical father that it was not exaggerated, but early in January Washington had to remind his own forces that "It is expected that humanity and tenderness to women and children will distinguish brave Americans." It would appear from the Jersey papers that month that there was too much "tenderness" of one sort. They are full of advertisements for servant girls who had run away with deserters. Strange that no novelist has told their story.

Prisoner-of-war problems plagued the opposing commanders. "You may be assured," Washington advised Cornwallis on January 8, "that no molestation will be offered to the convoy of money and stores... or medicine for [your] wounded at Princeton by any part of the regular army under my command. But I cannot answer for the New Jersey Militia who [are rightly]... exceedingly exasperated at the treatment they have met with, from both Hessian and British troops." And he told Congress, eager for makeshifts for recruiting, "I would not yet suffer any of the foreign Hessian prisoners to enlist among our troops, their affection for us is not as fully settled and confirmed as I hope it will be..."

He asked Howe to permit an American "agent for prisoners" to live in New York, telling him, "... it may put a stop to the many complaints which I am daily under the necessity of hearing; some, probably without foundation and others arising from want of things you are not obliged to furnish." He wrote this with some fellow feeling, but in the case of Charles Lee, in Howe's hands, his warning is blunt that Lee must be treated like any other prisoner of his rank without a threat, actual or implied, of punishment as a British deserter. And he offered to exchange five Hessian officers for him. No British major general was then in American hands.

Special conditions of the time, and the position of the armies, made necessary regular communication between the opposing commanders. This was arranged under flags of truce in the neutral zone between the forces. Here is an example of how it was done. A mounted officer with an escort of four, under a flag, rode to the nearest British patrol post. To the officer there he delivered a message reading, "Flags will meet at 12 o'clock Monday the 17th at the house of the Widow Field about four miles from Brunswick on the road [to the north] leading to Bound Brook." Agreement came back by similar method.

The mass of army detail coming into headquarters for disposition was of this nature: provision for the return of bounty by recruits refusing inoculation; regulation for the branding of horses and the stamping of horned cattle and for the stamping and care of arms; collecting and storage of tents for the spring campaign. Sites for hospitals must be chosen with regard to strategic probabilities. A hospital in the Revolution did not mean, as now, a rise in real estate values and the disbursing of a great construction payroll to local advantage. It usually meant dispossessing institutions or individuals, a drain on local food supply and means of transport. Even the Moravians wanted hospitals any place else than in their towns. Bishop Ettwein himself, hearing there was to be a hospital at Lititz, near Reading, protested vigorously to Washington.

It must have required an unusual amount of that famous self-control for Washington to reply: "It is needless to express how essential an establishment of this kind is to the welfare of the army and you must be sensible that it cannot be made anywhere without occasioning inconvenience to some set of people or other. . . . I am persuaded that [Dr. Shippen, in whose hands the choice lies,] will not exert the authority visited in him unnecessarily to your prejudice." The measured restraint of such letters is so constant and characteristic of Washington that one has the feeling that underneath it lay contempt of people who refused a chance for greatness.

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Even the dependable Moylan and young Tallmadge, recruiting their cavalry outfits, had to be warned—Tallmadge to have "no white or near white or even dark grey horses": much too conspicuous, the Fox Hunter told him; Moylan that "people are exceedingly alarmed along the road . . . from the similarity of [your] Horse to the British. Dip the coats into that kind of dye that is most proper to put upon red."

Sullivan had to be told that Loyalists taking their furniture

Sullivan had to be told that Loyalists taking their furniture to the British lines might not use wagons, as the British would keep them, but the order ends, "I would not have too much rigour used in executing this proceedure. Tis bad policy."

At times one has the feeling that the whole of civilian America

At times one has the feeling that the whole of civilian America was set to try the Commander's patience or test his judgment. Patrick Henry, without previous word, sent a man to Morristown "as the representative of the Virginia legislature to head-quarters."

Two sheets of the always scanty headquarters writing paper had to be used to reply: "If Mr. Walker should be known as coming from the Commonwealth of Viriginia, I am persuaded it would be followed by others of the like nature from other states. To avoid the precedent [I will allow him only to remain temporarily as an extra A.D.C.]" What a sight thirteen commissars at headquarters would have been.

General Philemon Dickinson, commanding the Jersey Militia, was so "teazed by the officers and men to know in what proportion the plunder is to be divided" that he had to have Washington's orders. General Maxwell asked what to do with "four young fellows [who are] talking very impudent [in Westfield] and doing all they can to discourage those that turns out in the militia."

As frequently and inevitably happened, "a certain Mr. Smith," a patriot spy, was arrested by American forces and sent to Philadelphia. "Interpose in the affair without delay," Washington wrote Joseph Reed. "Give him money. Let him make the best of his way to the enemy as a fugitive from persecution and

danger. Use great care to [have it] appear natural and real." Governor Livingston had to be told, "I will most assuredly keep [the disappointed] Mr. Aaron Burr in remembrance."

Amidst all this, even in January, the rumor of an American attack on New York was spread and Heath, at Peekskill, was told to "Be ready for an immediate order."

Yet Washington found time to write the widow of Major Daniel Neil, killed at Princeton, that although he had asked Congress for a pension for her he feared it was "rather too early" for them to act. "In the meantime, as I sincerely feel for your distress I beg your acceptance of the inclosed, as a small testimony of my inclination to serve you." Fifty dollars went with the letter.

Congress heard that there was an outfit at Morristown called the Life Guards, commanded by the Virginian, Colonel Spotswood. The idea of a sort of Royal Household Troops united them in a quick condemnation. That the headquarters of an army, its papers, military chest, and the person of the Commander required a fixed Headquarters Guard was not important, nor that "the four men from each regiment, 5 feet—10 inches, sober, young, active, well-made, clean and soldier-like," liked the kudos of the name given, Washington said, "without his consent or privity" did not matter. It was something which could be unanimously condemned and was. And when the word "Life" before Guards was officially forbidden all freedom-loving men could again breathe easily.

It must have been a great relief in all this on the last day of January when Washington opened a letter from Philadelphia signed by Wharton Carpenter: "I beg leave to present Your Excellency with three barrels of corned beef and one bbl. of Jamaica spirits which I flatter myself Your Excellency will please to accept."

In mid-February, Washington wrote the president of Congress his first misgivings about French officers: "They are coming in swarms from old France and the islands...impossible to

distinguish men of merit from mere adventurers." And he asked Gates, comfortably situated at Congress, "to stop the shoals of Frenchmen that are coming."

Robert Morris was asking William Bingham in the West Indies "to spare me all you can in the introduction of French officers to me" and Congress wrote all its agents abroad to discourage their coming "unless masters of our language."

Before long the expanding torrent would be all but unmanageable.

One of the great burdens of command for Washington was the characters of his generals. In Greene alone was there the right combination of judgment and audacity. In Charles Lee and Gates alone was there downright disloyalty, disobedience, or contumacy. The rest were loyal and brave, but often touchy, sensitive, negligent, or without broad judgment. Heath, for example, was absolutely dependable but unimaginative almost to a fault. Sullivan had to be told that, while an order to move or fight required instant obedience, an "order" as to handling refugees required common sense in being carried out.

Most of them had to be spoken to that winter. Mildly enough, but prophetically, in the case of Adam Stephen, his comrade of the Seven Years' War. Stephen had reported "misbehavior somewhere" in his division, then done nothing further about it. Washington wrote him, "[What you told me] persuaded me that the inquiry would meet with no delay. I am disappointed in this. I must insist it be made without loss of time." Mild enough this time, but nine months later there was a quick court-martial and conviction when Stephen was drunk at Germantown.

No one was more loyal, and in battle more reliable, than Lord Stirling but he was on the carpet twice that winter, first on a grave question of judgment, then in a comic family quarrel.

On January 19, Washington wrote him:

A report is current here which gives me much pain; it is that in consequence of some orders of your lordship or dispute with the

militia, five or six hundred of them have gone home in disgust, and turned back others which were coming on... I hope the report is without foundation; unhappy will it be for us if it is not... It has been our great misfortune to have too much to do with militia but, while the necessity exists, the most should be made of them; a people unused to restraint must be led, they will not be drove, even those who are engaged for the war must be disciplined by degrees.

There can be no doubt that Washington was right in this view. Iron discipline was impossible among men so fiercely independent, with allegiance, in the main, to their home county or state and not yet, or for years to come, to America.

With more "pain" Washington had then to inform poor Stirling, who was shortly down with intestinal flu, that "a complaint has been made to me of your having treated Mrs. [William] Livingston [wife of the governor, sister-in-law of Stirling] with a degree of roughness and indelicacy. . . . I can only attribute this to a sudden burst of passion. . . . The enemies of our cause will take advantage of such a circumstance to make comments of a very injurious nature. . . ."

One can imagine the Commander in Chief wishing to God people would get on with the war, and not bring private troubles to him, when he received Mrs. Livingston's complaint. But the army was wintering in New Jersey and it would not do to offend the governor's lady, the mother-in-law of John Jay.

Stirling, however, had his side of the story, and the reply is formal and funny. He regrets that his private affairs should take so much of General Washington's time. He says he "informed Mrs. Livingston six weeks ago that he needed the part of [his own] house that she possessed, she having then no less than four other houses engaged." He told her his staff needed the room the next day. "I conceived this to be but a modest request to enjoy my own property; and was not in the least governed by passion." At that "Mrs. Livingston behaved very improperly and threatened to move the next morning"!

Next came a letter from Benedict Arnold, then senior briga-

dier, commanding in Rhode Island, demanding to know whether the failure to make him a major general was accident or design. There were the usual intimations of resigning. Washington wrote at once to Richard Henry Lee, president of Congress, pointing out, as was indeed then the case, that "a more active, more spirited officer fills no department of your army." He wrote to Arnold urging him to stay with the colors.

A month later Lee replied, giving no reason, and Washington wrote Arnold again: "Public bodies are not amenable for their actions. They place and displace at pleasure. . . . Your determination not to quit . . . deserves my thanks."

Then of course there was Charles Lee, a British prisoner in New York. On February 9 he wrote Washington asking that either Bradford or Eustace, of his A.D.C.'s, be sent under a flag to see about "many things material with respect to my private affairs," adding the now famous request that "my dogs should be brought back as I never stood in greater need of their company. . . ."

Washington thought the matter over and discussed it with Greene. Neither could see any "possible harm" and recommended it to Congress. Part of Washington's reason was that he wanted to give Lee's friends no reason to say all possible had not been done for him.

Congress resolved, however, to send no one to see Lee. So the matter rested until the next year. It was not known at the time, or for seventy-five years later, that Charles Lee was then preparing for Howe the traitor's plan for a British victory.

Last but one of the generals to be dealt with that winter was John Sullivan, then thirty-seven. Sullivan "resigned" more often than any general officer, and when in March he heard that St. Clair would get the command at Ticonderoga he at once resigned.

Just a month before, he and an anonymous informer had warned Washington against "Great enemies to Your Excellency

(as a general) and their country. Please therefore to take great care of the name of Ogden [brother-in-law of Gouverneur Morris]. Particularly that family and their connection [the elder Ogden was a Loyalist, the son suspected of leanings] . . . fals hearted and smooth tong'd fellows." So the anonymous informer wrote.

Simultaneously Sullivan dreamed or heard the same story—his letters are not clear—and wrote Washington, "I wish our Excellency could be prevailed on not to go much to the eastward of Morristown, particularly about the neighborhood of Mr. Samuel Ogden's. I wish not to shew ingratitude to the family of the Ogdens. . . . I can't help believing the one with whom you live is sincere. I doubt of Samuel. . . ." To the east of the Ogdens, he said, were many Tories and none of our troops, and a trap would be easy.

This was a month before the resignation and Washington appeared touched, though doubtful of danger, which, however, he might well have feared. When the resignation came, with causes that seemed the stuff of dreams, he wrote Sullivan one of his most magnificent and healthy-minded letters:

Do not, my dear General Sullivan, torment yourself any longer with imaginary slights and involve others in the perplexities you feel. . . . No other officer of rank, in the whole army, has so often conceived himself neglected, slighted and ill-treated as you have. . . . Mere accidents, things which have occurred in the common course of the service have been considered by you as designed affronts. [He gives examples.] Why, then, these unreasonable, these unjustified suspicions, suspicions which can answer no other end than to poison your own happiness and add vexation to that of others? I send an earnest exhortation that you will not suffer yourself to be teased with evils that only exist in the imagination.

Such were the small and personal matters to be handled in the headquarters of an army "distressed for clothes and shoes," "In want [often in even that 'good winter'] of beef, flour, horses," with many enlistments still indeterminate, with Continental re-

cruiting "full of fraud and dishonesty" and in some states, Connecticut among them, impaired by high bounties for militia service.

Most amazing of all, militarily, was the fact that it was an army without an adjutant general, the "business manager" of a head-quarters. Well, why, it will be asked, should this be so? Why didn't Washington appoint one?

An incompetent adjutant general is worse than none at all. The special capacities needed are not easy to find. General-officer material was scarce and could not be spared from troop command. None of the fighters was fitted for the post, except Greene, fitted for anything, and he was being used both as a commander and in the supply service.

Gates, then in Philadelphia, had the necessary experience but the appointment would have been a step down. All winter the office went begging, Cadwalader and William Lee being among those declining.

The headquarters staff had, however, received its most famous addition, Hamilton, at twenty, coming up from the artillery to be an A.D.C.

Meanwhile the powerful British Army, based on New York, had an enclave in New Jersey, their boats and spies slipping up the Raritan River nightly at its southern extreme and their wagons being filled for them by the Tories in Passaic to the north.

The extreme American right was at Princeton under Putnam. Greene and Stirling were at Basking Ridge and Sullivan forward of them, roughly from Chatham to Scotch Plains to the outskirts of Bound Brook.

Of the Continental commanders Wayne, then a colonel, was still in command at Ticonderoga under Schuyler in Albany. Heath was guarding the Highlands, Parsons was at Lyme, Connecticut, and Arnold in Rhode Island—all with Continentals and militia.

The main "laboratories," for cannon, shot, and shell, were at Springfield, Massachusetts, Hartford, the Ogdens' at Pompton (Lord Stirling got a royalty of fifty cents a ton on all ore from his veins in Morris County), and the principal one at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

The question facing Washington was what move Howe would make. His field of choice was wide. He had superiority in numbers and supply, an inner position, and a fleet to move his army. He could feint in many directions and keep his enemy off balance. Every move of his—though but a reconnaissance up the Hudson, toward Connecticut, Rhode Island, or the South—sent the expresses riding for Washington's headquarters with demands from governors and commanders that he move to their support.

In the face of enormous pressure, Washington refused to weaken the main army, replying that "the feints are meant but to confuse [us]."

By a combination of insight, judgment, guesswork, and luck, Headquarters decided from the first that, whatever Howe's objective should be, it was Philadelphia.

While it is true that many American intelligence agents came out of New York with that information, others as numerous and reliable said he would move up the Hudson to meet Burgoyne, or return to Boston to cut off the French supplies beginning to trickle in, or south to Charleston. Somehow Washington and the men around him sifted this information and were sure Howe would go by land or water to Philadelphia. They thought so as early as February. They were all but positive in March and, though they were not proved right for a hundred fifty days, they stuck to it.

People like Charles Francis Adams, the younger, writing a hundred and thirty years later, considered this showed Washington's woeful lack of military sense. Philadelphia, they imply, meant little one way or the other. Washington should have moved north with his whole command against Burgoyne. As to that we shall see.

From John Adams, who was at the Sun Inn January 25, homeward bound with his disciple James Lovell, Washington's bitterest critic late that year, it brought the incredible question—actually addressed to Sullivan: "Are we to go on forever maintaining vast armies in idleness"!

The letter reached headquarters as Washington was taken ill at the beginning of March. It was not the Washington of the statues who got up from his fever to ride and flirt "impudently" with Mrs. Theodorick Bland, as she wrote her sister. Martha Washington arrived at headquarters at the same time, and, as Greene wrote his wife, the Washingtons were very happy in each other's company.

In the Washington Papers there is a dispatch from General Parsons in Lyme with troop returns, word of recruits going forward, and the insufficiency of his forces to raid Long Island across the Sound. On the back in John Laurens's hand is the gist of the reply: "All Howe's waggons in the Jerseys—indicate an instant move—the roads—Hurry the troops to N. Y'k—inoculate and send frequent returns of them."

The same day Greene was sent to Congress to "ascertain how we are to be supplied with arms, tents, ammunitions, carts, wagons and intrenching tools."

The British, whose intelligence was also good, learned that Greene was gone, and Washington sent the first of many orders to Allan McLane with his light horse: "Keep a sharp lookout as Cornwallis has said in New York he would attack while General Greene is in Philadelphia."

April opened with a flood of dispatches from the outlying Continental commanders, begging for money, telling of their exertions to recruit, the inability to get realistic returns, complaining from Connecticut to Virginia of civilian lethargy, but from none any suggestion that they would not fight. From Savannah, Georgia, came a report of skirmishes with the British and

fear of an Indian rising from Lachlan McIntosh, who would shortly kill the president of Georgia, Button Gwinnett, a Signer, in a duel.

Reinforcements were going to Schuyler in the North and, on April 7, Gates was at Sun Inn on his way to Ticonderoga. On his staff was the Polish engineer Kosciuszko, thirty-one. They called him Kosci, and one must wonder what they said when, asked where he was born, he told them, "Mereczowsezyzna"!

The British raided Peekskill, burning the stores. "For once give them credit for a bold manoeuvre," Greene said to his wife.

Philadelphia was already alarmed for its safety, and the Committee of Congress there, even Robert Morris, Clymer, and Walton, urged Washington to form another army west of the Delaware. It is unbelievable that men of such sense should have presented such a plan, to a commander scarcely strong enough to hold New Jersey.

Washington replied, "I perfectly agree with you upon the propriety of forming an army on the west side of the Delaware. . . . I can only regret that the situation of our affairs at present is such that not a man of the Continental Army can yet be suffered to remain there. . . . We shall be eternally beat in small detachments," he added.

When his letter was received the wife of perhaps the staunchest man in Congress, Robert Morris, made plans to flee to Lancaster and take the house of the famous Baron Stiegel there. Actually she did not go until September. It is an irony of the times to realize that Stiegel had left his house, bankrupt, to go to the debtors' jail in Philadelphia where, twenty years later, Robert Morris would suffer the same fate.

Simultaneously Benjamin Rush, the Signer, later so deep in the Conway Cabal, delivered his verdict on Washington:

I think it more than probable that General Washington will not close the present war with Great Britain . . . because in ordinary revolutions different characters always appear in their first and last stages ... because his talents are better fitted to unite the people of America into one body than to give them afterwards a national complexion ... because his talents are unequal to those degrees of discipline and decision which alone can render an army finally successful ... because he is idolized by the people of America he is [wrongly] thought to be absolutely necessary for us to enable us to carry on the war....

Men like Rush and Reed, John Adams and Lovell had time and writing paper for this sort of thing. Washington had neither time nor apparent taste for it. Scarcely one of his adversaries ever saw correctly what was to come.

On April 28 the British landed in Connecticut, marched to and burned the magazines at Danbury, Arnold coming up in time to drive them back to their boats. It was impossible to protect every place against them. The thing was, the main army must be held facing them.

In May, however, the Continentals retaliated in a brilliant raid. Lieutenant Colonel Meigs crossed the Sound from Guilford, Connecticut, to South Hold, carried his boats to Peconic Bay, and destroyed a British schooner at Sag Harbor, the attacking force covering ninety miles of land and water in twenty-five hours.

Meanwhile there was much bustle and movement by the British in their lines around New Brunswick. "From the high ground ten miles away," Greene wrote in vivid phrase, "General Washington could see the Raritan to its mouth and the road to Philadelphia by South Jersey."

All the intelligence then coming in indicated Philadelphia as the British objective. More warnings to alertness went to the subordinate commanders and Sullivan was moved to Princeton to relieve "Old Put," who was sent to the quieter zone at Peekskill. André's journal noted that "The Rebel light horse were frequently seen about Lord Cornwallis's camp and the avenues [to it] were infested by ambuscades." On May 12, in his thorough

way, Washington sent Greene and Henry Knox, back from winter leave in Boston, up and across the Hudson to inspect and strengthen "the Highland Passes by land and water."

To Major Gibbs, of the Headquarters Guard, then in Philadelphia, Washington wrote:

Dear Gibbs

I would rather you should see to the packing and securing of my papers than trust the matter to Mr. Hancock.... I would not wish that any person, out of my own [military] family should have any concern with it.

... Pay Mrs. Washington's bill at Randolph's and get three pounds of the best sealing wax. . . .

Brigade commanders were ordered to "prevent as much as possible all encumbrance [of heavy baggage]" on the campaign and Scott was told, "Let vice and immorality of every kind be discouraged as much as possible in your brigade and as a chaplain is allowed to each regiment see that the men regularly attend Divine Worship."

Wayne reached camp May 20 with eight regiments of the Pennsylvania Line, from the Northern front. He had then been away sixteen months, nine of them without a letter from his wife Polly, twenty-six.

French officers were still coming in with commissions from Congress and Washington asked Richard Henry Lee whether the appointments were made "to oblige [a nation] whom we want to interest in our cause or was it to get rid of importunity."

There was at last a competent adjutant general at headquarters, the morose, long-beaked, thirty-two-year-old Tim Pickering, as he somewhat incongruously, for him, signed his letters. Almost the first thing he did after reaching camp was to ride eight miles to view the house "where General Lee was taken."

On May 27 a British deserter reported that "the common talk in New York was they were going to Philadelphia by water."

General Schuyler, with his staff, was at Middlebrook head-

quarters that night. What he talked about drove even Greene into an angry protest the next day. Schuyler said he was receptive to the idea that he should continue to command the Northern army and be president of Congress.

"Let him resign and go to Congress or be a general. I will not hold a commission under that state [America] who blends these two characters together," Greene wrote in wise and righteous wrath, adding his views on the French officers.

In a few days Du Coudray, sent from Paris by Silas Deane to be a major general, commanding the artillery and engineers, would arrive and Greene, Sullivan, and Knox, now C.O. of the artillery, would resign if he was confirmed. When John Adams heard it he had Congress rebuke them. Let them take it or get out. Greene broke off all communication with Adams for five years.

Perhaps it was the realization that they must all fight the enemy, not quarrel with each other, which led Washington to write Joseph Reed, in answer to his regrets for the letter to Charles Lee, "True it is, I felt myself hurt by a certain letter. . . . I was hurt, not because I felt my judgment wronged but because [its] sentiments were not communicated immediately to myself." With that he erased the whole matter. Less so Reed, as we shall see.

On June 17 the curtain went up. Sullivan, now in reserve back of Sourland Mountain, was told, ". . . the enemy baggage and women left Brunswick last night. Send 1,000 Continentals and 1,000 militia to Steel's Gap. As an encouragement to the militia let them know that whatever baggage or supplies of any kind they can take from the enemy shall be appropriated for their benefit (one waggon recently brought them \$1700)."

Then there follows one of those rare glimpses into Continental signaling: "If you will kindle a fire this evening upon some point of Sourland Hill, nearest to the encampment we will, if we discover it, answer by fires from Steel's Gap and Wayne's Gap. You may then inform us which is most conspicuous to you. . . . I

have sent you one of my glasses by the bearer. It is a pretty good one," Washington wrote.

Four days later Greene attacked the British at Brunswick. "Morgan's regiment and Wayne's brigade cleared the town to the east bank." The troops were in great spirit and fought well. Apparently only the failure of Sullivan to come up, owing to the desertion or capture of an express, prevented a considerable victory. Harry Knox wrote his Lucy that the army were "hardy, brave fellows. No going home tomorrow to suck." For Howe, though, it was part of a planned retreat through Piscataway to his boats at Amboy.

Washington moved his headquarters through Ramapo to the Clove (Cleft) northwest of Suffern, New York. His report to Congress, signed by Tilghman at 11 P.M., after Washington had been constantly in the saddle for twenty hours, made no exaggerated claims but correctly called it a British evacuation.

Deserters told the British that "Washington's whole army had left the mountains" and André from Cornwallis's camp "could see the waggons [of the Rebels] ascending the mountain and could judge of the steepness of the ascent by the frequent halts they made."

There was some exaggeration in New York, where the Moravian minister, Ewald Schaukirk, wrote: "Five to six thousand rebels killed in the Jerseys. General Washington is among the slain, Stirling dead of his wounds and Governor Livingston."

On July 2 they knew at Suffern that Burgoyne was on Lake Champlain. Three days later St. Clair evacuated Ticonderoga without a shot, pulling back thirty miles to Castletown. Schuyler in Albany knew of it on the seventh and Washington on the tenth. The loss of that stronghold where "so much men and money" had been expended was a terrible blow.

A month before, Gates had refused the command there, if he was to be under Schuyler, and on June 18, Roger Sherman, with his New England dislike of Schuyler, took Gates before Congress, where "he shouted until friends got him out." Seldom has

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a man had such opportunities for greatness as Gates. Thirty days after the fall of Ticonderoga, Congress gave him the Northern command.

There followed for Washington the fifty days, from July 10 to the end of August, of anxiety and guesswork as to Howe's plans. The rapidity of Burgoyne's advance and the fall of Ti made it seem the estimate of Philadelphia as Howe's objective was wrong. Surely he would now move up the Hudson, catch the Northern army between two fires, and permanently cut America in two. Washington could not know, as Fortescue wrote, that "never was there a finer example of organising disaster" than Howe's plans.

THE BRITISH REGIMENTS ARE COMING UP THE ROAD

(August - September 11, 1777)

In SPITE of all the Tory strength loyal to Howe around New York, many brave, nameless men slipped nightly into the city by boat or afoot to bring out intelligence to Washington. Their reports, even before they were sifted and assessed at headquarters, were remarkably careful and thorough.

"... a spy has just returned from New York after spending 4 days observing the enemy," Colonel Dayton at Elizabeth reported on July 10. "... says that last Tuesday 3 transports sailed up the East River with a number of troops aboard—couldn't determine how many. He heard a number of people talk of them: some said, they were only going to deceive Mr. Washington: others said, they were only sick men; and others, that they were going to alarm the Yankeys. He saw Clinton in N.Y. heard he brought 3,000 men with him but he saw only about 1,000 Highlanders. ... Saw several thousand rakes and scythe-sneaths put aboard the vessels—also a large number of bricks." Colonel Dayton added that he himself had just been viewing the British tents on Staten Island and found them the same as for the last two days. The fleet had not sailed by one o'clock that day and he was sure it had not since then as the wind was southeast.

Such was the sort of daily intelligence received: that they were landing again above Morrisania; that their move would be to Boston, Albany, or Philadelphia. So sure was Putnam on the seventeenth at Peekskill that they were coming north across Kingsbridge that Washington ordered trees cut down to block the roads and put Sullivan in motion to reinforce him. Then it was found to be a feint; the orders were countermanded and one can imagine the army "swearing terribly in Flanders" about the staff stupidity. Several officers, Greene and Tilghman among them, had been reading *Tristram Shandy* by Laurence Sterne, the friend of Charles Lee.

That week, in later Commando style, forty soldiers under Captains Adams and Phillips went ten miles by boat between Newport and Bristol to carry off the British Major General Prescott and take him prisoner to Windham, Connecticut, just outside Willimantic. Washington at once offered him to Howe for Lee.

It is wonderful to think how the hard-worked staff—Tilghman, Meade, R. H. Harrison, Fitzgerald, and Hamilton—kept on top of the work. Langdon, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, wanted arms and Continentals to protect the state from Burgoyne. Heath, G.O.C., Boston, wanted them for a "secret expedition" against St. John. They were wanted along the Mohawk. Far away in South Carolina the Continental, Robert Howe, received from Morristown a suggested plan for him to attack St. Augustine in Florida. From Middletown, Delaware, Caesar Rodney, the Signer, commanding the militia, wrote that he "could not get a wagon to bring cartridges from Washington" and that the Methodist preachers, of all people, were encouraging the Tories. It is now hard to realize that John Wesley disapproved of the Revolution and that Asbury, later so famous and so valuable to the country, refused for a long time to swear allegiance to America.

No wonder, amidst such business, Tilghman wrote on the back of a complaint from Aaron Burr about his rank, "not answered," nor that Washington briefly answered a long wail from Sullivan: "I am concerned to hear of your bad state of health but expect it will be of short duration."

In the midst of this, three V.I.P.'s, Philip Livingston, Elbridge Gerry, and George Clymer, arrived at headquarters from Congress, but quickly departed. One may imagine Tilghman saying to his general the next day, "Sir, they did not leave in good humor. It might be as well to give them something to talk about in Baltimore."

Washington at once dictated a long letter to them full of practical requirements they might attend to:

The little notice I had of your coming to the army and the shortness of your stay . . . Take the business of recruiting entirely out of the hands of the officers of the army. Let each state appoint some person of known activity (one for instance who has been a good under-sheriff) in each county or township not only to recruit but to apprehend deserters. [He had a wonderful knowledge of and belief in local self-government and responsibility.] . . . Send us soap and vinegar. . . . I have no reason to accuse the cloathier general [James Mease, already in black market business with Benedict Arnold] of inattention; as his supplies are incompetent to the wants of the army I am to suppose his resources are unequal. . . . [I am] opposed to your giving rank indiscriminately. . . . An auditor of accounts to be constantly with the army is absolutely required. It is impossible for me, crowded as I am, with other business to examine and adjust the numerous, complex accounts of the army. . . . [We need also] a good geographer. . . . A small travelling [printing] press to follow headquarters would be of eminent advantage. . . .

Then came July 23. Colonel Mathias Ogden, back of Elizabeth, reported, "I expect to hear from the island [of New York] this evening by more than one person." At 3 A.M. the twenty-fourth he sent word to Washington at Ramapo that "the whole fleet sailed yesterday forenoon; they were joined by the shipping from New York before they sailed; they stood to sea as far as could be seen; there were upwards of 200 sail; none went up North or East rivers . . . there have been several marchings of troops at Kingsbridge [over the Harlem] and on the 22nd two full British and one Hessian regiment landed from the fleet and

marched to Kingsbridge. [We] cannot guess with any certainty how many there are at that place."

The expresses galloped out of headquarters as fast as the orders could be scribbled, the first to Greene that the army would move to the Delaware. Theodorick Bland with his Horse was ordered out of Bound Brook to the ferries, Moylan straight on to Philadelphia with his, and Sheldon's Horse put in motion from Peekskill to join the main army. Wayne was ordered to Chester, Pennsylvania, to arrange the mingling of the militia with his Continentals. Putnam was ordered to send some reinforcements. Schuyler, the Congress, and the governors were apprised of the situation.

Headquarters packed up, as soon as the riders were off, to move to Morristown.

"General Greene will reach Morristown the evening [of the twenty-sixth]," Washington wrote Stirling, in motion from Peekskill. "General Stephen and General Lincoln march thro' Chester by an upper road. You may move by Newark and attack Staten Island [on the way] but not if there is the smallest risque, for I do not think we are at this time entitled to put anything to the hazard."

That night Mifflin reported the British sail visible from Beach Haven (ten miles north of Atlantic City) and that day Lafayette and De Kalb arrived in Philadelphia after a six weeks' trip north from Georgetown, South Carolina.

They were met by the French-speaking James Lovell, apparently not too cordially. He was a most humorless, fussy sort of man, and it is characteristic of him that, while he might himself be rude to the French, "the amateur," Washington, must be taught by them. With the army in motion and a powerful enemy about to land, Lovell sent a rider to find Washington with a copy of *The Ordinances of the Royal Corps of French Engineers*. It reached him at Flemington, ten miles from the Delaware, on the twenty-eighth. Washington immediately acknowledged it, surely not without a certain sunny malice: "I cannot give it serious

perusal at this time but doubt not I shall find in it several interesting and useful hints."

The position of the army, as he reported it that night, showed Greene's advance at Coryell's Ferry, with Stephen and Lincoln to be at Howell's Ferry in the morning. Stirling was already coming through Trenton and Sullivan with the rear guard was coming out of Morristown. Mifflin, in Philadelphia, was directed to "procure a number of skillful and trusty guides for both sides of the Delaware and have the main and bye roads laid down with as much accuracy as possible, those especially leading from Wilmington and Chester to Philadelphia." It may seem to have been late for these last instructions. Against that must be remembered the scarcity of competent map makers, the shortage of paper, and above all the fact that people refused and rebelled against assignments the immediate necessity of which they could not see. If American civilians had been punished by the army for their crimes and sins of omission in the Revolution, Congress would have had to raise a far larger army to guard them than they were ever able to for battle.

Washington crossed the Delaware the night of July 29/30. The evening before, the British fleet, so an officer aboard wrote, "were close in with the South Cape [Henlopen] which we imagined we were to run up immediately." Lightning struck one of their ships that night, burning the shift off one of the women.

It will be remembered that, at the end of March, Schuyler's fortunes were at such flood that it was proposed he should retain the Northern command and be president of Congress. Now in face of Burgoyne's progress past Ticonderoga it was apparent he must be relieved as commander, and on August 4 Gates was appointed by Congress.

Writing long afterward, John Marshall said that Schuyler's removal "was probably severe and unjust as respected himself; but perhaps wise as respected America."

There are two letters from Schuyler to Washington, of July

28 and August 3, the latter written the day before Gates's appointment, which unwittingly make evident his principal defect. It was not a military one. It was the fact that something small in his nature made him personalize the issue and attribute the defeat to the malevolence of New England toward him personally. The New Englanders' dislike of him was unquestionably great. But we see in these two letters, which speak of little else, how completely he had failed to learn and profit from the events of two years.

Undoubtedly he supposed that Washington would sympathize with him against New England. Two years before at Boston, Washington himself had written with reckless dislike of New England. Schuyler supposed that he still had such provincial prejudices, whereas the fact was Washington, looking at himself, had realized he was a national commander and must rise above the concepts of Virginia. With his wonderful ability to learn and develop, after his first outburst, he used the fact that his Continental Line was from eleven different states only to provoke a healthy rivalry between them, being at great pains neither to favor one nor discriminate against another, except to make clear that those from Virginia must prove themselves more than any other. To such a level Schuyler, for all his good qualities, was incapable of rising or of believing that other men were.

On the last day of July, Washington met Lafayette and his party at a dinner in Philadelphia but that is largely another matter.

On August 1 news of the fleet off Henlopen was received and Washington wrote Greene at Germantown, "By the last accounts they were beating in, the wind unfavorable." General Orders to clean and inspect arms were issued and Philadelphia put off limits—"neither officers or soldiers are to be permitted to leave their corps and come to this place."

In Boston that day Heath was informed the British fleet was off Gloucester and sent that word to Washington. The next day his informant, a Michael Farley of Ipswich, said he might have been mistaken but at nine-thirty that night they were reported as having put out to sea, from the Delaware and Sullivan, with the rear guard still in New Jersey, was ordered to turn back for Peekskill.

On the third, Headquarters, reassessing previous intelligence, with news that the fleet had been seen again from Cape May, decided that it had gone out "to gain more sea room to weather the shoals of Cape May."

An express went to Sullivan:

Under this uncertainty (as it is terrible to march and countermarch the troops at this season) . . . halt upon the most convenient and healthy ground near to the place where this shall overtake you. If you receive intelligence which you can certainly depend upon that the enemy fleet have gone into [Sandy] Hook move on to Peekskill. If you are to come forward, I shall send you an express. I beg while you do halt that you will use every means to refresh the troops.

The Board of War took the occasion to ask why there was such pressure on them for arms when "great quantities had been lately delivered" to the army. Some may remember the famous day in 1918 at the front when Secretary of War Baker picked up a hammer in the trenches and reminded Pershing it had been paid for by an American taxpayer and should be taken care of. The unthriftiness of the American soldier as regards his equipment has long distressed his Allies and his congressmen. It is evidently an old tradition. Washington informed the Board that there were no armorers provided "to repair the smallest matter amiss in the lock. [The troops return them and draw a new one] or it is thrown aside into a baggage wagon and it is not uncommon to find arms returned as defective which upon close inspection want only rubbing and cleaning."

Gates had now gone north and there was a question of whether, Congress having selected him, he was responsible to the Commander in Chief or to them. Washington on the sixth asked "to be informed whether Congress have written or mean to write themselves to Schuyler and St. Clair or whether they expect me to do it." Congress said they would do it.

There was a matter the same day which illustrates Washington's ability to use men for what they could do and not to seek perfection in them.

Button Gwinnett had died of the duel with Brigadier General Lachlan McIntosh on May 16. Local feeling was such that McIntosh had no further effectiveness in Georgia as a commander. George Walton, another Georgia Signer, then in Congress, asked Washington if he could use him. The reply was, "One brigade in the army is without a commanding officer . . . and should [Congress] think proper to order General McIntosh for that purpose it would be very agreeable to me."

It is always fascinating to see small matters come up for attention, as they do, amidst great affairs. Some one of the staff, probably Tilghman, took advantage of the lull to post the Commander's private ledger. He evidently found one entry a blank, probably for security reasons, and one can see him going to his general to ask, "Sir, do you recall the secret service money Mr. Morris sent you at the end of last year? Well, sir do you remember the amount? We have it as just blank dollars."

Apparently neither could remember and the great Bookkeeper, who liked to keep accounts but had often to "force a balance" in his private ones, dictated this letter to Morris: "In looking over my private account with the public I find a credit to it of a blank number of silver dollars sent me by you whilst I stayed at Trenton upon the first of January. [Please send information to balance the account.]" Morris replied it was \$130.

On the eighth Moylan's Horse was sent out to search all houses for stragglers along the roads from the Delaware to Philadelphia and the next day there was a grand review of the army at Germantown, for which, young McMichael said, all the officers "dressed and powdered their hair." On the thirteenth, though the Americans did not see them, the fleet was off the mouth of Chesapeake Bay.

Three days later Daniel Morgan, with his crack outfit, was ordered to join Gates in the North. "I have dispatched," Washington wrote Gates, "Colonel Morgan with his corps to your assistance. He should be with you in eight days. [Cortlandt and Livingston's New York Line are ordered from Peekskill to join you.]"

A great deal has been made by Washington's idolaters of this as an example of personal sacrifice and generosity. It should not be so regarded at all. The decision to do it was unquestionably made with reference to the entire situation and called for by Washington's duty as Commander in Chief.

However, a lesser man, and Gates particularly, could have found every reason against it and would have wanted to make sure that it involved no risk to his own success. And it is in striking contrast to Gates's concurrent reaction, when he demanded tents for his army from Washington's supply. Washington sent what he thought could be spared. He pointed out that his army was a moving one and that Gates had a fixed position in woody country where he could build huts.

Gates at once wrote to *James Lovell*, sending his angry protest by his aide, Robert Troup, a dubious fellow most of his life, asking that Lovell have Washington overruled.

Washington replied calmly to Gates, "Certainly [my letter] was not a refusal of tents but a request that you should, in our contrasted situation, make every effort to do without them, or at least with as few as possible."

Meanwhile, as Greene wrote his wife, "We have lost [our enemies and are] compelled to wander about the country like the Arabs in search of them." The Arab army was attended by "numberless and useless horses [and] the destruction that is made by them of enclosed grass and grain is intolerable." Smallwood

was charged with rounding up these hounymns, as a "most essential piece of service to the public."

There was still no sign of the fleet and on the twenty-first a Council of War was held which concluded, by vote, that it had gone south to Charleston or eastward. This was based on "the danger of the sea, the injury [Howe's] troops and horses must sustain from being so long confined [which] will scarcely admit supposing he is merely making a feint and still intends to return [toward Philadelphia]."

The feelings of Wayne and Knox must have been extreme as the twenty-year-old Lafayette with his major general's commission from Congress signed the minutes as their senior.

Headquarters was at Hartsville in Bucks County when on the twenty-second at one-thiry in the afternoon Hancock's express reached there with word that two hundred sail were actually coming up the Chesapeake.

The army lying around Germantown was alerted to march south at 4 A.M. on the twenty-fourth.

A girl, Deborah Logan, outside Philadelphia on the twenty-third, saw Washington and twenty of the Headquarters Staff and Guards lunch "on a sheep, bought, killed and cooked immediately. All were very civil and quiet, the general extremely grave and thoughtful."

In Bethlehem the Moravian diary for that day read, "Generals Greene and Knox with some officers visited our town today but were summoned by an express to return to camp without delay, as the British had effected a landing in the Chesapeake."

Sunday, the twenty-fourth, the army, eleven thousand strong,

¹The accurate reporting of the Moravian diaries and the Sun Inn register is a minor wonder. In confirmation of the entry of the twenty-third, Knox wrote his wife on the twenty-fifth, "Greene and myself begged favor of His Excellency to go to Bethlehem forty miles to buy things for my dear, dear Lucy. [When we got there, an express was waiting ordering us back.] He had rode all night."

was passing through Philadelphia for two hours, the orders reading:

Not a woman belonging to the army is to be seen with the troops on their march through the city. . . . Women are expressly forbidden any longer under any licence at all to ride in the waggons and officers are earnestly called upon to permit no more, than are absolutely necessary and such as are actually useful, to follow the army. . . . There is too a great number of street-rollers (for they cannot be called guards) with the waggons. . . . Thirty nine lashes at the next halt for leaving the ranks. . . . Officers will march [on foot] with their men. . . ."

Colonel Theodorick Bland, as the bugles were calling Boots and Saddles to him and his Horse, scribbled to his wife at Bordentown:

My dearest Girl

I have just one minute left to let you know that I am well; that I shall leave Philadelphia in ten minutes. . . . [As regards] money, Mr Morris will supply you with any quantity. Don't forget my sword. Your picture is finished at Peale's.

The show for the populace which the battle-bound army tried to make was shabby and ridiculous in the eyes of the Marquis de Lafayette, and as Washington wrote Hancock a tenth of them marched barefoot to the Brandywine, but Pickering and others said they made "a fine appearance—the order of march being extremely well preserved."

They left a city of frightened and divided loyalties set in the midst of a countryside where for a month a hungry army had destroyed or eaten most of the food. Even as they passed through, "people of Maryland brought fowl, fruits and milk to several [British] ships for which they were well paid. . . . The springs along the shore are clearer and colder than any in Germany." In Philadelphia there was the usual roundup of fifth columnists, including the provost of the college and the rector of Christ Church. They were sent to internment at Staunton, Virginia.

Taken with them was "Thomas Pike, a dancing master," of whose fate one would like to know more. "Pike absconded from Winchester [on the way] and was never heard of again."

On the twenty-fifth the British under Cornwallis were landing in deserted Elktown and Hessians and British under Knyphausen at Cecil Court House, fifteen to sixteen thousand of them. Howe's orders against looting were very rigid and he "sentenced some [violators] to be hanged on the spot and others to be flogged. Von Donop's Hessians were warmly thanked for preserving discipline," so a Hessian officer wrote. Ashore they found Continental safe-conducts already printed for enemy deserters, "an ominous indication that the men at the head of the Revolution receive advance information of our activities," the Hessian wrote without making clear why it was "ominous" that a great fleet could be seen.

Historians, from Stedman at the time to Freeman today, make much of Washington's fatigue, indecision, and bad judgment in the fight that was to come, all perhaps with justice. But it is incredible to think that a field commander facing a superior enemy should also have had all the business which a modern chief of staff would carry on in the capital. In miniature though it was, his position was what Eisenhower's would have been at D-Day if he had also had the duties of Marshall in Washington plus the responsibility of Somervell for supply and of MacArthur in the Pacific.

In front of the Brandywine, Washington had to order the movement of salt provisions from Peekskill to Gates; to reason with Hand at Fort Pitt regarding Brodhead's complaint of "interference"; to smooth down Pulaski by giving him "command of the Horse" in New Jersey; to give Dickinson disposition for the New Jersey Militia; to urge Philadelphia to sacrifice its "bells and copper-sills" for munitions; to address Howe again, since he was so close, about the exchange of Prescott for Lee; to send orders to Putnam to erect permanent barracks at Peekskill; to plead with

his own troops not to plunder while warning them there would be no mercy to offenders ("Pity under such circumstances would be the height of cruelty"); and, with his inveterate sense of pride about his army and his country, to tell Maxwell, "Let some decent officer go with the flag"; to reply to Howe's charge that the militia had fired on one of his flags [of truce].

This was part of it, with all of Howe's superior army strength posted across the Brandywine, while John Adams wrote his wife on September 2, "I wish the Continental Army would prove that anything can be done. I am weary . . . with so much insipidity"!

Young Graydon, on the other hand, asked people like Adams "Where, in short, are the hundred and fifty thousand men General Lee and others [forecast] at the beginning of the contest?"

The day of the Brandywine began quietly.

Four girls of us (Elizabeth Coates and three others) were out walking in the road opposite to Father's, close by Polly Buckwalter's Lane, when accosted by three men, sitting on their horses nearby us.

They said, "Girls, you better go home."

We asked, "Why?"

"Because the British regiments are coming up the road."

At this moment two more Americans came riding up at full speed and announced that the army was just behind. We looked down the road and saw them in great numbers opposite Becky Lynde's. . . .

The British were Knyphausen's column, coming north from Howe's headquarters at Kennett Square, six miles away. The American troopers were Maxwell's videttes, crossing Chadd's Ford to the center of the American position under Wayne. On Wayne's left were the Pennsylvania Militia and in reserve back of him Greene's division. Upstream was Sullivan, commanding the right flank (with Stirling in support) as he had commanded the left at Long Island, the summer before.

It would have been better if Wayne, who knew the country and the fords, had had the right flank. Much else could have been better done, and there can be no proper excuse for Washington's not doing it. His assessment of Howe's plan was that, since Chadd's Ford was lightly held, the main force of the British attack would be across it. Howe's actual plan was a strong feint there, with considerable artillery fire, while Cornwallis with five thousand men went wide to his left, crossed the creek above its forks, and came down the north bank against Sullivan's flank, a repetition of the Long Island plan, even to the fact that, as there, Colonel Miles commanded Sullivan's extreme right.

At eleven o'clock word of Cornwallis's move was received, an officer of the 8th Pennsylvania reporting that the whole force and sixteen guns were above the forks. The report was not believed and a light-horse patrol sent out did not confirm it. About one-thirty Maxwell's brigade was ordered to recross at Chadd's Ford to test Knyphausen's strength. He found it suspiciously easy to maintain himself on the south bank. Shortly before two o'clock a farmer came in to say Cornwallis was already north of the creek, and finally at two-thirty Sullivan himself reported they were "in the rear of my right, coming down." There was still disbelief until four-thirty, when the thunder of the guns rolled into Chadd's Ford and, with Greene and Washington himself moving to Sullivan's support, Knyphausen with two regiments attacked Maxwell, drunk at the time, and piled him back on Wayne in confusion, with the loss of his guns.

"The British Guards," Fortescue says, "blundered out of the woods on the uncovered flank" of Sullivan and, in the complex tactics of changing front to meet them, panic somehow broke out and in a terrible tangle on the narrow roads the Americans began to retreat, outfought and outgeneraled.

They had heard the firing through the still autumn air in Philadelphia since seven in the morning. At 5 P.M. Washington sent a dispatch to Congress, still believing "a very hot evening's" fighting was in prospect, but from Chester at midnight he wrote, "I am sorry to inform you we have been obliged to leave the enemy masters of the field." It was dictated to Pickering, who

said he was told when he read it back, "to add a consolatory hope that another day would give a more fortunate result."

In the morning Mrs. Stedmann in Philadelphia wrote Edith Graeme Ferguson at Graeme Park that the wounded were coming in: "Just now I hear the baggage waggons are all coming over the ferry [of the Schuylkill] so it flutters me."

It fluttered Congress, not without reason, who prepared to leave for Lancaster, giving Washington full civil and military powers in a circle of seventy miles' radius around Philadelphia. Additionally they sent thirty hogsheads of rum to the rain-soaked army and a boat to Chester to take Lafayette, who had, to his great magnification, been wounded in the leg, to New Jersey. Boudinot, reaching Philadelphia from home, wrote his wife, "Our troops have rallied at Chester . . . [and] are still in high spirits. It is said that Fitzgerald and Colonel Pickering were among the slain but they are both well."

"The day for a severe and successive [continuous] engagement exceeded all I ever saw," the happy young fire-eater Mc-Michael wrote, and Harry Knox wrote, "My dear girl will be happy to hear of her Harry's safety [after] the most severe action that has been fought this war."

Whatever Washington's failures and fatigues the day before, he was himself in the morning. A brigade was ordered out to round up stragglers "particularly to Wilmington . . . examine every house."

The line of retreat with Greene commanding the rear guard was formed toward the Schuylkill bridge at Derby. "Men not out at drum-call will suffer the pain of death, officers will be cashiered." Public notices were posted in Philadelphia warning inhabitants "not to entertain or harbor soldiers in your houses."

Howe sent in a flag, saying that though "every possible attention has been paid [your] wounded officers and men," he was not "so situated as to give them the necessary relief" and that Continental surgeons might be sent to them. Washington thanked

him and sent three surgeons, "a mate and their attendants," adding two more surgeons in a postscript.

The might-have-beens are obvious. Greene or Wayne might not have been surprised like Sullivan. The lull before the battle was not properly used to explore the ground. The presence of Morgan's riflemen or even one more general of Greene's stature might have made all the difference. Nonetheless, it was a gallant thing to seek a superior enemy and give him battle with a force of which a third was militia.

THE THANKS OF CONGRESS
FOR THE WISE AND WELLCONCERTED ATTACK UPON
THE ENEMY'S ARMY

(September – December 1777)

THE NEW problem was to keep Howe out of Philadelphia as long as possible and yet not draw him too close to the magazines at Warwick or Reading, Pennsylvania.

The main Continental force was near Germantown, above the Schuylkill on the thirteenth, and a remarkably swift reorganization was accomplished.

They recrossed the river at Conshohocken on the fourteenth,¹ moving southwest toward Warwick, and the next day their wagons, loaded with ammunition from there, were passing Muhlenberg's house near Trappe on their way to Bethlehem.

Orders had already gone to the ever reliable Philemon Dickinson in New Jersey to make a demonstration toward Staten Island. On the sixteenth the faulty Continental equipment had its day, tens of thousands of cartridges being ruined in a great storm of rain which John Marshall never forgot.

¹Pickering, watching the crossing, said that many officers showed "a delicacy quite unbecoming soldiers, quitting their platoons and some getting horses to ride over and others getting over in a canoe," which sounds not too unpleasantly American when a crossing is not under fire.

The effect on the troops' morale and discipline was very bad, particularly as to plundering of civilians.

It is hard to realize what the presence of either army meant to the householders along their lines. Stragglers and marauders took their food, the army tore down their fences for firewood, killed their cattle, and consumed or trampled down their grain.

The patriotism even of Pastor Muhlenberg was tried when soldiers, without officers, crowded into his house, already full of women and children, the sick and aged refugees of the family: "I am old and worn out with a sick wife, subject to hysterical paroxysms. [In the house] we have two daughters, two sons' wives, two infants and one son's parents-in-law."

On September 19 the army, "cursing terribly," Greene said, recrossed the Schuylkill at Parker's Ford (a little below Pottstown), with "the water deep and rapid" from the heavy rains. They camped along the Reading Road from Trappe southeast to Evansburg.

There are few periods in the Revolution with more witnesses of the public and private activities of famous men than in the next few days.

Hamilton was sent into Philadelphia for clothing and blankets. "Also get shoes there are said to be three thousand pairs in three or four hands. Mease [the clothier general] knows where they are. . . . Send them off by an interior middle road as fast as collected. . . . I am sending you eight or ten more light horse to help . . . and fifty or sixty dismounted North Carolinians."

Dr. James McHenry, on the staff since his exchange after being captured at Fort Washington, advised Hamilton to stick to his diet and "drink water" on his mission to the city, "but in case you fall into a debauch," he added, "you must next day have recourse to pills."

Meanwhile, two days before, Wayne had been surprised at night by the "supine" British, as he had just described them at Paoli, but had managed to bring his main force and his guns across the Schuylkill.

Washington rode to Fatland Ford, opposite Valley Forge, to have a look at the British on the south bank. They were in a position to move easily toward Philadelphia or the magazines at Reading. While the latter would lengthen their communications, the march was only a little more than thirty miles and then but a day from Lancaster.

It seemed so much their best choice that Washington moved the army west from Trappe toward Fagleysville and Pottstown [along route 422 today]. All that day Muhlenberg had "calls from hungry and thirsty soldiers, some knocked on our doors as if to break in."

As they moved, on the twenty-second and twenty-third, Howe crossed the river at Valley Forge and rested at Swede's Ford [Norristown]. The British diaries show they knew Washington was "on his march toward Reading which is 56 miles to the north-west of Philadelphia. We destroyed the forge and saw mills before we left [Valley Forge.]" That night Washington sent an urgent plea for shoes and blankets to Hancock, the president of Congress, at Lancaster.

Mr. Hancock was not at Lancaster, nor were many others of the Congress leaders. On Sunday, September 21, the Sun Inn register recorded the arrival of the wounded generals, Lafayette and Woodford, the latter to be O.C. there, and "John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Richard Henry Lee, Eliphabet Dyer, Henry Laurens, Henry Merchant, Benjamin Harrison, James Duane, William Duer, John Adams, with six other delegates and Charles Thomson, the secretary of Congress," roughly a third of the membership.

Not only was Congress dispersed. So were the records. Thomas Paine wrote Franklin in Paris that on the same twenty-first he "sent everything belonging to the Foreign [Affairs] Committee to Trenton in a shalop."

The day before their arrival, Shippen, the surgeon general, had written the Moravians from Trenton that he was "obliged

to send my sick and wounded to your peaceable village. We will want room for two thousand."

Additionally, though neither Ettwein nor the congressmen were yet aware, Colonel Pollock was ordered there with the heavy baggage of the army, guarded by "two hundred men, those most fatigued and unfit for duty."

By the twenty-sixth, Ettwein's diary had noted the arrival of nine hundred wagons from the army, more from Trenton. The Invalid Guards were described as "composed of the worst riff-raff from Virginia and North Carolina under the command of Colonel Polk [sic] of North Carolina. In a single night they destroyed our buckwheat and our fences," and worst of all, with them came "a crowd of low women and thieves."

While one must sympathize with poor Ettwein, there is a grim humor in the picture of him presenting his troubles to the congressmen who themselves "wanted to remain in Bethlehem." Naturally the latter were well able to cope.

John Hancock, John Adams, Sam Adams, Richard Henry Lee, Henry Laurens, Benjamin Harrison, and William Williams, all but Laurens Signers of the Declaration, signed a new one to be posted in Bethlehem, reading, "We desire that all Continental officers [no mention of their men] refrain from disturbing the persons or property of the Moravians in Bethlehem and particularly that they do not disturb or molest the houses where the women are assembled." With that, Ettwein says, "they left for Reading and Lancaster and since they did not consider themselves safe there, they assembled in York Town," thus sparing themselves the comments of the licentious soldiery on their admonition.

The next night by moonlight they rode for York while Howe marched toward Philadelphia. Through the moonlight an express was also riding from Washington to Gates, asking for Morgan's corps to come down the Hudson by boat to rejoin the main army. But the letter was a request, not an order, and the

decision left to Gates to judge of. His reply from Bemis Heights ten days later said that "in two weeks all will be decided" and that he could then heavily reinforce Washington.

that he could then heavily reinforce Washington.

As Howe moved toward Philadelphia, Washington followed at a distance, the army shifting five miles southeast to Schwenks-ville on the Perkiomen Creek, and "Stirling, Wayne and other officers" had breakfast at Muhlenberg's while a cold rain fell and the "troops slept in the barns scattering and spoiling our winter hay."

An incident the next morning strips the humor from Ettwein's fear in Bethlehem. At Trappe Pastor Muhlenberg was asked to bury the child of one of his vestrymen. He found that the Pennsylvania Militia had possession of the church and Sunday school. "The organ gallery was full . . . one was playing the organ . . . on the altar they had their victuals. . . . I went in but did not think it prudent to say anything to the crowd as they began to mock and one of the officers called out to the one playing the organ to play a Hessian march. . . . Colonel Dunlap said he was sorry he cannot keep discipline in the militia . . . if one says a word one is called a *Tory* and threatened with burning of house and stable. . . ." One can scarcely wonder that "the disaffected [are] hiding blankets shoes and stockings" and that Colonel Biddle was ordered to impress all in Bucks, Philadelphia, and Northumberland counties "that can be spared." The last condition was probably seldom considered. Even in Bethlehem, called on to supply the hospitals, Ettwein said the impressing parties "broke open people's chests and took their clothes or linen giving them receipts in exchange."

As Muhlenberg faced the militia, that "cold, rough, windy day about 10 A.M. the grenadiers began entering Philadelphia" and British officers marked with chalk the doors of the houses they would requisition. Like Caesar, Washington moved his camp five miles south along the Skippack Pike on the twenty-eighth and held a Council of War. They already knew of the victory at Bemis Heights, and the arrival of McDougall's brigade from

Putnam brought the strength to eight thousand Continentals and three thousand militia. The Council was 10-3 against an immediate attack, with only the brigadiers, Wayne among them, in favor. In spite of the vote, two days later the army was moved four miles closer to Philadelphia, bivouacking around Center Square.

That day fifteen light horse had to be sent to Bethlehem to escort Hancock on his homeward way to Boston. Sickness from overwork was the usual reason assigned for such leaves—though the "pressure of private affairs" frequently so. But they seem inexcusable except that a man who considers himself sick is often more of a nuisance than a sick one. Hancock was perhaps not well, but there is a dreadful regularity to such complaints from the civilian leaders.

In Bethlehem he saw the last comb-out of the sick from the army on October 3. The fit were on the march at six that night to attack Germantown at five the next morning.

The plan was audacious, simple in scope, complex in detail. The right wing under Sullivan, Washington riding with him, was to run over the British pickets with fixed bayonets, as the left under Greene came in from the other side, in effect the strategy of Trenton.

It is now agreed that Washington's Order of Battle lacked the necessary detail or did not foresee the complexities of timing and had no provision for error or delay.

The pertinent sentence of it reads, "Each column to make their dispositions so as to attack the pickets in their respective routes at five o'clock."²

The charge is that the "dispositions" should have been spelled out and that continuous liaison between the moving columns should have been maintained by gallopers.

On the other hand, it seems unlikely in view of the habit of large councils that the "dispositions" were not verbally rehearsed with the column commanders and their brigadiers or that the

It is in Hamilton's writing.

Battle Order was more than a formal summary. The time necessary for manual duplication of orders, the scarcity of paper, and the acquiescence of Greene and Sullivan must all be considered against what seems to be a modern conception of perfectionist planning. Pickering, adjutant general, was extremely critical of the complexity of the plan but apparently only after the event.

The causes of the failure at Germantown are various. On the right, Sullivan's and Wayne's attack initially went very well, until a British force occupied the stone house of Justice Chew and the unfortunate decision to reduce instead of by-pass it was taken. Even then they thought "we were on the eve of and expected a glorious victory." But "the guide of the left wing mistook the way" and Greene's column came in above their turnoff point. The sudden heavy fog came down. Sullivan's men were firing on Greene's. Wayne's brigade began to stream back past Washington, pointing to their empty cartridge boxes. Adam Stephen, drunk but commanding Greene's advance, ordered a retreat and after four hours of "almost an unspeakable fatigue," as McMichael wrote, the whole attacking force began to stream back. They were rallied before it was a rout. The tragedy was that they had been close to a roundup of their own.

Perhaps the most striking account of the battle, written like a chapter from the Old Testament, was by Elisha Stevens, the father of fourteen children, a private in Colonel Jeduthan Baldwin's regiment:

Oct. 3. Our army incampt in a place called Scipback Rode and when it came knight they all turned in as youssel and then came orders about ten of the clock at knight for every man to turn out under arms and they all turned out and there came orders for them and they marched towards Gearmantown and they marched on the Rode and they came within the lines a bout the Brack of the day October 4, 1777, and there they formed a line of battel unbenoonst to the English and krept on them and the Battel went on wery well and they drove them out of their incampment there was a very fair prospect of our gaining the day but General Stephen gave orders to

THE GREAT MAN

retreat and that put our Army in confusion so that they were obliged to retreat and loose the day.

John Marshall, who was there, later said lack of discipline was the main cause of the defeat, but Knox at the time wrote his wife, "Our men are in the highest spirits and ardently desire another trial. I know of no ill consequences that can follow the action. On the contrary we have gained valuable experiences."

Thomas Paine's account to Franklin of what he saw, written six months later, at a time when he had reason for all possible hostility against the powers that be, is not only vivid but uncritical, reflecting his and the general opinion that a slip-up somehow just happened.

The historian, McMaster, once wrote that it would be "difficult to find anywhere another such compound of baseness and nobleness" as Paine. However that may be, he was, on October 4, in pleasing contrast to his employers in Congress, "walking about Germantown, by his own accounts, like a gentleman of leisure." The description is that of Scharf, the historian of Philadelphia. Paine seems to have been that day the typical sight-seer at the front. Such people are usually a nuisance but at least they are not cowards and Paine was a good reporter.

I met no person for several miles riding [toward the action along Greene's route], I concluded to be a good sign; after this I met a man on horseback who told me he was going to hasten on a supply of ammunition, that the enemy were broken and retreating fast. . . . I met the wounded in waggons, horseback and on foot. . . . I passed General Nash on a litter. . . . I passed a promiscuous crowd of wounded. Colonel Biddle was among them who called after me that if I went further on that road I should be taken [how familiar that warning to a sight-seer] for that the firing which I heard was the enemy's.

I never could and cannot now learn [April '78] and I believe no man can inform truly the cause of the day's miscarriage. The retreat was extraordinary. Nobody hurried themselves. . . . I breakfasted next morning at General Washington's quarters who was at the

same loss with every other to account for the accident of the day....

No account of Germantown should omit mention, as all seem to have done, of the delighted small boys of the village, who had the time of their lives in the trees and fields seeing the battle and who, when the hurly-burly was done, went all over the Chew house and "saw blood in every room."

The British were far from vainglorious over the outcome. "Mr. Washington certainly timed this attack well. The fog covered his approach and all the grenadiers of the army were in Philadelphia." (Howe brought them out at the double.) Captain von Munchausen, a Hessian, wrote home, "The rebels carried off a large number of their wounded as we could see by the blood on the roads. Everybody admits that Washington's plan was a good one."

The Tory, Morton, in the city was told "the Americans came on with unusual firmness." Rumor there had General Wayne killed and Washington wounded in the thigh.

Eighteen months later, after Howe had made his defense in the House of Commons, the New York Loyalist exile, Peter van Schaick, a gentle, pedantic man, wrote Howe, "The affair at Germantown must fix an indelible stain upon you . . . [since though you knew] the exact time when the attack would take place . . . part of your army was surprised."

As soon as he was back at Pennypacker's Mills [Schwenks-ville] the next day, Washington wrote Congress, "In justice to General Sullivan [under severe fire from many because of Brandywine, at which time a Court of Inquiry over his military judgment in New Jersey had to be postponed] and the whole right wing of the army who acted immediately under my eye, [I wish to assert that] officers and men behaved with a degree of gallantry that did them the highest honor." Doubtless he was aware that Congress would question his own capacity that day but was also aware no one would question his judgment of

bravery under fire.* Earlier in the day Muhlenberg had seen him dismounting "to speak to the wounded and dying."

No critic has ever accused Washington of the sort of light-mindedness so characteristic of Gouverneur Morris, and presumably nothing could be more uncalled for in the commander of an army forced to retreat twenty miles after a battle. Yet on the sixth Washington did something so light-minded, so comic, in the circumstances, so likely to make the defeated army laugh, that one feels ever surer that the "statues" are frozen frauds.

In the melee, when the grenadiers came up, and the retreat began, a dog deserted them to join the Americans, and continued the march with the staff to Pennypacker's, where his identity was discovered.

Hamilton drafted the following note to Howe, which went in under a flag. The elisions are Washington's corrections.

General

General Washington's compliments to Sir Wm-Howe. He does himself the pleasure to return him a dog which by its collar appears to belong to him-accidentally fell into his hands, and by the inscription on the collar appears to belong to his Excellency Sir William General Howe.

One can imagine the cheering as the flag went along the American lines, with the escort bawling to the infantry whose dog it was.

A different convoy, the wounded from Germantown, left for Bethlehem the same day.

During the rest of October the army moved gradually south along Skippack Pike in short marches, good exercise for the troops in the autumn weather and good for the morale in preventing its worst enemy, idleness.

⁸On October 8 Congress by unanimous resolution sent their thanks for "the wise and well-concerted attack upon the enemy's army near Germantown . . . well satisfied that the best designs and boldest efforts may sometimes fail by unforeseen incidents."

For all his outward strength, Howe's position in Philadelphia was serious, so long as the forts, Mifflin and Mercer, on the Delaware, were able to block the fleet and his supplies had to come up through Chester by land. Perhaps ninety per cent of the Washington Papers from October 6 to November 18 deal with the defense of Fort Mifflin when it had to be evacuated. And although the news from Saratoga was good and would shortly be better, Clinton had moved out of New York to take Fort Montgomery on the Hudson.

It is apparent now and was at the time to all but the doubters that the army needed only the little more, and how much it was, of assured food, clothing, and pay to fight on equal terms with any troops of the British Army. The experience had been gained at Germantown and it may be said that after that day the British in the North neither planned nor carried out an offensive action larger than a raid.

The army, for all its shortcomings, was in good heart. The attitude even of the grumblers was not one of doubt or fear but rather that a country which could neither pay, feed, nor clothe them might not be worth fighting for. There appears no occasion where men were afraid to fight or where they made any objection to hazardous duty.

Without Gates and Lee, the esprit de corps of the general officers was very high, jealous though they were of awards and honor.

Yet that learned and traveled Signer, Benjamin Rush, saw it quite differently, as did his friends in Congress. He was at head-quarters on October 10 and wrote in his *Historical Notes*:

The Commander-in-Chief at this time the idol of America, is governed by General Greene, General Knox and Colonel Hamilton, one of his aides, a young man of twenty one years of age. There are four major-generals, Greene, Sullivan, Stirling and Stevens. The first is a sycophant to the general [How a sycophant "governs" is not clear, but a more preposterous libel of a great, extroverted man of action

like Greene has never been written], timid, speculative, without enterprise; the second weak, vain, without dignity, fond of scribbling in the field, a madman. [Washington is supposed to be "governed" by Sullivan, whose weaknesses he analyzed so fully in the wonderful letter of the previous March 15]; the third, a proud, vain, lazy, ignorant drunkard [Washington here is "governed" by Stirling, a doughty fighter, whom he had had to remonstrate with so often during the spring]; the fourth, a sordid, boasting, cowardly sot. [This is Adam Stephen, the Virginia Indian fighter, already then cashiered for drunkenness at Germantown but never accused, except by Rush, of cowardice.]

Hamilton is not characterized but one may suppose that the acumen, which saw the great genius latent in a boy of twenty-one, was something else. Rush adds, ". . . the troops dirty, undisciplined and ragged; bad bread; universal disgust." Congress could easily have corrected the cause of the first, third, and fourth defects, in which case the other two would have disappeared.

Congress, however, began to go home, worn out "by unremitting application to duties," as Hancock had said, offering to return later "for two or three months."

The great zealots, John and Sam Adams, both went home, the former doubtless because, as he wrote Abigail from York, "The house where I am is so thronged that I cannot enjoy such accomadation as I wish."

As he wrote it, Pastor Muhlenberg, also in a house "so thronged," wrote, "In the morning a cold rain commenced and continued all night with high winds. Very hard for the poor sons of men who are lying in the open fields without shelter and thinly clad."

The home-loving congressmen could go home on October 16 with easy consciences. Premature word had reached them of Burgoyne's surrender to Gates, although the actual capitulation was not until the twenty-first. Still, Rush and Lovell and the

*One of the few "federal" offices in their powers was created that day: an inspector of dead letters at a hundred dollars a year.

people like them, the Adamses included, had a new hero, Gates.

When Greene heard it he wrote his brother, "Had our force been equal to General Howe's [either at the Brandywine or Germantown] or at least as much superior as the Northern army was to Burgoyne he must have shared the same fate." The warriors were not changing to a new hero.

From Peekskill poor old Putnam sent the news to Washington that day, with word of Henry Clinton's capture of Fort Montgomery and the death of Mrs. Putnam.

Gates's report to Congress was sent on the eighteenth. There was none to his Commander in Chief.

Credit must here be given to one congressman on his way to York, William Ellery, a Rhode Island Signer who at Bethlehem took Lieutenant General Sir John Burgoyne down several grades: "glorious news of the surrendry of the colonel of the Queen's Light Dragoons with his whole army."

Young Wilkinson, who was bringing Gates's dispatch to Congress, did not reach Easton until the twenty-fourth, when he rested and sent a personal word to Washington about it. Colonel Tilghman filed it with the endorsement: "No answer required." Wilkinson rode slowly down to Reading, where he dined with Lord Stirling, there recuperating along with "244 wounded, 63 sick and 57 convalessents, near 100 of [whom] may be sent to camp in a very few days. Major Clough is very ill."

Clough's illness put the mounted scouts under that exciting soldier, Captain Allan McLane, thirty years old, ordered to "take the post [near Germantown] most advantageous for watching the enemy. Send out parties and patrols."

There are twenty questions with his first orders—the elementary ones about strength and disposition of Howe's forces, the sites and number of cannon in his fortifications. Any detachments in Jersey and for what purpose? How many men, how many cannon? What kind—field pieces or larger? Do they think they can stay in Philadelphia if their shipping cannot pass the forts? Are they resolved to make further attempts on both forts or

either? How, by storm or siege? When? Observe carefully preparations along the wharves. Any talk of leaving Philadelphia? Observe their wagons. If loaded, learn what directions wagoners receive. Are Tories and friends of British under much apprehension of their leaving? Why was bridge thrown over middle ferry? Is it injured or passable after the late storm? Watch grenadiers, light infantry, and rangers particularly. How many carpenters sent to Province Island in the Delaware?

Counterintelligence assignment went to Major John Clark, Jr., who, along a radius from Newtown in Bucks County around Philadelphia to Chester, was to slip his "informers" into the city.

They were to tell the British that "General Gates now having nothing to do in the North is sending down a very handsome reinforcement of Continental troops whilst he with the remainder of all New England and York militia make a descent on New York the reduction of which is confidently spoken of. . . . The Virginia and Maryland militia is out. ⁵ . . . Dickinson is going to attack Staten Island . . . in short the whole continent seems determined to use every exertion to put an end to the war this winter." Had the determination existed even to a fair degree, such a result was easily possible.

Dickinson got a pass for one of his spies from Cornwallis to Howe and managed to have him go through Washington's camp with two British spies. Being a practical man, he even arranged for the trio to take along a barrel of oysters for Washington, who was very grateful "for the salt water delicacies."

On October 30, Hamilton left headquarters [just north of Butler Pike between Ambler and Broadaxe, at James Morris's house in Dawesfield] to ride north with a letter to Gates.

It contained Washington's congratulations for Saratoga but regretted that "A matter of such magnitude should have reached me by report only [instead of] a line under your signature stating the simple fact." The letter also asked that Morgan's outfit and the Continental brigades of Paterson, Glover, and Nixon march to join the main army.

It was on its way home, leaving its arms at Lancaster.

On November 7, Gates gave Hamilton his answer. He could send only one brigade. He needed troops "to defend Albany."

As he wrote it Mercy Warren and Manasseh Cutler, "on a very stormy day," saw "a large number of British troops [the prisoners from Saratoga, come] softly through the town [of Cambridge with] great numbers of women who seemed to be the beasts of burden . . . bent double . . . barefoot, clothed in dirty rags." A Hessian officer there "saw the Rebels or Jenkeys . . . the in queer house-jackets," Rufus King probably among them.

That night Burgoyne and his general officers dined with

Heath, astonished at the civility of "your people," a civility which went to the extreme of disbanding "the first university in America for their more genteel accommodation."

Whatever the indulgence to the "Convention troops," Burgoyne's captive army, they were in Boston and Gates needed no one to "defend Albany" against them or any British force. Yet

very shortly he would be the idol, though briefly, of Congress.

On the eighth at Whitemarsh, where camp had been moved on the second, a council of nine general officers was held to consider an attack on the British lines while they were engaged against Fort Mifflin, now gravely threatened. Had Gates sent reinforcements as soon as the Convention troops were on their way to Boston, the Continental strength would have been sufficient. The council did not feel it was.

Conway, the Irish-French officer, was at the council and Washington probably knew then of his letter to Gates, desiring to serve under him and allegedly strongly but secretly disloyal to Washington.

In any event, in the morning with cold brevity he sent only an excerpt from it to Conway in camp, as he had done with Joseph Reed a year before. Conway replied the same day, denying the accuracy of the quotation and the unspoken reflection on his "bravery, honesty, honour, patriotism or judgment."

It is a fact that Washington acted on hearsay evidence. His

idolaters regard as something peculiarly lofty his omission of any comment on the quotation. If, however, one reviews the situation that day, and the dispatches in and out which had to be dealt with, the fact that there was "No prospect of clothing [for the army] except by forcing them from the inhabitants," one may conclude that he was not deliberately being lofty but rather that in an icy fury he sent it as being by its very brevity the most effective and punishing action he could take.

Thus it was that Conway's name was given to the Cabal of Rush, Mifflin, Lovell, and others to supersede Washington with Gates.

It is informative to contrast the note to Conway with one to Daniel Clymer, the deputy commissioner of prisoners, on the eleventh. Clymer found, and reported, he had been mistaken in intelligence sent by him to headquarters, and that it had been completely false. He was considerably shaken.

Washington wrote him at once: "Mistakes of this kind are not uncommon and most frequently happen to those whose zeal and sanguinity allow no room for scepticism, when anything favorable to their country is plausibly related. My good opinion of you is not at all impaired by this circumstance."

From New Windsor on the tenth Hamilton, in bed with rheumatism, sent his reasons why he had not given a direct order to Gates, and contrasted faithful old Putnam's "blundering" with the energy and ability of Governor George Clinton—in ten years to be the respondent to Hamilton's Federalist Papers.

Washington replied, sending Gibbs with the letter, partially to see how ill Hamilton was, not in doubt but anxiety. He complimented him on the way he had handled Gates, and then wrote to Putnam with reference to Hamilton's report that, among other things, Putnam had stopped and kept four hundred blankets and a cask of shoes on the way to the main army.

It would not do to be too severe with the brave old fellow and, though he cluttered up badly, there was no replacement who could be spared. "You cannot conceive," Washington, like a patient father, wrote to a man fourteen years his senior, "how these stoppages by the way disappoint and disarrange our plans. I am not partial to any part of the army [I know they are all cold] but when goods are particularly ordered to one I must insist that [such orders] be invariably observed."

In mid-November, Fort Mifflin was evacuated and Mercer fell a few days later, opening the river to the British supply ships, the loss stimulating the cry for Gates. Lovell wrote him, ". . . we need you near Germantown."

One good officer on leave—he would be back for Valley Forge—was thinking of other things that day. Colonel Jeduthan Baldwin, forty-five, broke through his New England reserve to write in his journal "at Brookfield, [Massachusetts], Lodged with Mrs. Baldwin and you may guess for the rest"!

Two of the young men of the future, then twenty-two and nineteen respectively, were in the headquarters Orders of the Day that week:

Lt. John Marshall is by the judge advocate appointed deputy judge advocate in the army of the United States and is to be respected as such.

James Monroe, Esq. is appointed aide to his lordship, General Stirling, and is to be respected as such.

A man of the past went pathetically to oblivion as Adam Stephen's court-martial found him "Given to inattention or want of judgment he is guilty of unofficerlike behavior in the retreat from Germantown and he has been frequently intoxicated in the service. Dismissed." The command of his division went shortly to Lafayette.

In Peekskill, Major Gibbs found Hamilton still very ill, "laboring under a violent nerves [sic] fever, and raging to the greatest extent . . . it is the opinion of the doctor two or three days will determine his fate. . . . Colonel Hamilton bears his sickness with becoming fortitude, but is confident he shall not survive long."

Meantime, with the river forts in his hands, Cornwallis had crossed in force to New Jersey and, as his threat grew, Washington on the twenty-second sent Greene to meet him with three thousand Continentals. John Clark reported that the British were alarmed for Cornwallis's safety—a wonderful tribute to the "insipid" army and true, as it turned out. Cornwallis refused battle and returned to Philadelphia on the twenty-fifth. Greene came back two days later, leaving Morgan's riflemen and Harry Lee's dragoons at Haddonfield, New Jersey, both ready to fight the whole of Howe's army.

Small wonder that Washington wrote to Henry Laurens, Hancock's successor as president of Congress, in bitter pride: "I am informed that it is a matter of amazement that the army has not been more active. The wonder will be how they kept the field at all."

On the sixth Congress had established a Board of War, responsible to them but composed of non-members of Congress. Mifflin, who had just resigned as Q.M.G., was selected with Pickering, the adjutant general, and R. H. Harrison of Washington's staff. Harrison declined, and on the twenty-seventh Joseph Trumbull and Richard Peters were appointed, with Gates as president of the Board. His admirer, Conway, was made inspector general of and with the army on the day after he had asked Washington for a furlough to go to France.

While, on the one hand, it might be said that such a Board was essential to the management of the war and, if effective as a service of supply, could be invaluable, it was clearly intended to exercise authority over Washington by men hostile to him.

If Congress believed such a step necessary there is certainly no reason, nor anything sacrosanct about Washington or any other commander in chief, why they should not take it in the country's interest. But there is no evidence that the decision was made at a level of public interest above the spiteful pettiness of Rush's, Lovell's, and John Adams's letters.

With Gates as president, and Conway at headquarters with broad powers, a further evidence of the desire, not to win the war, but to undermine Washington, seems evident from Congress' pushing forward young Wilkinson, Gates's former aide (now a brevet brigadier for his dispatch riding), to replace Pickering as adjutant general, a position requiring such experience that Gates himself had been proposed for it.

As to that later "villain to the bark and core," Washington wrote Richard Henry Lee with the most damning of faint praise. "I can say less of [Wilkinson] because he has served for the most part in the Northern Department. . . . General Gates, I understand, speaks highly of him. He is, I believe, a good grammatical scholar, but how diligent I know not. . . ."

The cold words made it impossible for Wilkinson to be seriously considered and the post went, somewhat surprisingly, to Alexander Scammell, thirty (evidently not brilliant, as he was two years older than Pickering and six years after him at Harvard). Furthermore, he had been charged with an all but fatal blunder at Long Island. However, he is said to have had a Rabelaisian fund of stories—and headquarters needed some jesters—and, as his letters in the spring to Allan McLane show, he was a cheery, busy fellow, and in the end he gave his life at Yorktown in its final firing.

News of the Board's president cheered Philadelphia. The Tory, Morton, was told, "General Washington, it is said, is going to Virginia in a few weeks and the command to devolve upon General Gates."

The Hessian officer, Baurmeister, wrote: "All the deserters tell us that General Washington has fallen out with Congress and that General Gates is now esteemed much more. It is said with assurance that as soon as a division of our army advances General Washington will proceed to the Susquehanna."

Where the army was to winter was a difficult question. In general the three alternatives were in the hills southwest of the

Schuylkill, along the line, Reading-Ephrata-Lancaster [route 422 today], or around Wilmington.

The last had the advantage of moving the army out of a denuded countryside, closer to supplies from the South and to Charleston, where Beaumarchais's ships were beginning to come in. Its great disadvantage was that it left Howe and Clinton between the two halves of the nation and unmasked the seat of government at York, and the storehouses there, at Reading, at Carlisle and Bethlehem.

Yet at a Council of War on November 30, Greene, Lafayette, Armstrong, Smallwood, Wayne, and Scott voted for it.

There was a great deal to recommend the Reading-Ephrata-Lancaster line with the Schuylkill and Susquehanna on either flank. Sullivan, De Kalb, Maxwell, Knox, Poor, General Muhlenberg, Varnum, Weedon, and Woodford were for it, thus making it a 9-6 choice.

One feels that Washington had already made up his own mind where they were going, and he observed as regarded Reading— Lancaster that there were "too many refugees" there.

Lancaster that there were "too many refugees" there.

Lord Stirling proposed the "great valley of Chester County" south of the city. Pulaski, like a good Pole, wanted to fight all winter. And a queer minority of two, Du Portail and Irvine, were for "hutting in a strong position."

The next day there was a long, valuable letter from Joseph Reed. He pointed out that the countryside was much exhausted, wood very scarce, and the army too small to encircle the city. A winter spent in the best of huts would cause discontent, desertion, and distress among the troops. Even if the militia of Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia came out there were arms for only a quarter of them.

On the other hand, there were only three thousand British in New York City. Was it not advisable, therefore, to prepare to attack them? Under pretense of finding winter quarters in New Jersey and of sending the New England troops home, a gradual concentration could be made, Washington himself to stay near Philadelphia to the very last. Behind them, the army could destroy all the bridges in New Jersey. Reed himself could do it with thirty horse and one hundred foot in three weeks. The attack would strike at Kingsbridge.

The letter concludes with a very shrewd observation which says a great deal about Washington's alleged subservience to councils of war. As has been noted, none of his officers were slow to fight, but all, while voluble about promotion and preferment, seem to have taken the position that the planning must be Washington's. This was quite true and in keeping with good military practice. The thing was that when the plan was proposed they assumed a complete right of judgment.

The point is a difficult one. Their opinions were of course solicited. Having such freedom of vote, there would seem to have been an obligation, or at least a right, to originate as well as to criticize.

Officers "below the degree of field command" like Harry Lee and Allan McLane constantly proposed surprise actions on their own. Seldom if ever so the general officers.

The fault may have been Washington's in dealing with them, and it must be remembered that only one of them proved capable of a large separate command. But certainly the genius of none was rebuked as it is said Mark Antony's was by Caesar.

Nor was it true that they were unfamiliar with the art of war. They all refer constantly to the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus, Marlborough, Eugene, and Frederick.

Reed put it this way: "I wish the gentlemen in general command would instead of being called upon to give an opinion on a proposition made by you would turn their thoughts upon schemes and plans of attack and offer them to your consideration."

Like Reed, Colonel Elias Boudinot had the dual point of view of the "civilian in uniform." Within a week of Reed's letter he wrote more or less the same thing to President Wharton of Pennsylvania: "I must say in justice to the Commander-in-Chief that there has been such an unanimity of opinion against every offensive movement proposed as would have discouraged an older and more experienced officer than this war could yet produce."

In reply to Reed's letter—it will be remembered how Washington had already erased the matter of Reed's letter to Charles Lee—he was asked to come to Whitemarsh for a talk. Washington had already decided where the army would winter.

Reed arrived on December 4 and about eight o'clock that night the British Army began moving toward Germantown, then patrolled in alternate hours by McLane's troopers and theirs. McLane sent in word that "Every intelligence from the city agrees the enemy is in motion and intend a grand stroke . . . they kept their waggons and artillery moving through the city all night [as a deception that they were crossing the Schuylkill]." On the sixth they moved toward Whitemarsh for a general attack on the American position.

There was a flurry of fighting, with Washington riding the lines, "urging the army to stand fast and rely on the bayonet." The position was strong and Howe broke off his attack, falling back to Philadelphia on the eighth, and moving Cornwallis up the west bank of the Schuylkill.

On the eleventh Washington broke camp at Whitemarsh, marching up the Skippack Pike to Butler Pike, where he turned left (and south) to cross the river at Matson's Ford (Conshohocken). Cornwallis was waiting. Reed said Washington "would have led to an attack" on them but, in the unclothed condition of the army, prudence prevailed and the army went along the Schuylkill three miles to Swede's Ford (at Norristown), where a wagon bridge was thrown across the river during the day, the army crossing in Indian file about six o'clock. At three the next morning in a severe snowstorm the last elements reached the bivouac at Gulph's Mills.

Two letters from Washington to young John Clark that week illustrate the range of minutiae to be dealt with. Clark needed

money and paper for reports. Washington wrote him, "We have not at present much more paper than the sheet I write upon and not a whole stick of wax. When I have a supply you shall have part. [As for funds] I have given an order upon Colonel Biddle for \$100 but I am not certain he has any money." And then he wrote, and repeated it to the president of Congress, that Clark's intelligence as to British casualties at Whitemarsh—"the British had five hundred wounded or eighty two waggons of them"—was, he feared, exaggerated.

It is fitting that the great-grandson of John Adams should, one hundred thirty-four years later, have described Washington's position and next move in these words: "Out-manoeuvered and out-fought, twice beaten in pitched battles, neither of which under the circumstances he ought to have risked, Washington presently crawled into Valley Forge."

It might be supposed from this and many other writings that Valley Forge was a foreordained vale of tears into which the army, too worn out to go farther, crawled like a sick animal to starve and die.

Actually it was chosen because it possessed the best natural defenses within many miles and had every advantage of central position.

In spite of its place name, the roads to it were uphill from the Schuylkill at West Conshohocken to an elevation at Mount Joy, within its confines, of 424 feet. From a scaffold there built in a lopped-off chestnut, the signal trees at the King of Prussia were visible, and with a glass the pike to Reading (route 422).

It was well wooded and the troops could build their huts no unreasonable task for an army, in spite of the Jeremiahs then and later.

In them "they will be compact and more secure against surprise than if in a divided state, and at hand to protect the country."

No great pity is necessary on the score of having to build their

own huts. Tom Paine, watching them, said "they appeared to be like a family of beavers; everyone busy; some carrying logs, others mud," with raucous rivalry for the money rewards offered for those best and most quickly finished. Until they were hutted Washington and their officers slept with them.

The president of Congress wanted some of them closer to Lancaster and York. Washington wrote him, "It would give me infinite pleasure to afford protection to every individual and to every spot of ground in the whole United States. Nothing is more my wish . . . [but] I cannot divide the army. If this is done I cannot be answerable for the consequences."

By Christmas Eve the huts were done. An attacking force coming west up the Gulph road from Philadelphia, some twenty miles away, would have run into a fortified half circle held from the American left on the Schuylkill by the brigades of Muhlenberg (Pennsylvania and Virginia), Weedon (Virginia), Patterson (Massachusetts, Maine, and Vermont), Learned (Massachusetts), Glover (Massachusetts), Poor (New York and New Hampshire), Wayne (Pennsylvania). Back of them Knox's artillery, the machine shops and magazines. Along the river were Varnum's Rhode Islanders, the Pennsylvania Militia, and Huntington's Connecticut men with the Headquarters Guard, supported by Lachlan McIntosh's North Carolina brigade at the extreme west. Conway, the inspector general, was in the center of the camp with Maxwell (New Jersey) and Woodford with more Virginians below him, loosely linked to Wayne.

Headquarters was near the highest ground, with the artificers, the engineers, in its rear.

Meantime the victor of Saratoga and his staff rested at the Sun Inn before taking up his duties as president of the Board of War, perhaps hearing Ettwein preach to the wounded from Matthew 17:2, "And [He] was transfigured before them; and His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light."

YOUR EXCELLENCY'S OBLIGED FRIEND, JAMES LOVELL

N THE last day of 1777, James Lovell wrote a three-page letter from York to Washington at Valley Forge. Its interest is threefold: the melodrama of state papers, hidden and hunted; a glimpse brief and baffling of the problems and decisions, on the civil side of government, when a capitol falls to an invader; and insight into the character and competence of its author, perhaps Washington's most sedulous detractor. It has a final interest. What in fact did happen? The answer is still a mystery.

Lovell was then forty-one, a hard-working committeeman in Congress, a graduate of Harvard, a French scholar, an expert with secret cipher, the innovator of many, a disciple both of John Adams and of Gates. It was he who regarded the failure at Germantown as the gift of Heaven and who wanted "the demigod [Washington] rapped over the knuckles."

To understand the situation we must go back to the first days of September, when Howe's army was coming up to the Brandy-wine. There was considerable anxiety in Congress at Philadelphia but nothing approaching panic. Their hurried move to Baltimore the previous December had involved a certain loss of face and much jeering. But some members, on the evidence of their col-

leagues, had been frightened and with the American habit of going to extremes the majority had now resolved to remain in Philadelphia. "You know we scorn to fly," Eliphabet Dyer wrote facetiously to Governor Trumbull on the seventh, while Congress approved payment of \$266 60/90 to Willing, Morris and Company for 10,000 quill pens for the use of the Treasury, War, and Secretary's office!

On that day James Lovell reported that "the Journals of the Continental Congress [had been] printed up to October 25, 1776," and hoped to have all of 1776 finished shortly, in spite of the familiar wartime shortage of paper. The printing of the Journals, and of the Continental currency, was being done by the firm of Hall and Sellers, successors to Franklin and Hall, in which Benjamin Franklin had been a partner until 1766. On the afternoon of September 7, Hall and Sellers, with some of their presses, suddenly left Philadelphia for Reading. Although there was a good deal of civilian evacuation, there continued to be little official alarm for the next four days.

But all day on September 11, guns along the Brandywine had been audible in the outskirts of the city and toward dawn on the twelfth President Hancock received Washington's dispatch that the army had retreated to Chester. During the day the army reached Darby, headed for the Schuylkill Fords and Germantown, with Howe following up. On the fourteenth Washington recrossed the Schuylkill (southwest), and John Adams wrote his wife that Congress would have to move to Reading, Lancaster, York, Easton, or Bethlehem. It was still not believed that Philadelphia would fall but communications with the Continent could not be maintained from there, in a state of siege.

That afternoon Jacob Hiltzheimer, forty-nine, went with his sons "to Province Island to bring off the Continental horses as the island is to be put under water by orders of General Washington." Hiltzheimer, a livery-stable owner, was the Continental stable master. He was a competent, resourceful individual, the intimate and friend of many of the leaders, Washington included.

The situation was tense during the four days following, as Howe's army across the Schuylkill feinted toward Reading. If he crossed and could maintain himself on the Philadelphia side of

crossed and could maintain himself on the Philadelphia side of the river, Reading, Lancaster, and York would be impossible for Congress and Bethlehem-Easton the only refuge in Pennsylvania.

On the eighteenth Congress ordered Major General Armstrong, commanding the militia in the city, "to cause all the printing presses and types in this city and Germantown to be removed to secure places in the country, except Mr. Bradford's¹ press in this city." Presumably the exception was made in the desperate hope that Congress might remain. Perhaps there was a conflict of state and Continental jurisdictions because simultaneously President Wharton of Pennsylvania sent Bradford himself ously President Wharton of Pennsylvania sent Bradford himself to Trenton with stores and archives. Henry Laurens sent his personal baggage along.

After issuing the orders to General Armstrong, Congress adjourned until ten o'clock the next morning, the nineteenth. But before midnight of the 18th/19th, Colonel Alexander Hamilton rode into the city with a small escort to requisition the last wagons and load them with blankets and medicines for the army. He brought the dramatic news that the Schuylkill Fords were all in British hands, and warned Hancock that "If Congress had not left Philadelphia they ought to do it immediately without fail for the enemy have the means of throwing a party this night into the city."

According to John Adams's later account, "Congress was gone about midnight," though the considerate James Lovell did not waken Adams with the news until 3 A.M. In that interval a great deal seems to have been done but exactly how or what is still a mystery.

"The title-deeds of freedom," as Winston Churchill would have put it, were still in the city. The Journals of Congress were in effect the organic law of the land. Additionally, all the Corre-

¹Bradford was the father of the William Bradford, briefly Attorney General in Washington's Cabinet and son-in-law of Elias Boudinot.

spondence, foreign and domestic, was there—an enormous prize if the British could capture it.

The competent congressmen who were so sure of Washington's incompetence might have been expected to have made preparations for all this in the eight days since the Brandywine. The security questions were: Where are the Journals and Correspondence to be hidden? Who are to be the custodians and are they on notice? Who the escorting officers? To how many persons shall the knowledge be limited? Who will inform General Washington? A very small group, possibly Hancock, Thomson, secretary of Congress, Paine, secretary to the Foreign Affairs Committee, Lovell, and a military adviser should have handled it. Instead there was a hasty improvisation in those midnight hours by a number of people working on their own. Paine rode to Bristol with the diplomatic Correspondence, found a boatman, and reached Trenton. William C. Houston, deputy secretary of Congress, got off with some "papers of Congress in casks." William Govett, an assistant auditor, left with two wagons "with the Treasury books, papers and money" for Bristol. The reliable Hiltzheimer set out for Trenton with some additional papers but we cannot be sure what they were.

Oblivious to the probability of his letter being captured by the British, John Adams wrote his wife, "The papers of Congress belonging to the Secretary's Office, the War Office, the Treasury etc., were sent to Bristol." Adams's letters to his wife are a treasury of Revolutionary history but, from the point of view of security, most of them should never have been written.

It is appalling to consider their constant disregard of security. Throughout the war there is no excuse for him. In what contrast Washington wrote George Mason: ". . . letters are liable to so many accidents and the sentiments of men in office sought after by the enemy with such avidity, and besides conveying useful knowledge (if they fall into their hands) . . . [that] I shall be somewhat reserved."

The Journals of Congress were as yet unprovided for, though

Hiltzheimer probably had some of Thomson's current notes. The reason Lovell did not awaken Adams for four hours was evidently because he was making a very curious provision for the rest. Of this at the time he said nothing to any of his colleagues. The emphasis in his letters and theirs, written shortly afterward, is on the casual, unfrightened way they left the city. From them we learn that Adams left Philadelphia early on the morning of the nineteenth, calmly had breakfast at Bristol, and crossed to Trenton, where he found "Hancock and all the New York and New England delegates," who had left more hurriedly. Henry Laurens was even calmer. "After many thousands [of refugees] had passed [my window] I made my breakfast, filled my pipe and soberly entered my carriage, drove gently on to Bristol, took in the wounded Marquis de Lafayette and proceeded to Reading and Lancaster." Actually he crossed to Trenton and stayed there with the rest until the twenty-first, when they went to Bethlehem, where the Sun Inn "could not hold the influx of strangers."

James Lovell accompanied Adams to Trenton but on the twenty-second he went strangely back to Philadelphia. "Curiosity and some interest brought me back," he wrote Gates.

It is probable that the reason for his return was a growing awareness that he had done a very stupid thing in the early hours of September 19 which, to save his reputation, and no doubt as a patriot, he must try to set right.

In his year-end letter to Washington he says the Journals were entrusted to Mr. Aitkin but that he himself "procured of Col. Hamilton security of some waggons from impressment for the use of Mr. Aitkin [in moving the Journals]." He says that Aitkin "did not appear to me afterwards to have been spirited to make use of [them] and, in fact remained in the city." He makes the incredible statement that he has no other knowledge "about the spot where the books are deposited than a high probability that Frederick Bicking a paper-maker has the care of them." With that he comes at last to the point. He says, "Bicking is an honest

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timorous man and lives in the neighbourhood of John Roberts a miller ten miles from Philadelphia which Roberts is a Tory."

What has Lovell said? With the most casual and evasive irresponsibility he says that he has entrusted the Journals of Congress to Aitkin to give to a timorous man to bury on a Tory's farm which, though he does not say so, was in Merion Township across the Schuylkill and then in the British line. Knowing that all other papers are going to Trenton, he not only lets these go into the British lines to a Tory's knowledge, but he is not even sure where they are. He does not say, "I asked Aitkin where they were and he said . . ." He does, however, ask that Washington take "a proper speedy [after three months] method of gaining the Journals."

He had airily written his crony, Gates, "I tarried till the 25th [in Philadelphia] when the enemy being within a mile and without any opposing troops in the city, I slipt into the Jersies. It was lucky I had a young lady to gallant thither, for three or four officers who left Philadelphia before me were taken in the Frankfort Road. [Surely one of the most obscure non sequiturs ever achieved.]"

What was in Lovell's mind all these weeks and why at last did he appeal to Washington? Congress had convened at Lancaster on September 27—Thomson's handwritten Journals resume that day—and moved shortly to York, where on October 17 Hall and Sellers's press was set up. In the meantime Houston, Govett, Paine, and Hiltzheimer had arrived with the various papers entrusted to them. In the confusion and crowding, and the dispersal of government bureaus at York, it is evident no one asked where the 1776 Journals were, and Lovell, very busy with his attacks on Washington, shrewdly said nothing of his own negligence. By writing on the last day of the year, with things settling down, the letter to Washington could well seem the normal end-of-the-year cleanup of pending matters by a busy man.

It will be noted in the letter, however, that the clause "which Roberts is a Tory" slides very smoothly into the casual text. It does not say that Roberts was known to be a Tory in September. Entrusting the Journals to casual civilians to take into the British lines was almost criminal stupidity but to bury them on a Tory's farm was close to treason.

The fact probably is that Lovell was a badly frightened man on December 31, 1777, having just learned that Roberts was indeed a Tory, now in Philadelphia and in British pay. There is considerable palaver in his letter. He is "not insensible of the great affairs which press upon Your Excellency." And he is his "Obliged Friend." He must have spent ten agonizing days until Washington's reply was received. It came, in John Laurens's hand, saying with every regard to security, "A gentleman well acquainted with the ground and inhabitants in the vicinity where the Journals of Congress were said to be deposited [went there]. He found them without difficulty and they will be sent forward to York under the escort of Colonel Hartley's regiment." One must wonder whether Lovell appreciated the last innuendo. A Continental line regiment (the 11th Pennsylvania) was used by the army to move the Journals through the American zone.

The epilogue is equally curious.

Roberts was a Quaker, sixty years old and the father of nine children. In August '78, after the American occupation of Philadelphia, he was one of twenty-three persons tried for treason. A man named Carlisle and he were found guilty and condemned to death. A thousand persons signed petitions for clemency toward Roberts, including ten of the grand jurors, ten of the convicting jury, Thomas McKean, the presiding judge, Thomas FitzSimons, Philemon Dickinson, Merediths, Biddles, Whartons, and Cadwaladers. He was defended by James Wilson, a Signer of the Declaration. In spite of all he went to the gallows on November 4, 1778, one of the two civilians executed by Pennsylvania for treason during the war.

During his trial George Clymer, the Signer, testified that Roberts had told him the Journals had been buried on his farm. Roberts had never told the British, a fact which would, one THE GREAT MAN 157

would think, have given him a pre-emptive right to clemency. But James Lovell lacked the character and courage to come forward and say, "But for this strange loyalty in this disloyalist I should have been disgraced and the stupidity of Congress an object of ridicule." Such, in large measure, were the qualities of all the men who preferred Gates to Washington.

WE CANNOT POSSIBLY LOSE THE GAME

(December 1777 - March 1778)

Over the Valley Forge winter the clouds and myths of sacred story hang very low. All the early writers and many later ones found an almost masochistic joy in the legend that, during the entire six months there, the army was naked, starving, despondent, and disorganized and that the most Washington could or did do about it was to write to Congress.

The fact is that at no time was there a cessation of active, vigorous planning for the next campaign and the future, and never a breakdown in the day-to-day command of the troops.

It is obvious that if this had not been the case Howe could easily have run over the camp and killed or captured the whole force. Which is not to say conditions were ever anything but terrible or to detract from the valor and endurance of the brave men who stuck there. It is to say, however, that they did not sit down to weep, nor were they ever wholly disorganized.

The worst period was from their arrival on December 19 through the dreadful week of February 14, but it was in that period that Greene, with the cocky assurance which characterized most of them where the enemy was concerned, wrote his brother, "We cannot conquer the British force at once but they cannot conquer us at all."

'It was February 9 at Valley Forge that John Laurens wrote his father at York, "I wrote for some hair powder and pomatum but received only the latter

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Quite different is one of the most often-quoted letters from Valley Forge: "No meat...it snows...I'm sick... no whiskey. Lord, Lord," etc. It was written by a Dr. Waldo on New Year's Eve, '77, when he had applied for and received a winter's furlough, his absence evidently being regarded as no great loss.

Eve, '77, when he had applied for and received a winter's fur-lough, his absence evidently being regarded as no great loss.

The most famous letter from Valley Forge is, of course, Washington's, quoted as showing his utter despair. It is certainly a sad and bitter letter but, like the "game is pretty well up" letter before Trenton, the most quoted passage is drawn from its context.

The letter, some twenty-five hundred words, was written on December 23, 1777, to Laurens, president of Congress, and the famous sentence is: "Unless some great and capital change suddenly takes place [in the matter of supplies] the army must starve, dissolve, or disperse in order to obtain subsistence." There had been a brief meeting the night before. The third alternative is really the significant one and is the classic "dispersal to feed." It does not contemplate surrender but goes on in angry pride to say how much "easier and less distressing a thing [it is] to draw remonstrances by a good fireside [at the army's going into winter quarters] than like them to occupy a bleak hill."

Forty-eight hours later, on Christmas Day, this same "hopeless" man was dictating a plan for a surprise attack on Philadelphia. So it was in all that bad time. One face and voice to the army—endure and we shall rejoice to remember these things; another to the laggards, once so zealous, at York.

One of the most shameful things in American history is the contrast between conditions at Valley Forge and at York or Reading that winter. All the clergymen of York remonstrated in a body at the number of balls that were given there in January and early February, and Graydon, though he had resigned from the army, was shocked by the gaiety in Reading.

with a comb. I also need some gilt buttons, corded dimity and gold epaulettes." His father replied, "My hair dresser recommends to you to substitute flour until he can by his art procure a better article for your hair."

Even Charles Lee, in New York, was in a "situation rendered as easy, comfortable and pleasant as possible . . . lodged with two of the oldest and warmest friends [active British officers] I have."

Meanwhile there was the Cabal, of which so much has been written.

During a period of roughly fifty years (1875–1925) it had become an accepted fact that there was a highly organized conspiracy against Washington and in favor of Gates and that the hapless Conway was the leader.

The first really extensive analysis of the evidence was made by Rupert Hughes in the 1920s and followed by Knollenberg in the thirties. Hughes concluded in a general way that there was a conspiracy but a very loose and ineffective one, and Knollenberg (though this may not put his views fairly) that Washington behaved worse in it than Gates or Conway.

It is interesting that these historians' "discoveries" should have made the stir they did, since the moderation of their conclusions—in contrast to those of 1875—1925—followed the earliest writers, Marshall, Sparks, and Irving, except of course as to Knollenberg's personal judgment of Washington.

John Marshall, for all his sweeping admiration of Washington, put the case against Gates with very judicious moderation: "He could not be supposed hostile to the prevalence of the opinion [that he should be Commander in Chief] and some parts of his conduct would seem to warrant a belief that if it did not originate with him, he was not among the last to adopt it."

Washington Irving, equally an admirer of Washington, had said that Jared Sparks, even more of a one, himself found insufficient "evidence to prove any concerted plan or any fixed design among the leaders. A few aspiring men like Gates and Mifflin might have flattered themselves with indefinite hopes . . . but it was not probable they had united in any clear or fixed purpose."

The Cabal, so to call it, is interesting for the most part as illus-

trative of the littleness always present even amongst great events, and as a brief picture of human behavior, with its malice, anger, and pettiness, and for the fact that men act as their past records indicate they might be expected to.

The flattering letters of Conway and Lovell to Gates in November doubtless followed a good deal of talk. On December 13, Congress appointed Conway to be inspector general. He had been and in effect still was a French officer and Lafayette and his collègue Dubuysson said that he had "the best instructed and disceplined brigade" at the Brandywine, though the value of their opinion that early in their own service is open to some doubt. However, Lafayette "praised him to Washington" on October 14, and this to many people was praise indeed.

Greene, on the other hand, said Conway was "the greatest novice in war, in everything but disciplining a regiment that I ever saw," adding that he was being "palmed off upon the public, by little arts, as the first military man upon the continent." Doubtless in the case of Greene, and Varnum with his outburst to Conway, some anti-foreign feeling entered in.

Certainly, then as now, the appointment, as inspector general to an army in the field, of an officer known to be persona non grata to its commander is an intolerable reflection on the commander. Certainly Washington made no effort to meet Conway even so much as halfway. The latter outlined his "plan for instructing the troops" in a letter of December 29. It was a mild proposal "to assemble one or two officers and non-commissioned officers from each regiment [and] instruct them in all measures necessary for a battalion, a brigade, a division." After a month these men would return to their units as instructors. This was the practice, Conway said, "in the imperial and French armys," adding, "No army wants instruction more than this army. . . . It is impossible for a general to promise himself any solid success with such troops. . . ."

Two days later, after Washington's stony silence at a meeting, Conway wrote again. He said he had meant to work the

whole day teaching and the evening and night writing regulations. He then added, "I repeat to you, sir, that you have not a moment's time to lose. The enemy will probably be early and powerfully reenforced. Your army is melting by sickness, if you do not begin immediately to give an uniform instruction to what men you have left . . . you will have to face old, disciplined troops with a raw confuse [sic] unwieldly flock. . . ."

Washington's talent for using men for what they could do, without regard to their foibles, is one of his most marked characteristics. Conway, in effect, was proposing to do what Washington shortly asked Steuben to do, and what Conway probably knew how to do. Why, then, did Washington not accept Conway for what he was worth?

The answer probably is twofold. First, that there were limits even to Washington's tolerance. Second, that telling him what he already knew too well, as though it was a sudden discovery of Conway's, gratuitously calling the men of Trenton and Germantown a "confuse [sic] unwieldly flock," showed a lack of judgment and good sense which indicated Conway was no good anyhow.

There is probably small doubt that Conway was never given a chance, and that Headquarters let it be understood they were not back of him. But there is equally small doubt that this was not obstructive caprice but sound judgment that Conway was the wrong man in the wrong place.

As to Washington's letter to Lafayette of December 31, criticizing Conway, it must be remembered that that young busy-body was then at York, very voluble about Conway's services to Lafayette's master, the French King.

Meanwhile Gates, from the Sun Inn on December 23, had written Washington complaining that his correspondence had been rifled, else Washington could not have known of Conway's letter to him, criticizing Washington. Gates sent a copy of his letter of the twenty-third to Congress, where it was read. Ben-

jamin Rush thereupon left his post with the General Hospital of the Army at Princeton and returned to Congress.

January 4, Washington wrote angrily to Gates about the copy to Congress, saying that he had mentioned neither Conway's letter nor its contents to anyone but his A.D.C.'s and Lafayette, to whom "Conway had opened the matter."

A good deal of talk evidently was going on at Bethlehem and it is difficult not to believe that Gates's sending the letter to Congress was part of a thought-out plan.

On the sixth, Dr. James Craik, a levelheaded man and a friend of Washington's, wrote him from the Sun Inn that he had heard of a "strong faction. . . . I was told I should hear more on the way down [to Lancaster]."

Gates remained at Bethlehem until Rush, at York, wrote the anonymous "thoughts of a Freeman" letter on the eighteenth. James Lovell had meanwhile just written his about rapping a demigod over the knuckles.

On the nineteenth the Moravian minister, Neisser, in York wrote in his diary, "This afternoon General Horatio Gates who has been appointed president of the Council of War arrived in town and was received with demonstrations of joy."

It is difficult not to suppose Gates privy to the silly and devious stage business whereby Rush's letter was left on a stairway in York, picked up by a member of Congress, and handed to Henry Laurens. The floor of Congress was open to Rush to make any charges he liked.

The letter must have been intended to be the true bill against Washington. It contained all that could possibly be charged against him. Its actual charges throw light on the petty nature of the men who composed the Cabal. It is written with the assumed humility and guilelessness of such things—the little man who "wants to know." It is the letter of a fool who asks questions based on false assumptions which wise men cannot answer.

What was the reason, it asks, for not attacking and harassing the British from the Head of Elk to Philadelphia? Why was our left wing surprised September 11? (A fair question except that it was the right wing.) Why has "a proper method of attacking, beating and conquering the enemy never yet been adopted by the Commander in Chief? ... Many fruitless and unaccountable marches have had a great tendency to fill the hospitals with sick. ... The contempt shown to the militia by the standing army is a dangerous omen. ... In every victory as yet obtained by the Americans the militia have had the prime share. ... Liberties are safe only in the hands of the militia. ... The late success to the North was owing to a change of commanders. The Southern army would have been a like success had a similar change taken place. ... When the enemy came out to forage [they should be attacked]. If there is no general fit and willing to lead on the said attack, the said power [Congress] ought to send one. ... The people of America have been guilty of idolatry, by making a man their God."

It is interesting to consider what there was about Washington which secured for him the absolute trust of the "people," of whom he asked so much and with whom he made no effort to be

popular.

Laurens and Patrick Henry, who had received a copy of the letter, both sent them to Washington. He wrote Laurens that he "had not been unapprized that a malignant faction had for sometime been forming to my prejudice. . . . I would not desire in the least to suppress a free spirit of enquiry into any part of my conduct. . . ."

There was of course no inquiry. Gates, evidently seeing the futility of the scheme—conceived by a quartermaster general, Mifflin, who had not been with the army for a year and backed by no soldier of value—sought to make his peace with Washington, both by disavowing an intimacy with Conway and by expatiating on his own military value.

Washington was in no hurry to make it easy. He did not reply, and then but coldly, until the ninth of February, to Gates's

advances of January 23.

The letter contains a paragraph of that searing sarcasm, that stripping off the flesh, which is such relief and fun for an angry man to write, and of which Washington was, when he chose, such a master. It is as though he said to his secretary, "Now let us see what the cautious, reserved, rather stupid planter, without Greek and Latin, or facility with words, can say to this fellow Gates."

[If all you say of Conway's military abilities is true] it is greatly to be lamented that this adept in Military Science did not employ his abilities in the progress of the campaign, in pointing out those wise measures which were calculated to give us that degree of success to be reasonably expected. The United States have lost much from that unseasonable diffidence which prevented his embracing the numerous opportunities he had in council of displaying those rich treasures of knowledge and experience he has since so freely laid open to you. . . .

It seems likely that when Robert Harrison had taken it down they both grinned.

But, as William Maclay said later, "there was a sort of sunshine" about Washington and in reply to Gates's next letter he wrote him, February 28, "My temper leads me to peace and harmony with all men and it is particularly my wish to avoid any personal feuds or dissension with those who are embarked in the same great national interest with myself. [The curtain of oblivion is drawn]."

John Adams, at home in Braintree, had written Lovell three days before, "I will vote upon the genuine principle of a republic for a new election of general officers annually." Allowing for all the classic examples of military despotism in history, which Adams knew and feared, it is hard to see how a sensible man could have thought a war could be won by such a measure as his. However, he was not there to vote on anything but quite comfortable at his fireside.

By then Conway had gone through Bethlehem to an oblivion broken only when he returned in the summer and was wounded by Cadwalader in a duel. After that he made a graceful exit and was doubtless not too bad a fellow at heart.

Washington complained to Congress that a member had sent an order directly to an officer for a detachment of troops. When Henry Laurens asked the member about it he replied, "Sir, have not Congress a right to give what orders they please to their officers?"

Annoying as was all this and the ill-conceived plan to send an army under Lafayette to conquer Canada, there is no evidence that it affected the business, civil and military, at Valley Forge, though Burgoyne's officers in Boston were betting on Washington's early death from camp fever.

An idea of the civil confusion can be got from the fact that Governor Johnson of Maryland received demands for clothing from Washington, for food from Gates at the Board of War, and for salt from Henry Laurens, president of Congress. He confessed himself afraid, in no ignominious sense, but as a matter of civil unrest, to impress salt or even salted herring or shad in Maryland. Patrick Henry sent a wagon of clothing earmarked for Virginia troops, without regard to general needs. The Massachusetts state law prevented Heath, G.O.C., Boston, from forcing inoculation on recruits going to the army. York asked Headquarters what to do about linens and woolens from France that had been dropped into the Susquehanna. Barnegat, New Jersey, seventy miles away, must have Continental guards or the salt works could not be run.

Meanwhile, on Christmas Eve, the Moravians noted that "General Washington's baggage which has been here exactly three months moved off today."

Fellow sufferers in later wars will sympathize with Washington, who learned on January 11 that his baggage had been sent, after the fashion of armies, into Bucks County instead of to head-quarters.

"I wish you," he wrote to George Lewis, "to have every part

and parcel of my baggage removed from Newton to this place." Then he goes on with the quenchless hope of the soldier: "I don't know in whose care or possession it is but I ought to have a good deal, these among other things a bed; end irons, plates, dishes and kitchen utensils."

The personal baggage of the whole army was lost. Allan Mc-Lane, "on the lines at Germantown," had a note cheerily advising him, "Your baggage is not in camp and is not in Bethlehem. . . . It must be endured as it is a general calamity."

To a considerable degree such losses, and the hunger and nakedness of officers and men at Valley Forge, seem to have been borne with far less complaint than what were felt to be injustices in promotions by Congress. The lavish issuance of commissions with seniority to foreign officers and the brevet as brigadier general given Wilkinson for the Saratoga dispatches—forty-seven colonels signed a round robin in protest—appears to have been used to cover smaller jealousies.

"I am sorry," Washington wrote to one of the Livingstons, "that any undue promotion should have disgusted your brother [Colonel H. C. Livingston of the New York Line]." If a family as powerful and patriotic as the Livingstons felt that way, no wonder the hypersensitive Aaron Burr continued to feel there was censure and discrimination against him, or that Woodford said he would resign unless he was senior to Muhlenberg and Weedon.

"The spirit of resigning which is now become almost epidemical is truly painful and alarming," Washington wrote John Glover when he offered his, and it was withdrawn. Sullivan, refused winter leave because of the critical situation, said he would resign. In quick reply Washington sketched the condition of the army and the enemy, and with his almost perfect judgment in handling men, asked simply, "Under such circumstances to whom am I to look for support but to my principal officers?" Sullivan melted and stayed.

Savage punishment was given individual soldiers: "One hundred lashes to Denis Kennedy, in front of his regiment, for striking the corporal of the guard, Cameron, threatening to desert as soon as he got shoes and cursing Congress," and similar ones for looting or theft of "Four hundred weight of pickled pork and a working ox fresh killed." But of the great majority, Washington wrote Governor Clinton, "Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the imcomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery that they have not been ere this excited by their sufferings to a general mutiny and dispersion."

The question of course follows as to why they were starving and who was responsible. The answer generally given has been that they were the victims of an ineffective Congress and a Tory countryside who sold their provisions to the British for hard money. These were, however, but elements in the whole picture. To accept the second as half the reason, it would be necessary to suppose the hungry Continental patrols of Colonel Morgan at Gulph's Mills, south of the Schuylkill, and the light horse of Lee, Clough, Clark, and McLane, and the militia under Lacey in Bucks permitted market wagons to roll ahead to Philadelphia when the teamsters told them they were to be paid in hard money.

To understand the situation one must first remember that what are now Montgomery and Chester counties—then the Continental zone of war—had been continuously marched over and camped in by two armies for almost half a year. The people as a whole had barely enough to live on themselves. Near Lansdale the Continentals had taken "every dish, cooking utensil or bit of crockery, knives and forks." They and their horses ate all the hay, grain, sheep, calves, ham, chickens and went away, saying to present the bill "to Congress."²

In September, Rowland Evans at Millgrove lost three hundred

^{*}While Francis Dana was at Valley Forge, with the Committee of Congress, "his own countrymen [in Massachusetts were] totally laying open his farm to destruction."

bushels of oats, his potatoes and apples to the British, who destroyed his bolting cloth, and on Christmas American marauders carried off the rest of his hidden crop, four hundred bushels of grain, and looted his house.

On that day General Orders were issued to each brigade to send out "a subaltern, twelve men and an assistant commisary to collect flour, grain, cattle or pork. Men are to be able of body and know how to thresh."

The countryside was notified that "all persons within seventy miles radius must thresh half their grain by February [1], half by March [1] on pain in case of failure of having all that shall remain in sheaves seized and paid for as straw." But the foragers found millers "unwilling to grind either from their disaffection or from motives of fear."

The difficulties were enormously complex. To free the army for ruthless impressment of food among their own ill-fed countrymen would have fatal repercussions not only in Pennsylvania but on the morale of the army itself.

"An ill-placed humanity perhaps and a reluctance to give distress may have restrained me too far," Washington wrote Congress, "[but to put the military above such considerations for the civil population] is an evil apprehended by the best and most sensible among us. Under this idea, I have been cautious."

In what contrast to later "military geniuses" is Washington's reply to Lacey, who proposed a roundup of all the disaffected in Bucks County: "The horror of depopulating a whole district, however little consideration the majority of the parties concerned may deserve [forbids] the measure."

Broad humanity was not, however, to be confused with a policy of milk-and-water. Toward the end of the winter the Quakers of Bucks made a freedom-of-religion to-do about the "right" to attend their General Meeting in Philadelphia. Lacey was ordered to stop them and seize their horses.

One must wonder whether the cause would have survived the absence of such caution. Histories have not made clear that in general the British did not greatly benefit from Montgomery and Chester counties. Their main source of forage was from Bucks, which there was simply insufficient Continental strength to hold effectively from south of the Schuylkill, although small patrols—half a dozen strong—under Lacey, Clark, and McLane ranged when they could. No system of check points or road blocks was possible and the county additionally had the Doan gang of criminals, the leaders of which finally went to the gallows.

John Clark of Newtown concluded his report of December 30, on market barges slipping down the Delaware, with word of "a set of gentry that infest the public roads between this and Schuylkill and call themselves 'volunteers.' They are under no authority and pay no respect to persons' having passes or not, and indeed are no better than as many highway robbers . . . these persons rob, steal and plunder persons without distinction and lay it on the army . . . nay they threaten the lives of the inhabitants if they go to complain, in short it gives me pain to trouble your delicacy with this account but 'tis my duty."

habitants if they go to complain, in short it gives me pain to trouble your delicacy with this account but 'tis my duty."

Three weeks later, in reply to Colonel Walter Stewart's report of quantities of provisions going daily into Philadelphia from Bucks, Washington wrote him that "horses and carriages should be seized without distinction [to prevent movement] and if any of the persons are proper objects to make examples of it must be done."

The situation in Montgomery County was largely but not wholly different. McLane and the British dragoons played hide-and-seek in and out of Germantown. Illicit traffic with Philadelphia of course went through there, though more of it was by design than the British may have supposed. It should also be realized that, as a "cover" for patriot farmers going into Philadelphia as spies, message-bearers, and shoppers, a certain number of Tories had to be mixed with them.

Many of the "disaffected" going in were McLane's or Harry

Lee's spies and messengers. In that way Lee learned that an Anspacker officer guaranteed to bring out three hundred of his corps if he could be assured the command of them at camp.

Baurmeister, another Hessian, was amused at the gullibility of "the rebel light dragoons [who] frequently carry the [Loyalist] women's packages on their horses as far as their vedettes. From these people we receive most of the news about the Rebels."

The news he received the day of that diary entry was that "the heavy baggage and their large artillery train have followed Congress to Carlisle," intelligence planted to provoke an attack on Valley Forge where the artillery was well placed with a wide field of fire. And of course Congress was fifty-five miles east of Carlisle.

On the other hand, the extent and organization of the disaffected is illustrated by the story of a young German, Von Krafft, who arrived at Valley Forge from Europe and applied for a commission. Colonel Nagel of the Pennsylvania German Battalion offered him a second lieutenancy which Von Krafft, having heard of the lavish issue of field officers' rank, thought beneath him.

He hung around the camp for three weeks "to try to talk to General Washington who was pointed out to me. I accosted one of his adjutants who very politely referred me to a General Regulating the quarter master" until John Laurens told him he could be a first lieutenant, which was equally unsatisfactory. He then asked for a pass to Philadelphia, saying, "Nobody is going to detain me nor would I enter the service in any other capacity than as a captain." No one was interested and on February 24 (he had arrived on the first: one wonders where he messed) he got through the lines in classic fashion according to his diary. The point of interest is that he describes, in modern language, a typical resistance escape-organization of Germans, who sheltered him, sometimes in houses, oftener inns where the food and whisky were excellent, for the thirteen days it took him to reach

Philadelphia in a heavy snowstorm. There he was taken to Howe's adjutant and joined the Hessians.³

Howe's adjutant and joined the Hessians."

His journey was perhaps made easier by the fact that it coincided with the Great Forage from Valley Forge, which sent
McLane into Delaware to round up hogs and deserters; Harmer
to the forks of the Brandywine; Biddle "with a press-warrant for
100 waggons from Lancaster in 3 days...load in the best hay
between camp and Lancaster... search the woods and swamps
for animals... forage the country naked. I will punish the least
neglect with the greatest severity. Harden your heart.... We
are in the midst of the damndest Tories... a hundred lashes
have been given two farmers on their way to Philadelphia."
Simultaneously Wayne with five hundred men went south of

Simultaneously Wayne with five hundred men went south of Philadelphia, crossing the Delaware into New Jersey near Haddonfield. From there he foraged and fought his way past the pursuing British—Pulaski and some troopers coming down from Trenton to join him—to Philipsburg and over to Easton.

When they all got back the starving was over. By March 6 the governor of Rhode Island heard "that persons from the army now in Providence say [they are] now well fed [at Valley Forge]."

Washington's orders to Wayne had read that the cattle should "cross the Delaware at Coryell's Ferry and then keep higher up the country before they strike across. They should fall in with Schuylkill at Potts Grove and cross the river there. A considerable escort should attend them. We lost a fine drove of one hundred thirty head that were coming from New England a few days ago. Some of the disaffected in Bucks County gave information of them and a party of light horse pushed up twenty miles and carried them off. [On your way back visit General Lacey.]" Lacey, then twenty-two, had been a militia brigadier since January but the force with which he was expected to cut off Bucks County from Philadelphia was often only a hundred

In New York two years later he fell in love with a girl of fourteen who gave "a most affectionate kiss."

strong. "Emphasize vigilance in talking to him. Collect our artillery in New Jersey and get it to a safe place in northern Bucks County, if possible. The roads are too bad for it to roll to camp. If the Delaware is too high to get it across, push it back into the country in New Jersey."

The insecurity in Bucks was vividly put to his wife by Colonel Boudinot, riding from Basking Ridge, New Jersey, to head-quarters: "I was playing bo-peep [peek-a-boo?] with the enemy in all those dreadful roads for upwards of sixty miles between Delaware and Schuylkill. Pray send me a pound of chocolate. . . ."

Evidence of the intensive military planning which went on all winter at headquarters is very broad. On January 3, Knox was called on for an estimate of artillery horses needed for the campaign of 1778. He replied:

106 field pieces averaged at 4 horses each	424
53 ammunition waggons 5 horses each	265
60 ammunition waggons for spare	
ammunition 6 horses each	360
	1049

Compared to the requirement, there were horses at Valley Forge, for all purposes of the army:

Fit for service	257
Unfit for service	151
	408

No officer was allowed to keep a horse in camp. Orders of the Day read: "The plea of doing it at their own expense will not be

admitted, as the evil will not thereby be remedied."

Letters of most members of Congress make it clear that they supposed all the army needed was a will to fight and a fighting leader. The soldiers at headquarters were concerned with rifle repair, provision of mobile forges, gun screws, ammunition

wagons, kettles for soap making, nails and entrenching tools, and the number of tailors who could be combed out of the ranks if cloth came in from France. And over and over again the question of finding skilled workers in the army to "increase the [Ordnance] Laboratory companies at Carlisle by one hundred men each," and not for Ordnance only. The faulty cartridge boxes, so all but fatal as the army found in the September storm, were bad because the makers "were unskilled in leather-working and [the hides need] to lie longer in vats than we can afford. Can they not be secured from France? Offer to trade the hides of cattle killed for the army for them. But do not bring shoes from France. They do not last a day."

There were minor distractions to be met, Rush sending a wail from Princeton that there was "a lack of discipline among the sick in the hospitals" and the fiery Pulaski with his cavalry at Trenton having to be restrained: "Your officers complain that the cavalry undergo severer duty now than they did while they were [with the main army]. As rest and refreshment are two of the principal objectives . . . I hope you will by proper arrangements give your men and horses these benefits from their winter quarters."

In a way the main military event of the winter was the visit and stay of a strong and vigorous committee from Congress, composed of Charles Carroll, Francis Dana, Reed, and the new member, young Gouverneur Morris.

The soldier friend who wrote Allan McLane about his lost baggage naturally did not think highly of them—"the great men at Moorehall sit on business every day but nothing transpires." There was more to it than talk. On arrival they were handed a

There was more to it than talk. On arrival they were handed a letter of fifteen thousand words from Washington on requirements and reorganization, one of his clearest and most cogent papers.

Îts first long-range proposal has to do with an immediate provision for pensions or half pay for life for his officers. Only those who know little about warfare suppose that officers are an

evil, easily dispensed with, or that any type of man makes a good officer. The shortage of good material at company or field-officer level was one of the most difficult of the Revolution. Private financial need was one of the main difficulties: "Few men are capable of making a continuous sacrifice of all views of private interest or advantage to the common good. It is vain to exclaim against the depravity of human nature on this account."

The next plea is for a regular army as against a voluntary one. "Allurements of the most exorbitant bounties have been tried in vain [and only to raise rapacity]. Let the Continental regiments be filled by drafts from the militia annually for one year with a bounty for a second and third year of service, but maintain an established corps of officers for the duration of the war." Do not offer original bounties to lure "idle mercenary fellows" or to make possible payment of "excessive wages as substitutes."

While it is "impolitic to use compulsion" to prevent substitutes, do not permit it "in the occasional coming out of the

militia." How sensible the recommendations are and how aware

of what is "impolitic," as being beyond the prevailing concepts. Four regiments of cavalry are asked (Charles Francis Adams to the contrary notwithstanding), the horses for Sheldon's to be procured east of the Hudson, Moylan's north of the Susque-hanna, Baylor's from the Susquehanna to the James, Bland's south of the James, thereby distributing the draft of the best animals and to a degree blocking a profiteer's market.

Reduce the number of regiments which are under strength by combining them. In nine North Carolina regiments, for example, there is a total of 572 fit for duty, though the total rank and file is 1079. "The difference is accounted for in sick, absent and on furlough which is the only way I am apprized they ever will be."

Therefore reduce the nine regiments to two.

"The promises I have received . . . amount to an army of 40,302 rank and file. Upon this I shall make my arrangements."

As he wrote that Washington must have been aware that the figure, so within the potentialities of an aroused country, would never be reached by half. And why not is something that will never be known. It is oversimplification to say that it was because the civil authorities sought the easiest way, yet at the time Bowdoin, governor of Massachusetts, blithely proposed to hire deserters from Burgoyne's army as substitutes for American soldiers. In perhaps the curtest and most excoriating letter Washington ever wrote a state governor, he told Bowdoin to stop it, "apply a retrospective remedy and if possible annul it as far as it has been carried into effect."

He goes on to ask Congress to stop "dealing out rank, [lessening] the value and splendor of it." Do not give rank to forage and wagon masters, "the money-making part of the army... and though it may seem a trivial and inconsequential circumstance they should [not] wear the established uniforms of the army, which ought to be considered as a badge of military distinction."

Appoint a competent successor to Mifflin as quartermaster general. Provide a paymaster general, a commissary president, a purchasing agent and an auditor, and "say what you want done with the foreign officers you send me, most of whom are useless to command troops whose language they do not speak."

The rest has to do with food and clothing.

It is indicative of the shortage of first-rate men that the choice for quartermaster general had to fall on Greene, the best warrior in the army. Meantime Von Steuben, sent out from France, had come through Bethlehem with R. R. Livingston on January 30 and on February 23 reached Valley Forge as a volunteer. "Give me a plan of inspection," Washington said to him.

One would like to know the exact reason for the tone of General Orders on March 1. Probably with the forage in and some sense of spring in the air, it was decided the troops could safely stand a sermon. "Free citizens in arms . . . should scorn effeminately to shrink under those accidents and rigours of war which

mercenary hirelings, fighting in the cause of lawless ambitions, rapine and devastation encounter with cheerfulness and alacrity. We should not be merely equal, we should be superior to them in every qualification that dignifies the man or the soldier. . . ." Perhaps it was a shrewd stimulant for the grand policing of the camp in a few days, when with the snow gone the "carcases of dead horses, offal and nastiness" could be buried, the old latrines filled in and new ones dug.

The winter months had begun with Greene's letter to his brother that "the British cannot conquer us at all." That same week the Hessian, Baurmeister, reflected that "The Americans are bold, unyielding and fearless. They have an abundance of something which urges them on, and cannot be stopped." It is rather grand to think, particularly in the light of so much American mourning over Valley Forge, that the hard winter ended with that spirit unabated.

On March 31, Howe and Washington agreed on "a strict neutrality and suspension of hostilities" in Germantown while officers met there to discuss an exchange of prisoners. Colonels Boudinot, Grayson, Harrison, and Hamilton were the Americans. When their British opposites returned to Philadelphia they quoted the four as making "the bold assertion that they could not possibly lose the game."

THOSE OFFICERS WHO TAKE THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET

(Spring 1778)

THE ARMY as a potential offensive force had survived the winter and the French Alliance now seemed sure, but as spring arrived headquarters was still plagued by familiar problems.

On March 21, Washington wrote Stirling that "the daily application for discharges and furloughs distresses me beyond measure. Colonel Burr must wait till more field officers return to camp before he leaves it." Wayne was away, Glover on leave in Boston, and Weedon in Fredericksburg. Sullivan had gone to the command in Rhode Island. Lafayette and De Kalb were still in Albany. Greene was near Providence, struggling with unsettled quartermaster accounts, lack of ready cash, deterioration of equipment, and the incredible wages being paid civilian teamsters. The uncontrollable Pulaski, "not well acquainted with the language, genius and manners" of Americans, had to be induced to resign the cavalry command in favor of Moylan. Colonel Gibson at Lancaster had to be reprimanded for sending captured British horses to York instead of to camp. A rebuke to General Parsons for negligence at West Point brought an adroit

¹Ten pounds a month hard money, roughly a soldier's pay in World War I and far more than the Continental currency paid Washington's A.D.C.'s.

reply. He said his brigade chaplain, Timothy Dwight, later president of Yale, desired permission to dedicate a poem, *The Conquest of Canaan*, to the Commander in Chief and he enclosed Dwight's letter.

The eighteenth of March, when it was received, must have been a good day at Valley Forge, for Washington wrote Dwight in sonorous language that he was much honored and agreeable to the request. And he sent Governor Livingston's daughter Kitty the lock of hair she had requested.

But amidst the trivialities, boats were building on the Hudson

But amidst the trivialities, boats were building on the Hudson and upper Delaware, Pennsylvania was changing her laws to permit faster road building, and magazines to hold 200,000 bushels of grain were going up on the Schuylkill, at the Head of Elk and on the line of communications from York.

Meanwhile portions of the crop fields and meadows on farms through Montgomery and Chester counties were assigned to specific brigades: "To Generals Muhlenberg and Weedon from Isaac Davies farm 12 acres rye, 23 of wheat, 9 meadow (for brigade horses); from Peter Wells 15 acres rye, 4 wheat . . ."

Greene brought Jeremiah Wadsworth, thirty-three, back with him from Hartford to be commissary general. Wadsworth was a shrewd and valuable man for all the probable truth of private enrichment, in which Greene may have mildly shared.

Meantime Charles Lee had reached Philadelphia, still a prisoner of war, but there paroled by Howe. His exchange was not until later in April, but Elisha Stevens, with a G.I.'s misinformation, wrote in his diary April 5, "General Lee was exchanged and came to headquarters to the Valley Forge and was received with great joy." Colonel Boudinot's later memoirs say that "he [Lee] brought a miserable dirty hussy with him from Philadelphia (a British sergeant's wife) [and took] her into his room by a back door and she slept with him that night."

Some have questioned the story, as an afterthought of Boudinot's in old age, and a gratuitous charge of immorality against a

political foe is a common thing, but it would be difficult to invent something which sounds more like Charles Lee.

April 9 he was at York to "reorganize the army" for a harassing defensive campaign against an all-powerful British army, superior not only in numbers and equipment but, as he held, man for man to the Americans. He had already supplied the British with a victory plan.

Washington had sent an escort under Colonel Meade to meet him with honors, as though he had forgotten the circumstances of November-December 1776, and by orders of Congress he continued to inform Howe that Lee's full exchange was indispensable to a continuance of the general cartel.

All but one person at headquarters seems to have been in excellent spirits in April. The brigade sutlers had gin, whisky, peach brandy, apple brandy, and Caribbean rum on their shelves. There was a parade on the twentieth with all ranks "Fresh shaved, well-powdered, arms and accoutrements in the best order," and a jovial flag went in to Howe, agreeing to an ad boc exchange of his Mr. Higgins for an American Mr. Lowry, "never a principal commissary of ours but only acted occasionally as a deputy purchasing provisions where he lived." Still Howe had said Mrs. Higgins was inconsolable and Washington wrote, "... in order to put the fair lady, in whose case you so obligingly interest yourself in the possession of her husband [I agree]." The letter continues lightly but warns Howe to keep his flags to the Lancaster road, west of the Schuylkill.

It was Mrs. Washington who was not having fun. "She is almost a mope for want of a female companion," Colonel Boudinot wrote his wife, suggesting she come to headquarters.

On the twenty-first Lee's exchange was formalized and he was on his way back from Virginia to York, where he modestly requested that he be made the only lieutenant general. Although this was not voted, he came back, in spite of the circumstances of his capture and his correspondence with Gates, as second in command of the army, and in high favor with a large part of Congress. Here was a man, who in no way shared the confidence of the army that they would win the war, who had not been through the '77 campaign and their ghastly winter, suddenly made superior to all but one of them. It was an intolerable situation welcomed by no one of competence and character.

The day before, Washington had asked his general officers' opinions on three alternatives:

Should they attempt to recover Philadelphia and destroy the enemy's army there?

Should they attempt to transfer the seat of war north by an enterprise against New York?

Should they remain in a secure fortified camp, disciplining and arranging the army, till the enemy moved and govern themselves accordingly?

One May morning infantry and artillery from the South began passing through York on the way to Valley Forge. On the fifth Steuben, "having proved himself at camp," was made inspector general by Congress at Washington's request and the next day came confirmation of the French Alliance, the feu de joie, with the files shouting, "Long live the King of France," and feasting that night on the shad that had begun to run. The following week Washington visited the hospital at Yellow Springs "and spoke to every person in their bunks which pleased the patients exceedingly."²

The most active Continental officer that month was Captain Allan McLane, constantly in the immediate presence of the

²Those who in later wars have had the burden of the headquarters motor pool will sympathize with the stable master at Valley Forge, and know only too well what his observations were when he was handed an order from the D.Q.M.G. that day: "Deliver to the bearer the best riding horse in the yard to be taken to headquarters for a member of Congress to ride to York." Only the best for the V.I.P.'s!

One would like to know more about "a person" who distressed Jacob Brick by taking his horse, causing Brick to appeal to the Q.M.G. for justice. The "person" was traced to Lacey's command. Lacey said he didn't know who he was: "he calls himself a volunteer and has made a practice of riding with my parties on the lines."

enemy and in almost daily combat. It is a story not only of dash and gallantry but of considerable fun on the personal side.

Ordinarily McLane and his mounted scouts slept at Hickory Town, a mile and a half east of Norristown above the Schuylkill, patrolling from there into Germantown. There, on May 10, Lafayette, now commanding a division, ordered him to "throw somebody into the town [of Philadelphia for information]." He said for McLane to promise twelve or fifteen guineas, an incredible sum of course, adding, "in general don't have any idea of saving expense when you hope to get intelligence." This gratuitous advice to the most accomplished intelligence officer on the lines, eleven years his senior, trying to run a spy system with paper money, must have been pleasing indeed.

It was not, however, necessary to throw a high-priced man into Philadelphia to learn that there was every indication the British were preparing to evacuate. On the eighteenth Lafayette was sent over Swede's Ford (at Norristown) with four thousand Continentals and moved down the Ridge Road toward Barren Hill with the Pennsylvania Militia on his left flank. His orders limited him to interruption of enemy communications and reconnaissance unless he could "fall on the British rear in the moment of evacuation." Even so, caution and prudence were emphasized.

The British poured out of the city in strength, to meet him. Gray, their fast mover, slipped around the militia to Lafayette's rear. McLane, although ahead of Lafayette's center, saw or suspected the flanking, followed it, and got word to Lafayette. Almost immediately, from the signal towers at Valley Forge, the predicament was seen and the alarm guns fired to warn the marquis. Swede's Ford where they had crossed was by then in Gray's hands and the marquis, acting quickly, made for Matson's Ford (at Conshohocken), getting his force to safety across the Schuylkill, three to four feet deep.

McLane had a narrow escape and put Lieutenant Story of his command under arrest for "shamefully quitting [his] post and running away with a party of one sergeant, one corporal and

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twenty three men from four British dragoons leaving two of your party to straggle to horse to escape."

Whether he was cheered by a letter from Scammell, the adjutant general, is a question. Scammell wrote that he was glad of McLane's escape, trusting McLane realized the British would use every method to trap him. However, if McLane could possibly get a case of knives and forks from Philadelphia "by your means" he would consider it a particular favor.

Two days following, with more happiness about McLane's "brave little party" and regret at the conduct of Lieutenant Story, Scammell wrote that he was "suffering for want of a good leather ink-pot and a good pen knife. If you have opportunity I wish you would send to Philadelphia and procure these articles for me. A double ink-pot admitting a pen on each side would best suit me as it is most handy to carry in my pocket."

On the twenty-third, Brigadier General Scott told McLane how "proud [he was to hear] you are still doing something to distinguish yourself in the eyes of your country." The whole army was pleased by his conduct with the marquis and "the cups and saucers," which McLane had got for Scott in Philadelphia, put him "under the greatest obligation."

Thus far neither Lafayette, Scammell, nor Scott had said anything about paying the captain.

All this reached McLane, worn out with night riding and lack of sleep, and he apparently wrote a friend at camp to find out whether Washington realized he was a cavalry officer and not a shopper. His friend wrote him on the twenty-fourth that he had spoken to Washington, who said "He could not do without you in the Light Corps, no not for a thousand pounds." Washington had Colonel Fitzgerald write him to the same effect.

By the twenty-eighth Scammell had his ink-pot, thanked Mc-Lane effusively, hoped he would avenge the wounding of Claypole and "escape the snares of an enraged enemy," but if McLane could get him a half-dozen knives and forks he would "pay for the whole together." On the twenty-ninth, through Colonel Laurens, McLane and Colonel Daniel Morgan were ordered "as soon as you shall have received certain intelligence of the enemy's having evacuated Philadelphia [to] march to camp [throwing out a screen] not to suffer a single soldier to enter the city. In the meantime continue your vigilance. . . ."

As June came in there was one of those familiar instances where a small detached force, as a corollary of its own daring, becomes resentful of any intermediary between it and head-quarters. Or, put another way, where its nominal superior—in the next position to its rear—becomes worried that he will be blamed for its failures or shortcomings and not receive the honors for its exploits.

Major Alexander Clough was McLane's immediate superior, though McLane's reports went directly to the Commander in Chief. On the last night in May, Clough sent some order to McLane which he resented and sent to Washington himself. Hamilton inquired of Clough about it. On June 2, Clough's explained to Washington that he had sent it because "I had been informed by the greatest part of the officers who had been on that duty that Cap McLean [sic] and his party plundered without distinction everyone they met below Germantown [possibly to avoid shopping for Scammell?] and frequently discharged them afterwards as if they were not answerable to anyone for theyr conduct. I was led to think from Your Excellency's letter of the 21st that I had the command . . . and of consequence in some measure accountable for their behavior. . . ."

John Laurens wrote for Washington to Clough, clarifying the intelligence work McLane was carrying on. He added that his "troops have been allowed to seize whatever marketing they found in the hands of persons going into Philadelphia [and this]

*By chance, a girl from Whitemarsh wrote in her diary that day, "I received an introduction to Major Clough Captain Swan and Mr. Moore all the cavalry—they had come to dine with Dandridge, the handsomest of men." Perhaps McLane and his troopers jeered at their rear echelon.

may have been mistaken by your officer for indiscipline and arbitrary violence."

That night, as McLane reported in the morning of June 3, "the enemy bagan to demolish their new redoubts [at Germantown] about dusk I moved down with a small party of horse in order to alarm them and make discoveries—the horse charged within musket shot the enemy ran in great confusion—the drums beat to arms [and] we returned with 4 valuable horses in the night."

On the fourth McLane reported that "one of [his] friends out of the city" said that for two days the British had searched every farm from the York road to the Delaware "as high up as on a line with Bustleton [five miles southeast of Jenkintown]. They have crossed over the Delaware all the wagons fitt for service . . . the carriges that are prepared for carring [sic] the pontoons have the horses and gears in readiness for moving the planks for laying the bridge. . . . I can observe a number of men at work but can't say for what purpose. I shall lay close on them this night."

That day from the excited headquarters, now sure the British would abandon Philadelphia, and that Howe was going home, Charles Lee actually sent his congratulations to Sir Henry Clinton, the new British Commander in Chief.

June 6, McLane informed McHenry at headquarters that five hundred sailors had been drawn from the fleet to man the flat-boats "that lie ready at the wharves. They continue crossing wagons and horses in the Jerseys . . . all the rum in the city is seized." He then describes "a little sport" in a fight with some enemy horse whom he "beat off the ground." The end of the dispatch illustrates how major intelligence is often gathered.

The party of British horse had been "about two hours at and about Allen's [not McLane] house." After they withdrew, McLane, watching the road for a counterattack, asked the civilians, "What did the British talk about in those two hours?"

"The officers informed several inhabitants that Lord Cornwallis arriv'd last night in company with the commissioners a short passage from England."

The commissioners were Lord Carlisle, William Eden, and Johnstone, sent to try for peace with the "colonies." It was quick news. McLane's dispatch is dated the sixth. The action was on the fifth. Von Krafft, whom we have met, saw Carlisle's arrival on the sixth but Cornwallis's not until Sunday, the seventh, "with the fleet's guns saluting."

It is interesting to note that Eden had been particularly briefed by the refugee minister, John Vardill, on dealing with Americans in general and New Yorkers in particular. Vardill was the tutor to whom Washington had sent young Jacky Custis.

At sunrise on the tenth McLane, scouting down the Wingohocking Creek toward Frankford from Germantown, was fired on by a British party of horse and foot and after a hand-to-hand fight got away and circled back by their left to Chestnut Hill, with one prisoner and one deserter, who told them that "the people of Germantown were honoured with a sight of the commissioners yesterday . . . the troops formed and went through the ceremony of saluting them. The inhabitants allege this manoeuver was to amuse them [the inhabitants] while the stragglers plundered their houses which are completely effected. Last night the 48th [British] crossed in the Jerseys and the Anspackers are certainly all gone."

McLane's friend, Peter Grubb, wrote him from Valley Forge that day, ". . . two months' pay [was] drawn for our division and our men are constantly drunk."

By the fourteenth of June McLane knew that Cornwallis was in the Jerseys (just below Camden), with some of the artillery, ammunition wagons, and three British regiments, and at eleven o'clock could see "large fires near the ship yards. I find since they have set fire to the ships on the stocks. . . ."

The same day Philemon Dickinson reported from Trenton, "... the greater part of their army supposed to be on this side of the river [and a man who left Philadelphia at three o'clock yesterday says] more officers than soldiers walking the streets

there. . . . He saw near one hundred waggons [lined up] on the different wharves waiting to cross. . . ."

The British move now being clear—except to Charles Lee, who claimed to believe they were going to establish themselves in Chesapeake Bay—what possible excuse can there be for the four days' delay at Valley Forge in meeting it? Anyone could have seen for months that it was something they were likely to do and against which offensive planning should have been taken.

Trouble with Lee, trouble with Congress, the activity of the peace commissioners—nothing seems in this case to excuse Washington of bad leadership.

The army was drilled, fed, rested, and ready to fight. The enemy was now committed to the march on New York. While to a degree his vulnerability increased as the march lengthened and the baggage train strung out, he would be in a disastrous position if his advance, met head-on by half the Continental Army and Dickinson's militia, was driven into the Delaware, while the rest of the Americans were pouring through Germantown into the city.

As the situation was readily foreseeable, it would seem a new Council of War was the last thing needed and that two of the five divisions of the army would have been on the march for Coryell's Ferry on the Delaware, and the whole army across the Schuylkill on the fifteenth.

But a Council of War was held on the seventeenth and under that atrocious debating system—for which Washington cannot escape responsibility—considered whether (1) they should attack at once, (2) march for Newburgh, New York, without seeking battle, (3) maul and harass them in New Jersey, (4) bring on a major action in New Jersey. All had to write out their views. Alternative 3 was the choice, all being against 1 and 4.

Assuming that choice 3 was the best one, which it may have been, it still does not explain why it could not have been made before June 18, and mauling and harassing would have been far more effective if the two divisions had moved on the fifteenth. How is the fumbling to be accounted for?

It is impossible to say. The reason seems to lie far back in the mists of "local self-government," "dislike of authority," "independence," "regional pride and jealousy."

It is all right to say what Cromwell or Napoleon would have done in Washington's place. The fact remains that he evidently felt part of the price to be paid, for the whole business of independence, was the avoidance of disunity. Put another way, that it was better to have unanimity even if in achieving it less could be attempted.

On the other hand, he and his generals may have felt, "This is the first time we have had a real army. If we keep it in being, we can't lose. If it is beaten we are at a loss indeed."

No great pride can be taken in the fact that two divisions of the army began moving in pursuit on the eighteenth. Lee's first for Coryell's Ferry, followed by Lafayette's. At three the next morning De Kalb's marched for Easton and Stirling with the rear guard for Coryell's.

Commanding a brigade in the column was Thomas Mifflin, who had left his post as Q.M.G. in the '76 retreat and been so active in the Cabal. May 18, Washington wrote Gouverneur Morris one of his temperate but damning letters about Mifflin:

I was not a little surprised to find that a certain gentleman who sometime ago (when a cloud of darkness being heavy over us and our affairs looked gloomy) was desirous of . . . now stepping forward in the line of the army. . . . If he can reconcile such conduct to his own feeling as an officer and man of honor . . . I have nothing personal to oppose to it, yet I must think that gentlemen stepping in and out, as the sun happens to beam forth or obscure is not quite the thing nor quite just to those officers who take the bitter with the sweet.

The final objective was a rendezvous in Newburgh in thirteen days.

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The eighteenth was a great day for McLane. Mrs. Drinker saw him enter the city fifteen minutes after the British rear guard was gone. "Drawn swords in their hands [McLane's troopers] galloped about the streets and frightened many by their appearance."

On the nineteenth Benedict Arnold came in to be military governor and Scammell wrote touchingly to McLane, "I hope you are in quiet possession of the city. I would wish to remind my old friend of the plates I desired the favour of you to get for me sometime ago."

WHAT IS ALL THIS, THAT CONFUSION AND RETREAT

(June - August 1778)

SCHOLARLY analysis, such as that recently by Professor Alden, makes it evident that the most that can be said, for the engagement at Monmouth on June 28, is that at its close the British Army withdrew and the Americans advanced, at least a pleasant change from the Brandywine and Germantown.

This may be added: that Charles Lee, the senior major general, the second in command, the experienced European soldier, did not display—wholly aside from any personal failings—an expertise in field command, liaison, or the quick shifting of troops under fire beyond that of the inferior Americans.

Under the accepted rules of the time he had the right to command the advance. That his lack of faith in the quality of his officers and men, compared to the British, and his views against any action unfitted him for the post had little to do with it. To have refused him the post would have had repercussions of enormous, disastrous, and divisive scope. On the lowest basis, Washington could have been accused by Congress of jealousy of Lee, and of not being able to use the talents of that great soldier. It does not seem too much to say in Washington's defense that, against his military judgment, he left the distrusted Lee with a command because the hazards were less than the dangerous political disunity which would have been caused by refusing him the post.

The aftermath of Monmouth is involved and complex, the

events of the day less so. The affair took place in torrid heat in an arid countryside, where both armies suffered for water.

It had been agreed that Clinton's retreating army should be harassed to the utmost without bringing on a general action but also that the circumstances of the hour should be taken advantage of.

On the twenty-fourth the American advance was under Lafayette with some four thousand Continentals and a left arm of twelve hundred militia ahead. The choice of Lafayette, with his known rashness, would indicate that the harassing was not to be overcautious. He was told to operate "with the whole force of your command . . . if a proper opening should be given."

Lee had acquiesced in this but on the night of June 25/26 he entreated Washington "with a thousand apologies" to restore the advance to him. He had, he said, considered it "as a more proper busyness of a young volunteering general than that of the second in command of the army" but since "it [was] a corps of 6,000 men," he must command. Washington, with perhaps fatal compromise, assented and asked Lafayette to defer to Lee's seniority. Lee's insistence would seem to indicate he thought a victory was brewing to which he was entitled. A man is unlikely to ask for the command of an operation he thinks will be a failure.

An attack on Clinton's rear guard was ordered for the morning of the twenty-eighth and Lee moved about 5 A.M. but held up on word that Clinton was not moving. The terrain was admittedly more difficult for Lee than for Clinton. Back of Lee were three ravines, difficult to debouch from, and perilous if his troops were piled back through them.

There was general cannon and rifle fire along the front and during it one battery, out of ammunition, began to pull back without orders. It does not appear that the experienced Lee had made provisions for his reserve ammunition wagons or that the battery commanders had been told what to do when they were out of ammunition.

The pullback, visible to Brigadier General Scott on Lee's ex-

treme left, led him to retire to readjust the line. Lee's aides, Mercer and Edwards, sent to Scott, did not find him. Lafayette in the center, in some perplexity, followed and ordered Wayne also to retire. One thing is sure in the perplexing day. Wayne urged Lee to attack but Lee, worried about the British cavalry, and with some justification, pulled his right back and began to move through the first (east) ravine toward the hill back of it.

He and the whole advance seem to have been inexcusably short of riders and none was sent to give Washington the situation.

At that point Colonel Laurens came up with word that Washington with the main force was on the way. Lee in effect told him he did not know what to say.

At the court-martial later Lee asked Laurens, "Did you impute my embarrassment to my uneasiness . . . to the contradictory intelligence or to my want of a personal tranquillity of mind?" Laurens said he imputed it to a want of presence of mind. Whereupon Lee asked him if he had ever been in an action before and Laurens answered, "I have been in several actions. I did not call that an action as there was no action previous to the retreat."

At this point Clinton began to attack sharply and Lee sent John Clark back to Washington with word of the predicament. It was now midday and "some elements were in full retreat."

By the time Washington came up in person Lee was "east of the bridge over the third [most westerly] ravine," and there they had their historic meeting, to which there were so many opposing witnesses, all of whom, however, agreed on the main facts—except Lafayette thirty years later.

Young Mercer, nineteen, of Lee's staff, said Washington asked, "What is all this? General Lee, not well hearing him, the question was repeated. General Washington in a second question asked What all that confusion was for and retreat? General Lee said he saw no confusion."

Colonel McHenry, twenty-five, who was with Washington, said, "General Lee hesitantly replied 'Sir, sir,'" protesting then

that "such effects were always the consequences of a great superiority in cavalry [such as Clinton was believed to have]."

Colonel R. H. Harrison said he asked Mercer, "For God's sake what is the cause of the retreat [and Mercer] who was displeased [replied] if you will proceed you will see the cause. . . . Several columns of foot and horse." By his own account a few days later Harrison made the withering reply, "I presume the enemy [is] not in greater force than when they left Philadelphia and we came to [this] field to meet columns of foot and horse," and very likely he did, with his ready tongue, say something about as good.

The crisis was the sort in which Washington was always at his best. "His own good sense and fortitude turned the day," Hamilton wrote Boudinot. Ordering Lee to the rear at Englishtown to re-form, he rallied the troops. Colonel Harrison heard him yelling at stragglers that they would be flogged if they said the army was retreating.

Oddly enough there was one man who did not see Washington himself as sure what to do. The evidence is in the journal of Brigadier General Dearborn, then twenty-seven, that remarkable diary which for all the whole war has not a single entry of complaint, criticism, or discouragement. But the night of June 28 he wrote, "After retireing about two miles we met His Excellency, General Washington, who after seeing what disorder General Lee's troops were in appeared to be at a loss whether we should be able to make a stand or not. However he ordered us to form on a heighth [sic]."

Lee later resented most strongly the charge that the retreat was disorderly. At his court-martial he asked General Forman, "When did you see a retreat with less confusion in the face of the enemy?"

To which Forman replied in savage brevity, "At the White Plains"!

When the rally was accomplished, Clinton was driven back to the middle ravine and night fell. Steuben was sent back to Englishtown to take over from Lee, where McHenry heard Lee "observing to a number of gentlemen who were standing around that [the whole business] was mere folly or madness."

Clinton had meanwhile ordered General Grant up to his support, but even in that experienced army, liaison was not perfect and Grant was not found. At midnight Clinton moved toward Sandy Hook, it being doubtful the Continentals did not hear him in the summer night. "Some six hundred men, three quarters of them Germans who had contracted attachments of one description or another to the town of Philadelphia," deserted his ranks.

To Lord George Germain, Clinton wrote as though he regretted there had not been a general battle:

"As I could not hope that after having always hitherto so studiously avoided a general action [had he forgotten Brandywine and Germantown?] General Washington would now give into it against every dictate of policy. I could only suppose his views were directed against my baggage in which part I was indeed vulnerable."

On the thirtieth Colonel Scammell, the A.G., was ordered to arrest General Lee, charged with "disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy on the 28th of June . . . misbehavior before the enemy on the same day, by making an unnecessary, disorderly and shameful retreat . . . and disrespect to the Commander-in-Chief in two letters dated the 1st of July and the 28th of June."

Professor Alden, sensible, fair-minded, and judicious though he is, finds Lee's letter to Washington protesting his arrest "though not a nature to please the Commander-in-Chief... couched in respectful terms... and Washington could have treated [it] as the product of an embittered man and could have attempted privately to reach an amicable understanding with him."

This seems beyond the bounds of even a Washington's patience and contrary to what any army commander would tolerate.

THE GREAT MAN

The "respectful terms," which are no more than palaver, are followed by Lee's assertion that neither Washington nor those about his person "could be in the least judges of the merits or demerits of our manoeuvres. . . ." Lee then adds, on the one hand, that he (Lee) must leave the service, "at the head of which is placed a man capable of offering such injuries," and, on the other, that the man (Washington) is acting, not on his own, but "instigated by some of those dirty earwigs."

Washington may not have sworn at Lee on the field but when he read that taunt—almost in the words of Rush after Germantown—one can imagine the great fist banging the table and the inflammable material piled up since Basking Ridge on fire with a "By God, I'll stand this no longer, that wretched——"

If he paused for a word and Wayne was there, he probably said, "Caitiff, sir."

Wayne probably was there, since the burden of the case arose from his and Scott's testimony as Lee's brigadiers. Wayne's was: "I understood that we were to attack the enemy on their march at all events and General Washington would be near to support us with the main army." Scott's was: "I conceived [Lee] was to proceed on and wherever [he] met with the enemy to take the earliest opportunity to attack them."

Colonel Meade, of Washington's staff, said he gave the order, past 1 A.M. June 28, to Mercer to push six to eight hundred men forward without packs "to bring on an attack."

No one claimed that Lee disobeyed an order for full battle, but that he lost control of his command in the probing moments and that a disorderly and inexcusable retreat ensued.

That Lee was not equal to the situation in the confusion is curiously borne out by a sentence in his later testimony on the meeting with Washington. There, it must be repeated, was the experienced soldier, asked by the "amateur soldier" what was the meaning of the confusion. Friendly and hostile witnesses agreed that, like the now familiar frightened man before a microphone, he asked to have the question repeated. At the court-martial his

fantastic excuse was that he was disconcerted because he thought he would be praised!

Much has been made of the personal bias of the witnesses against Lee, particularly Washington's aides, with Wayne and Scott, and that Lee objected to Stirling, faithful to Washington, as president of the court-martial. It is suggested that these men and others of the court saw which way the wind was blowing and on which side their bread was buttered. This was also the view, two years later, of Benedict Arnold, who told Clinton that Washington's "pride would not let him acknowledge the truth and that all the officers in general have said since that Washington's popularity and Lee's unpopularity determined them to back [Washington]."

Fittingly enough, Aaron Burr was a witness for Lee. The whole business is not crystal-clear today. Back of the specific charges were suspicions of treachery, with much in the immediate past to support them. On the other hand, Gates and others—Knox, it must be conceded, among them—felt an injustice was done when the court-martial found Lee guilty on all three charges, except for striking out the adjective "shameful" before "disorderly retreat" and inserting "in some few instances."

Lee is such an unappealing character that it is hard to do him justice. Freeman seeks to by saying charitably that he is and was an enigma. While the details of his activities are indeed "a baffling or puzzling problem" he seems quite clearly to have been a familiar type of worthless, wrongheaded man, mined with conceit and absurdity.

Three days after his arrest he wrote Robert Morris, "Such is my recompense for having twice extricated this man [Washington] and his whole army out of perdition and now having given him the only victory he ever tasted." Nothing very enigmatic there.

As to the claim that all his behavior resulted from a deeprooted desire for peace between England and America, there is THE GREAT MAN 197

surely nothing in his record to indicate so noble an aim ever animated him.

He died in 1782, at fifty-one. Can anyone suppose that had he lived he would have gone on to any usefulness to himself or the country or to anyone except people like Freneau, Genêt, Wilkinson, or Burr?

THESE SURPRISES CAN ONLY BE ATTRIBUTED TO UNPARDONABLE INATTENTION

(July - December 1778)

As CLINTON reached New York, D'Estaing's French fleet was nearing the coast. On the face of it, nothing could be simpler or more agreeable. Here, in visible form, was naval and military assistance from the greatest power in Europe.

Yet it presented wholly new and enormous problems in military statesmanship and it seems safe to say that there was no one in Congress or the army competent to deal with them, except Washington.

If he did the wrong thing—erred only a little in tact, generosity, judgment or self-reliance—the alliance would either fail or America would become not an ally but what is now called a satellite.

It was not only that France was the ancient enemy, nor that her government was despotic and Catholic. There was the fact that Americans had neither precedent nor experience in dealing with an ally.

If the attitude of French volunteers in America was any precedent, D'Estaing might be expected to assert wide powers over the war, and there would be men in Congress, and the army, who would concede them.

On the other hand, rudeness, overemphasis on precedence and relative rank would offend them: "We have come a long way to help you," they would say—and nullify the alliance.

It is difficult to restrain one's admiration for the wisdom and balance of mind—the immediate air of complete ease and familiarity with the new situation—which Washington displayed, and the patience with which he accepted the early frustrations and reverses. Nothing must be allowed to happen to harm the alliance. Equally the French must understand that they had acquired an ally, not a satellite.

On July 13, D'Estaing brought his fleet, twelve ships of the line and four frigates, to anchor "in the roads at Sandy Hook." On board were four thousand soldiers. American headquarters was at White Plains.

With the picked harbor pilots sent to the fleet went "five of the best bullocks and two hundred sheep" Washington had ordered Wadsworth, the commissary general, to collect. They were, Washington wrote D'Estaing, "a small quantity of live stock which I flatter myself after a long sea-voyage will not be unacceptable."

Hamilton and the French-speaking John Laurens from the staff were sent to confer with D'Estaing.

They found him, a man of forty-nine and a distant cousin of Lafayette—they were twenty-one and twenty-four respectively—friendly and ready to enter the port and fight the British fleet. But it was found the channel was too shallow for their biggest ships, and on the twentieth D'Estaing decided to sail for Rhode Island and with Sullivan's force attack the British there on land and sea.

The disappointment was severe but Washington accepted "the frustration" with polite regret.

By the twenty-first Lafayette, with two brigades, was on the march to Rhode Island to join Sullivan, Laurens being assigned to D'Estaing as A.D.C. and Greene, a Rhode Islander, following as Q.M.G. and senior major general to support D'Estaing.

Washington and the main army were left with Stirling, Putnam, and Gates. There had been no shilly-shallying about giving D'Estaing the best, though John Butler "with 300 regulars, 1,500 Indians and a large body of Tories" was loose in the upper Susquehanna Valley and "many fugitives from Wyoming" were crowding into Bethlehem. The civil authorities at Cherry Valley, so soon to be massacred, were writing to Washington about the sale of Tory cattle and property and their aversion to the Massachusetts Continentals stationed there.

Benedict Arnold was writing from Philadelphia about his wounds, his desire for retirement, and his desire for a naval command, with shrewd postscripts such as "I enclose two letters received last evening from Mrs. Washington who was well when the express came from Virginia."

The Rhode Island venture went badly wrong. A British force of six thousand men under General Pigott was strongly placed on the island of Newport; Sullivan's headquarters were at Providence on the mainland. His strength, with the New Hampshire-Massachusetts Militia called out to support his Continentals, would soon be ten thousand men.

At noon on July 29, D'Estaing came to anchor off Point Judith and at evening stretched a line from that Point to Seconnet (fourteen miles).

Nothing could appear more certain than that Pigott, confined with six thousand men on a small island about thirty-five miles square, would be forced to surrender to a fleet and combined land force fourteen thousand strong. The chances were a hundred to one in favor of it, Washington wrote later, "it would have given the finishing blow to British pretensions of sovereignty over this country, and would, I am persuaded, have hastened the departure of the troops in New York, as fast as their canvas wings could carry them away."

At a council on D'Estaing's flagship it was decided that, on August 10, D'Estaing would land on the west shore of Newport, and Sullivan would come over from Tiverton at the northeast corner.

The effect of D'Estaing's naval cannonading on the eighth was to pull Pigott's force back to the works at Newport itself, and Sullivan, seeing it, crossed on D-Day minus 1, the ninth, and established his force.

While this would seem soldierly alertness to a new situation, it caused D'Estaing to remonstrate, apparently more from injured pride than because it deranged the general plan in the least. Part of his protest was to ask that Sullivan hand over the combined command to Lafayette.

Amidst the anger, Lord Howe's squadron appeared that afternoon under angry skies, and anchored to the seaward of Point Judith, blockading, though with fewer ships, the blockader. By nightfall the wind was out of the northeast and D'Estaing was able to put to sea, his troops still aboard, to fight. Both fleets went over the horizon the next day, and on the twelfth a great storm struck the land and sea.

As usual, American equipment suffered heavily, "owing to the badness of the [ammunition] boxes," and the militia morale fell, sending many home. Billeted in Newport and behind strong entrenchments, Pigott's men suffered less and Sullivan was unable to attack.

Not until the nineteenth did the French fleet limp back, badly damaged, to the roads, after Howe had made for New York.

Even then victory was in their hands.

D'Estaing sent word ashore, however, that his damage was such that he must sail to Boston to refit.

The shock to Sullivan was enormous. Two days, he said, would bring Pigott's surrender. All his general officers, except Lafayette, signed a protest to D'Estaing which was delivered by Laurens.

D'Estaing's position was unenviable. He was an army officer

in a joint command. All his naval officers demanded the move to Boston. Laurens reported to Washington that there was a "cabal" of French army officers against D'Estaing and the move. The Americans begged him at least to disembark his troops. All to no avail.

D'Estaing sailed on the twenty-third for a cold reception at Boston, where his ship *Caesar* was already putting her wounded from the naval engagement ashore.

By the twenty-eighth Sullivan's depleted force was obliged to pull back to the north end of the island, as Lafayette was sent to Boston to ask if D'Estaing was coming back. The British followed close on Sullivan, and on the twenty-ninth he was compelled to evacuate, which he did in good order.

The next day Sir Henry Clinton, with ships from New York and four thousand troops, arrived and the campaign was over. D'Estaing wrote an angry protest of his treatment to Congress.

Perhaps never in the war were there such might-have-beens, such chances missed, or, at its end, such likelihood that the alliance was unworkable.

To the latter, with his wonderful ability to perceive the main point, Washington directed all his attention. He wrote Lafayette, imploring him to restore harmony. He cautioned Sullivan and Heath against "the intemperance of the moment" and appealed to Greene to "heal all private animosities."

The British were not asleep to the propaganda value of the failure, Lord Carlisle issuing a statement pointing out the "preposterous connection [of] blind deference . . . toward a power [France] that has ever shown itself an enemy to all sight of civil and religious liberty."

When the full news reached Washington he broke off the plan for Scott and Wayne, with a thousand men each, to land below the Jumel mansion and seize the cove under Fort Washington, while the main army came down on New York in two columns. The plan was a thorough one, "some Germans to be with [Wayne's] party to answer if halted in that language . . . [they

are] to be brought by boat at night from Tarrytown . . . some boats actually to be taken [cross-country] to Mamaroneck to indicate the objective is Long Island Sound."

With Clinton and the British fleet back in New York, there were new fears for West Point and the Jerseys. Washington himself seems to have been convinced that they intended to evacuate New York and that Knyphausen's skirmishing at White Plains and Cornwallis's landing on the west side of the Hudson were ruses. Though he was wrong as to evacuation, he was right as to the unlikelihood of a major effort by Clinton, who wrote Germain on September 15 that when all dispositions were completed—reinforcing of Halifax and despatch of Grant with 3,000 men to the Floridas—he would have only 4,000 men in Rhode Island and 13,000 at New York, "hardly sufficient to hold the New York district. . . . I must beg leave to observe to your lordship that without this army is greatly reinforced it must remain on a most strict defensive next year."

In his immediately following dispatch he encloses a return, pointing out "how low we are in a stock [of provisions]. With great deference I submit to your lordship the consequence, if, by any accident, we should happen to fall short of provisions. . . . [It is] absolutely necessary for the safety of the army that there should be a larger supply in store."

Of this Washington was not wholly uninformed. He gave the greatest possible personal attention to the securing of intelligence and had a thoroughly modern realization that it is built up from a vast minutiae. He seems to have been an ideal intelligence officer, thorough, deceptive, unscrupulous, and inventive, the last two qualities being so at variance with his general make-up that one wonders whether it was not an outlet for the irrational side of his nature which he so suppressed. Even chaplains, preparing men, under sentence of death as spies or pushers of counterfeit Continental money, "for the other world," were ordered to seek and report military facts thus secured.

In September, Major Clough at Hackensack and General Scott

in Westchester were the principal intermediaries for the American spy system, and on them Washington impressed the fact that the movement of even one ship out of New York was of importance and the names of commanding officers of units on Long Island equally so. Ascertain, one order reads, "whether Coffin's and Anderson's store is still at New York and open." One wonders about the store. Was it a "drop" for patriot agents or did its existence indicate the British were bringing in consumer goods? "Send an intelligent person into the city," Clough is told. "Im-

"Send an intelligent person into the city," Clough is told. "Impress the enclosed upon his memory by repeating them to him.
. . . If the person who goes in cannot make an excuse of business he must be allowed to carry a small matter of provisions and bring something out by way of pretense."

To cover this, orders had to be given the militia commander at Hackensack Bridge "not to detain or molest any person shew-

ing a pass from Major Clough."

Though on this special duty, Clough was a major in Colonel Baylor's 3rd Continental Dragoons. Baylor, now twenty-six and Clough's junior in years, had, it will be recalled, distinguished himself at Trenton and been allowed to take the dispatch about it to Congress. He was a gallant young man but from the beginning in '75, when on the staff, Washington had indicated that he was of no great mental capacity. Accordingly he was by-passed on the intelligence assignment.

Furthermore, the situation was different from that around Philadelphia, and Allan McLane had been transferred from the outfit and was at West Point.

Baylor's command needed winter clothing and on September 22, by arrangement, he sent Captain Smith to headquarters for a warrant on Otis and Andrews in Boston to cover it. In the letter Colonel Baylor added, "I must beg leave to refer you to [Captain Smith] for the relation of an affray between the civil authority and Major Clough, my motive for troubling you with this dispute is that complaints have been made to the governor, who will probably make them known to you. . . ."

This eagerness on the part of a superior officer to make his case against a subordinate first was, as it turned out, a tragic omen of disaster to come. It is extraordinary that three gallant, patriotic men—Colonel Baylor, Major Clough, and Captain McLane—should have been in the same unit and unable to get along together. Perhaps the fact that their ages were inverse to their rank was a reason, plus the fact that each was excellent in one sphere, none in all.

Baylor's letter adds that he is moving to Paramus, "where the regiment can be quartered together, which is necessary both for our safety and the keeping of good order."

On the twenty-seventh Smith left headquarters for Boston. As he did, Baylor moved to Harrington, a mile closer to the Hudson, "two or three miles from Tappan."

Word of this move, with a considerable body of militia, reached Cornwallis in New York that evening and, in view of its threat to their foragers, two columns, one under Grey, were put across the river, with a third of the 71st and Simcoe's rangers in support. Deserters from all but Grey's columns warned the militia, who escaped.

"Gen'l Grey," Cornwallis reported, "conducted his march with so much order and so silently and made so good a disposition to surround the village of Old Tappan."

"Between three and four this morning," Colonel Otho Williams wrote to Washington, "the enemy conducted by a number of inhabitants surrounded [Baylor's] pickets and surprised the whole regiment. . . . Captain Stith, a sergeant and twelve or thirteen men who escaped have arrived here [at 11 A.M.]. Twenty of Baylor's horsemen killed . . . twelve or fourteen mortally wounded with the bayonet. A party is just gone to bring off the wounded and horses if possible. . . . Stith thinks Colonel Baylor and Major Clough are certainly taken as he saw Baylor and one troop at their quarters which were near his own. . . ."

The loss was far more severe—104 troopers killed, 67 by the

bayonet, Baylor wounded through the lungs and Clough mortally, both left by the British on parole at Orangeburg.

The surprise was a terrific blow to the pride of the army and attended, Washington wrote Gates and Greene, "with every circumstance of barbarity." Grey had repeated what he had done at Paoli and his whole loss was one man killed.

Clough died of his wounds in twenty-four hours and Baylor was a semi-invalid until his death six years later. He wrote pathetically to Washington three weeks later that he had personally checked the roads, "went out and examined the country . . . [believed it] a secure place [and had] guards and patrols out."

It is interesting to consider whether the surprise would have come off if Allan McLane had been there. For one hundred eighty-two days—from December 19, 1777, to June 18, 1778—his life "on the lines" depended on security against surprise. Farther back his superiors, Baylor and Clough, were usually able to sleep in comparative security and had not to learn what eternal vigilance is the price of. Or were many lives lost as a result of petty dissension between the first and second in command? They were brave, it was true, Steuben wrote Harry Lee, "but bravery never made an officer."

The army was not a band of brothers. Cadwalader had shot General Conway in a duel just after Monmouth. Wilkinson had twice challenged General Gates to a duel and there had been an absurd meeting without firing earlier in the month, after which Gates's aide and second, Kosciuszko, had challenged "Carter" (John Church), Schuyler's son-in-law, for calling him "a mercenary bravo."

On October 8, Otis and Andrews wrote that they would fill the order "for Colonel Baylor's regiment though we have little white cloth on hand and fear we can't buy enough for the demand."

That day Washington wrote General Scott that he had learned "with equal chagrin and astonishment of the new disgrace which has happened to Sheldon's Horse: these surprises can only be at-

tributed to the unpardonable inattention of officers and their scandalous sacrifice of every other consideration to the indulgence of good quarters."

Sheldon and his officers promptly protested the blanket charge and Washington replied:

I did not mean to reflect on Col. Sheldon or his field officers or the officers of that regiment *in particular* for negligence while upon communications [but to have field officers] point out to the subalterns who usually go on patrols the necessity of being constantly on horseback or in a situation to mount immediately. From the nature of the duty they are upon they should never take up quarters at any place. [Then curtly he concludes] Explain this matter to Colonel Sheldon and his officers and set them right.

Sir Henry Clinton that day asked his Royal Master to consider that, with the necessity of sending five thousand British troops to the Floridas and West Indies, a step "so fatal to the hopes of any future vigour in this army," he be allowed to resign as "I am no longer in a situation to promote his interests."

If the excellent intelligence agents sent into New York could have had access to Clinton's papers, or the British have had an Arnold, the war would have been shortened. As it was, Charleston, South Carolina, would shortly fall to them, though by October 3, General Lincoln at Fredericksburg (New York) was being briefed for his move to the Southern command.

Meantime, in Philadelphia, John Mitchell was busy shopping for the Commander in Chief. He could not find "a suitable chariot" nor a bearskin but he purchased:

... two very neat well made traveling trunks and sent in one of them a sett of canteens which Col. Cox bought at Egg Harbour for you [from the loot of a privateersman]... There was not a cut and thrust sword in the cargo of the prize ship—I have sent you a chain and swivel with a hook for your sword, it is the best I have been able to procure but hope to meet with one soon more elegant and fit for your use—hope the case and tea equipage meets your

aprobation—have now sent Your Excellency two dozens of ivory handled knives and forks and two carving knives and forks [this must have relieved Colonel Scammell] as those I sent before were not such as would do for your table. When better could be got, at that time no better could be procured.

He adds that he could not get tablecloths fit for the Commander's use but hoped to soon. The packing list, beside the trunk and canteens, covered

- 1 case porter
- 1 demijohn wine
- 1 demijohn pickles
- 2 hampers cheese

and then in a postscript, seven tablecloths and a large bearskin "to cover Your Excellency's horse saddle and furniture."

Aside from his own love of good things, it was important that the French minister not be able to sneer at headquarters as Lafayette had at the army going through Philadelphia.

There were the usual autumn resignations and requests for furloughs, the valuable Muhlenberg's and Grayson's among them. Oddly enough Aaron Burr wrote for once in a mood of self-sacrifice, saying he would renounce his pay while he had been on sick leave. Tilghman usually filed his letters unanswered but one can imagine the staff concluding this one must be answered.

Washington replied, "You in my opinion carry your ideas of delicacy too far when you propose to drop your pay [while ill]. It is not customary and would be unjust."

Meanwhile there was increasing anxiety over safety of the Pennsylvania and New York frontiers. After the Tory John Butler's ravaging of Wyoming on the Susquehanna, the Continental Colonel William Butler had retaliated against Unadilla. There was heavy and continuous pressure on Washington to protect these frontiers with Continentals. His position was that, as

in the states to the south, the militia must be the main defense force with the furthest Continentals, and they but single regiments at Fort Schuyler, Cherry Valley, Easton, and Fort Pitt, Pennsylvania. But he also realized that if crops were to be raised up to the frontiers the militia could not be continuously out and on October 22 he began correspondence with Governor Clinton and Generals Schuyler and Hand, looking to an invasion of western New York in the spring.

Two days before, the British fleet had put to sea and it was feared they were headed for Boston, where D'Estaing was still lying, and Burgoyne's captive army about to march to Virginia. The latter transfer put an additional heavy strain on the army to prevent their escape or their rescue, by a force that could land in Connecticut, intercepting them on a line of march Boston–Springfield–Hartford–Danbury–Peekskill–Morristown–Easton–York and south.

Gates was given the Boston command and Putnam moved to Hartford to support him if Boston proved to be the British objective. Sullivan in Providence was characteristically sure that Gates would, and was intended to, interfere with his command. In all this and other occasions tribute must be paid to General Heath, whom Gates relieved, and who in his perhaps dull but loyal way took the bad with the good without complaint.

November 3, D'Estaing sailed for the West Indies with his whole force. The next day Colonel Hand, with one regiment of the Massachusetts Line, asked permission to leave Cherry Valley because of local ill will and simultaneously Colonel Gansevoort, with the New York Line at Fort Schuyler, sent a warning to him that Cherry Valley was about to be attacked.

In the early morning of the fourth Walter Butler and Joseph Brant, with their Tories and Indians, surprised the settlement and the ghastly massacre followed.

With word of it came another dispatch, enclosing the "deposition of Adam Brown" of four days before that he had seen an enemy force on its way. Still the surprise was complete and

Klock's and Frederick Fischer's militia regiments slow to turn out. Wayne had been surprised, Baylor and Sheldon had been surprised, and now Cherry Valley and this by an enemy supposed to be incapable of anything but the formal warfare of Fontenoy and Minden.

By the sixteenth General James Clinton was on the march to Albany with two more Continental regiments and Washington wrote Hand that Pulaski's cavalry could come up from Minisink "if any retaliation is possible." None was immediately. As he wrote to Hand, Washington had a dispatch from George Gibson in Lancaster saying that the Western Indians "must be chastised and Detroit reduced" to protect the frontiers.

It will be recalled that Brigadier General Scott had been one of the principal intelligence intermediaries. Twice in October, however, he had acted with poor judgment, embroiling himself with the selectmen of Norwalk, Connecticut, and putting Jeremiah Wadsworth, the commissary general, under arrest. Washington had written that he regretted Scott's proceeding "to such extremity against Mr. Wadsworth. It is altogther contrary to rule to commit a person acting in that capacity to the provost guard . . . in case of neglect of duty or misdemeanor . . . the resolve of Congress directs that they tried by a court martial by order of the Commander-in-Chief."

This was followed on the twenty-seventh of October by a rebuke for sending inaccurate intelligence, but on the thirty-first Scott sent the first report from the now famous Long Islander, "Culper." The actual contact with Culper had fittingly been Major Benjamin Tallmadge, twenty-four, a Yale classmate of Nathan Hale.

On November 20, General Scott was eliminated from the chain and Washington ordered Tallmadge to report directly to him, saying, "You will observe the strictest silence with respect to C—— as you are to be the only person entrusted with the knowledge of conveyance of his letters." This did not exclude

some of the staff, as the order is in James McHenry's hand.¹
Thus began the long, famous, and invaluable use of the "C——s," Townsend of Oyster Bay and Woodhull of Setauket.
"I do not exactly recollect what sum of hard money General

"I do not exactly recollect what sum of hard money General Scott left in your hands," Washington wrote Colonel Henley at Bedford on the twenty-ninth, "but whatever you may now have be pleased to pay to Major Tallmadge who has occasion for it for a special purpose and let me know the amount."

Lafayette, who ordered McLane to pay fifteen guineas for one night's information, would have been derisive of the fact that Scott had got along since August with twenty-five pounds.

Scott had got along since August with twenty-five pounds.

On the twenty-sixth "Gen Nocks Parke of artillery marched for the Jersey's" and on December 1 "The [Headquarters] Guard left Pickskill and crossed at King's farrey and encampt after marching two and three is five miles." So one of the diaries read. The army was headed for winter quarters at Middlebrook, New Jersey, one of the smaller causes being the New York State laws against foraging.

On December 22, Washington left for Philadelphia, where Congress was sitting. On the fifth, after weeks of argument, they had confirmed the judgment of the court-martial against Charles Lee. The vote, by states as customary, was six to confirm, two against, three divided, and New Jersey and Delaware not voting. Washington found "idleness, dissipation and extravagance have

Washington found "idleness, dissipation and extravagance have laid hold on" Congress and wrote his well-known letter to his fellow Virginian, Benjamin Harrison: "In the present situation of things I cannot help asking where are Mason, Wythe, Jefferson, Nicholas, Pendleton, Nelson and another I could name [Harrison himself]." He had named four of the seven Virginia Signers as delinquents. The two Lees were in Congress and Braxton was busy sireing nineteen children.

¹There are some who will be delighted to know that "columnar forms for use in interrogating deserters and spies" were enclosed with directions to use!

COLONEL LAURENS'S INTREPIDITY BORDERING ON RASHNESS

(Christmas Week, 1778)

In the third volume of Irving's Life of Washington there is this paragraph:

[General Charles] Lee's aggressive tongue at length involved him in a quarrel with Colonel Laurens, one of Washington's aides, a high spirited young gentleman who felt himself bound to vindicate the honor of his chief. A duel took place and Lee was wounded in the side.

In substance this is all that writers on Washington, from the most idolatrous to the most hostile, have said of this affair. Yet if the surrounding circumstances and the timetable of movements of those concerned are analyzed, a question as to Washington's integrity arises more serious than has ever been brought against him. From the circumstantial evidence it is almost impossible to escape the conclusion that with towering hypocrisy he permitted an aide, twenty-four, to force a challenge on an ailing man of forty-six, contrary to the Articles of War on dueling, which he had assisted in framing, because of what the man had said against him. The evidence is not conclusive but it is fair to say it would be, were anyone but Washington involved.

¹Sparks did not mention it at all.

In considering the evidence, the general scene must be kept in mind. Philadelphia was a small city of forty thousand, where all officialdom saw each other every day and dined nightly with different hosts in shifting groups of ten or twelve. Most of these men were voluminous letter writers and their correspondents relied principally on their letters for news of what was going on, and in most cases, when their tempers were aroused, they wrote very freely. Those who had been for Gates and against Washington the year before were still as bitter. James Lovell wrote Gates in Boston, November 3, 1778, ". . . a pack of cursed Catalinarian rascals [is] plotting against you." Practically all the supporters of Gates supported Lee, when the verdict of the Court of Inquiry as to his conduct at Monmouth was reviewed by Congress. In short, party lines held firm.

Congress. In short, party lines held firm.

Charles Lee had been in Philadelphia since October, dining out like the rest at the Shippens' and elsewhere, and expressing himself about Washington with his usual freedom. Governor William Livingston wrote Greene in November that Lee was "speaking loudly against His Excellency, saying he is an old woman and has no stability." Lee also said enough against Von Steuben's conduct at Monmouth to provoke a challenge in November, which Lee declined. Steuben was at the time staying in the house of Henry Laurens, the president of Congress.

Congress itself was bitterly divided, not only on the Charles Lee matter, but on the larger issue arising from the Silas Deane-Arthur Lee (unrelated; brother of Richard Henry Lee) controversy. On Saturday, the fifth of December, Congress confirmed the findings of Charles Lee's misconduct at Monmouth. Henry Laurens, Roger Sherman, Oliver Ellsworth, James Duane, and Gouverneur Morris were among the ayes to confirm, and James Lovell, Sam Adams, and William Whipple among those conspicuously for Lee.

On Thursday, December 3, Lee had published a strong attack on Washington in a Philadelphia newspaper, *Dunlap's Gazette*, questioning his fitness for supreme command. As his case was still

sub judice it was not the act of a coward, though typical of his usual heedlessness.

John Laurens was then at his father's house awaiting the verdict. He wrote Hamilton that he would return to camp at Morristown the next day. He said he has seen "Lee's infamous publication. I have collected hints for an answer." He says he wants Hamilton's counsel and that the answer must be made "in a masterly manner." He was detained in the city, possibly by the heavy rain on Sunday, and did not leave until Monday, the seventh, carrying with him four letters from friends. They are not without interest. Two were from Cadwalader, who had wounded Conway in a duel the previous July 4 and whom Washington had just made a brigadier general. One of Cadwalader's letters was to the Commander, declining the promotion with great regret, and the other was to General Greene, thanking him belatedly for his concern "for me in a late affair [the Conway duel]." The letter adds that the verdict of Congress means Lee will never serve again and says, "I think it would have been better if he never had." The third letter was from Colonel Walter Stewart to his friend Anthony Wayne, at Morristown. "I would to God Lee was this minute relating the Battle of Monmouth in the other world." (The following month Wayne challenged Lee to a duel.)

That rainy Sunday, the sixth, Washington was at Elizabeth Town, from where he wrote Greene that "Ham and I" would be at headquarters the next day. The letter speaks with fond joviality of "the modesty and merits" of *Ham* and it is important to note the friendly intimacy then existing between them.

When Laurens reached Morristown, Hamilton was not there, having been sent from Elizabeth to Perth Amboy to meet British officers coming out with a flag from New York to arrange an exchange. The weather was very bad, delaying the British boats, and Hamilton was not through with the mission until Friday the eighteenth. Meanwhile Laurens was fuming at headquarters. The fourth letter he had brought had been for Washington from

Joseph Reed, then president of Pennsylvania, and was also about Lee's letter in *Dunlap's Gazette*.

To this Washington replied in his own hand on Saturday the twelfth. He spoke jovially of the military situation and "Sir Harry's late extraordinary manouevre up the North River had kept me on the march. What did or could prompt the Knight?" and seemed to brush aside the Lee matter as unworthy of notice. Then, however, he added the rhetorical question of whether "Not to attempt a refutation is a tacit acknowledgement of the justice of his assertions." Possibly John Laurens had been pressing the point.

Meanwhile Lee had himself written the Commander, asking for permission to meet a Colonel Butler of the British Army under a flag on a private business matter. Nothing treasonable or improper is suggested by the then routine request and permission was granted.

The day Lee received it he sent to Gates in Boston "a paper [adverse to Washington] on the subject of poor Conway's case—get it published in the Boston papers if you can." Then, like Lovell a month before, he warned Gates that "there is a mine under your feet, the train ready laid."

Saturday the nineteenth, Hamilton reached camp from Amboy to talk to the impatient Laurens. Among the letters awaiting him was one from Von Steuben asking for advice as to what to do about Lee's refusal of his challenge. Hamilton wrote him he would shortly be in Philadelphia for "a tête-à-tête" on the matter. The big piece of news was that Congress had requested Washington's attendance in Philadelphia and that he would spend Christmas there as Henry Laurens's guest in Chestnut Street,² with Hamilton and John Laurens as aides.

We of course do not have any idea what Laurens and Hamilton said to each other about this, but we know that Laurens left Morristown for the city on Sunday and that day, the twentieth,

²On December 11, John Jay had succeeded Laurens, in normal rotation, as president of Congress.

sent his challenge to Lee, presumably in a form agreed with Hamilton.

The invitation to Philadelphia had been fortunate in making possible Laurens's presence there and permitting Hamilton to act as his second. But if Washington was not to know that Laurens intended to fight Lee, the fact that they would all be under the same roof, subject to the Commander's call at all times, must have been a worry.

Lee chose that day to write his well-known and somewhat salacious letter to Rebecca Franks, but did not reply to the challenge until Tuesday. Meanwhile on Monday, Washington, in Hamilton's hand, wrote Lord Stirling that he was going to Philadelphia for Christmas and that "the command of the army would devolve" on him.

Then on Tuesday morning, again in Hamilton's writing, an Order of the Day was issued to the army announcing the agreement of Congress to the findings against Lee and also the acquittal on old charges (of 1777) of St. Clair and Schuyler, to whom letters of congratulation were sent. It seems a little odd that Headquarters, having had this news since the seventh, should have waited until then to publish it. Presumably all who needed to know did know and one must wonder whether Washington had intended to leave it at that and was persuaded by Hamilton to publish it. In any event we see how close the two were during this period. That afternoon Washington, accompanied apparently only by Hamilton and the escort, left headquarters and reached Philadelphia late that evening. By that time Laurens had Lee's note accepting the challenge³ and agreeing to a meeting at three-thirty the next afternoon, December 23.

*No copy of the challenge appears to exist and the original was evidently lost in the dispersal of the Lee Papers about 1875. In the Memoir of the Life of the Late Charles Lee, Esq. . . . and Second in Command in the Service of the United States of America During the Revolution, published in Dublin, 1792, this paraphrase occurs:

"That in contempt of decency and truth, [Lee] had publickly abused General Washington [and that] the relation in which [Laurens] stood to him forbade him to pass such conduct unnoticed; he therefore demanded the satisfac-

If the two aides desired to keep the meeting a secret, they now faced two embarrassing possibilities. Washington might well say to either or both, "I shall want to go over with you this afternoon what I am going to tell Congress tomorrow." They could not beg off on the grounds that they had a prior engagement with Lee, nor could they well advise Lee that they could not meet him because the Commander in Chief required their presence.

The Journals of Congress make clear that Washington was

The Journals of Congress make clear that Washington was officially received by it on the morning of the twenty-fourth, but there is an interesting contradiction of this in the diary for the twenty-third of John Fell, a member. It reads: "General Washington visited Congress," and then in an N.B. it says, "Gen'l Lee and Lt. Coll. Laurens fought a duel." Is it possible that these resourceful young men persuaded Henry Laurens to take the Commander to Congress informally on the critical afternoon in order to leave them free?

In any event, at the appointed hour "a duel [was] fought between General Lee and Col. Laurence [sic] one of General Washington's aides de campes in which General Lee received a wound in the belly by a pistol shot" and at the conclusion Hamilton and Evan Edwards, Lee's second, signed a statement as to the due decorum which prevailed.

None of The Letters of Members of the Continental Congress written the next day mentions the duel, nor is there further reference to it in the Hamilton, Reed, Steuben, Stewart, Gates, or Lee Papers.

On Christmas Day, "excessively cold with snow," Samuel Holten, a Massachusetts member, "dined at the president's of the state [Reed], General Washington and his lady and suite, the president of Congress [Jay], Colonel Laurence, my colleague, General Whipple, [pro-Lee] and Don Jaime [Miralles] present." Did no one speak of the duel? If so, there is no record.

tion to which he was entitled and desired that as soon as General Lee should think himself at liberty he would appoint time and place and name his weapons."

Dearborn's journal, January 10, 1779.

For some reason, on Christmas Eve, Lee wrote Washington for permission to meet Colonel Butler again—with no mention of his wound—and on the twenty-sixth Washington gave it and ordered General Maxwell to arrange. Although Lee's wound was slight, is it not curiously callous that Washington made no mention of it? With his fine manners and his scrupulous attention to what people thought, would we not expect him to have written of his relief that the unhappy affair had no worse ending?

January 11 of the New Year, Sir Henry Clinton finished a routine dispatch to Lord George Germain. Then he added a single sentence: "Gen'l Lee is wounded in a duel, but slightly." Very likely one of the staff came in at that moment with the New York Gazette, for it carried the news on the eleventh:

By a gentleman from New Jersey we are informed that a duel was lately fought at Philadelphia between Major General Lee and Mr. Laurens, son of the president of Congress and A.D.C. to General Washington in which General Lee was wounded in the side but the wound being slight he was recovered and was at Elizabeth Town last Friday [January 8] on the way to headquarters at Middlebrook.

That Friday poor Lee received and declined Anthony Wayne's "demand for satisfaction."

Another letter is to be noted as indicating the continuing hostility between the Lee-Gates-Conway group and those around Washington.

In the Gates Papers is a draft of a letter dated January 2. It is in reply to one from Conway, who was on his way to France and wanted a letter which Gates said had been left by him at his house in Virginia. But, Gates goes on, he would hesitate to release it in any event as "on the face of the publication and without trial we would be found guilty of dissuading the true believer from the divine worship due to the Alexandrine statue. . . ."

The questions are, is it conceivable that Washington had fore-knowledge of and approved the duel? Is it conceivable that in the

narrow world and the brief time interval he could have been ignorant of it, making all allowance for the isolation of a Commander in Chief? Could Washington, with his great position, have stooped to letting young Laurens force Lee to fight him? What was the position of Henry Laurens, Washington's host and the duelist's father, in all this?

Let us first consider the character of John Laurens. Any normal person must find his life as a whole the epitome of the young cavalier. He rushed home from France at the outset of the war, fought throughout it, except for a brief, brilliant financial mission to Paris, was twice wounded, and then was killed in a skirmish long after Yorktown. From their letters, his relations with his father were that of the ideal father and son, one of respect and affection. How completely Henry Laurens is the proud father after Monmouth when he writes his wounded son, "Thank goodness for the escape of you, my dear fellow citizen. . . . Get yourself a new horse. Draw on me for the very best you can meet with." And what more delightful than the son's letter from Valley Forge, of all places, asking his father to send him some powder and pomatum for his hair.

Four years before, in South Carolina, Henry Laurens had considered himself forced to accept a challenge but at the duel had refused to fire. He then wrote his son, "You know my opinion, you know my abhorrence of duels. I can say no more here to dissuade you from such [future] folly, such madness. . . ." This makes evident that the senior Laurens shared the enlightened opinion of the time that dueling was an absurdity, which settled nothing—since luck was the arbiter—and morally wrong. This was the opinion of Washington. He blocked Lafayette's ridiculous proposal to fight Lord Carlisle and told Greene he was under no obligation of any sort to fight a junior officer who challenged him. Colonel Timothy Pickering, of whose courage there could

⁵In other words, Washington had no tenuous obligation as "a gentleman and man of honor" to let Laurens fight, once he had challenged, because otherwise Laurens would be held in contempt as a coward.

be no question, when challenged by Colonel Udny Hay replied that dueling was an absurd and barbarous practice. "I was neither afraid nor ashamed to say I should not fight."

It therefore must be clear that the so-called "Code of Honor" was not from Sinai and that Lee could have refused Laurens's challenge without loss of face. It was intolerable that he should be forced to fight someone who was a third party.

All this seems to bear out the fact that neither Washington nor Henry Laurens knew of the challenge. It would be incredible to suppose the father would approve his son's risking his life for "folly and madness," and equally incredible that Washington knew while Henry Laurens did not. He was Laurens's guest, in Macbeth's words, "in double trust . . . strong both against the deed," and he remained there with Mrs. Washington until February 2, 1779.

In spite, therefore, of the extraordinary circumstances of time and place it seems evident that neither Washington nor Henry Laurens knew in advance, a conclusion strongly buttressed by the fact that Washington's strongest detractors of the time never asserted the contrary.

At the same time it seems to have struck no one as strange that neither Laurens nor Hamilton was punished for his conduct. There is one exception.⁶

However singlehearted their devotion to Washington, however despicable and provocative Lee seemed to them, the conduct of Laurens and Hamilton was outrageous. Above all Washington should have been able to count on them never to compromise his position by heedless or indiscreet conduct. The first duty of each was to him, and Hamilton's when he knew of the challenge was greater to Washington than to his friend. So critical still was

⁶In Paul Leicester Ford's old novel *Janice Meredith*, the hero, Colonel Brereton, is a composite of half a dozen of the A.D.C.'s. He fights and wounds Lee as Laurens did and is saved temporarily from transfer from the staff to the line by alleging, to a furious and shocked Washington, that half his motive in fighting was an insult from Lee to Brereton's sweetheart. The Rebecca Franks letter is adjusted to fit the plot.

the political division that he should have warned Washington, even at the cost of Laurens's friendship, though obviously this required a quality which few men have and which, paradoxically, is not very admirable.

Actually did both young men, to paraphrase Macbeth, feel that if their elders were "innocent of the knowledge" they would afterward "applaud the deed"? It is of passing interest to note that, after Lachlan McIntosh had killed Button Gwinnett in a duel, he wrote first to John Laurens to ask him to intercede with Washington for a transfer and a command in the North. And that this was arranged.

As has been said, historians generally dismiss or minimize the Cabal against Washington. But it should be realized that "Cabal" is the word used constantly in the Revolutionary correspondence and that many sensible men then were sure a Cabal existed and continued in its original form long after January 1778.

Typical of their opinion is the letter Edward Rutledge wrote John Jay on the Christmas Day we are concerned with:

I fear and with some reason that a damned infamous Cabal is forming against our Commander-in-Chief and that whenever they shall find themselves strong enough they will strike an important blow. I give you this hint that you may be on your guard and I know you will excuse me for doing so, when you recollect that there are some men of our acquaintance, who are in the possession of all the qualities of the devil, his cunning not excepted . . . how necessary it is to oppose a Cabal in its infancy. Were it in my power, I would stifle it in its birth, Conway, the Lees and M—— . . . besides an abundance of snakes that are concealed in the grass.

This is an inflammatory letter written though by a sensible man to another one. On the previous July 6, Henry Laurens had written one to his son in equally strong terms.⁷ There can be

By ironic accident this is one of the few Revolutionary letters so badly damaged as to be only partially legible. The original is in the possession of the Long Island Historical Society.

little doubt that it refers to Charles Lee, though the name does not occur in the legible portion. In part it reads:⁸

his pretences to have Philadelphia at the—
the justness of my observation that the whole—
conduct in this City carried the face of
stratagem-not subsisted, a concerted plan by
which our

Army was
to have been disgraced, perhaps remind—he
would not have
——mself to the fatigues and hazards of
loss by various
——nd march, or if necessity had
obliged him
——Army could have been far enough

--- to the man I suspected as Judas . . .

The excerpts may indicate that Laurens knew of the plan which Charles Lee, while a prisoner, had given Sir William Howe, or it may refer to Lee's opposition to crossing the Delaware (east-bound June 1778) instead of moving to the Chesapeake. It was written after Laurens had word from his son of Lee's curious conduct at Monmouth and it may be intended to say, "I agree he was a Judas at Monmouth, and here are two other examples."

It therefore may be that in challenging Lee young Laurens persuaded himself that he was doing what South Carolinians like his father and Rutledge would approve of, but he must have known this was not the case for this reason. The British Army Regulations prohibited duels, making the challenge the crime, and ruling that the challenged party was not to be held in contempt for refusing. In drawing up the Articles of War on June 30, 1775, the Continental Congress greatly weakened this fiat.

*The broken lines of the original are followed, the breaks indicating the scorched or illegible parts.

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Washington at once protested that dueling must be prohibited. A committee of five, one of whom was Edward Rutledge, was appointed to revise the article and did so by adopting the British code in its entirety.

The young men, therefore, risked court-martial, they risked compromising their Commander and earning his grave displeasure. After the event they must have been confronted with their lies, deceits, and "stratagems." But they somehow felt it was worth it all to have a shot at Charles Lee. It is easy to understand how they felt about a man like Lee—tricky, unbalanced, personally unattractive, disloyal, with hardly an attribute of an officer and a gentleman.

The conclusion must be that they somehow managed to keep foreknowledge of the duel from their elders. The servants of the Laurenses' house and their own and Washington's body servants must all have known, but their strongest loyalties would have been to the brave young masters. The strangest part of it all is that Lee kept the secret. One would have supposed that he or his friends would have let it slip to Washington at Congress on the twenty-third. Apparently there was some ultimate punctilio beyond which even Lee would not go.

In 1785, in reply to a letter from the Reverend William Gordon, who was at work on his history, Washington wrote of John Laurens: "He had not a fault that I ever could discover unless intrepidity bordering upon rashness could come under that denomination; and to this he was excited by the purest motives."

TO SAY TRUTH, MY LORD, MY SPIRITS ARE WORN OUT

(1779)

DANUARY brought the usual flood of complaints and problems from the general officers, many of their letters to Washington reading more like those of branch managers in business than of soldiers.

At Fort Pitt, Brodhead could not get along with Lachlan McIntosh; McDougall in Peekskill must have leave to visit a sick wife; Varnum in Providence had a variety of complaints and, when told what to do about them, his feelings were very much hurt. Washington patiently calmed him down, saying that the sentiments in his reply "were of a general nature not directed to any particular corps [since the troubles complained of were common to all] and had reference to a prudence and circumspection of language before the soldiers [and] adequate punishment in case of licentious behavior [by officers]."

Old Put at Redding, Connecticut, had his usual difficulty in saying what was the matter until, gently dealt with, he said he must "ask permission to be absent from camp for about thirty days as my domestic affairs are in much confusion." Put was now a widower of sixty-one and at the close of his letter he summoned courage to speak out: "I have a further view in soliciting this indulgence which is to lay an anchor to windward for a wife, again [sic] the expiration of the war."

And Pulaski was still a problem. "What can or ought to be

done with the Independent Corps of Pulaski's command," Washington wrote Congress on New Year's Day. "They are very expensive and troublesome to the inhabitants and dissatisfied in themselves." They were passing through Bethlehem to winter quarters in Lebanon, sixty-five miles away to the southwest, as he wrote. In February they were moved to Wilmington and from there on the fifth ordered to join Lincoln in South Carolina. When that campaign was done Pulaski had his death wound and troubled no one any more.

In New York, Clinton's "spirited army," as he described them to Germain, had "a seasonable relief" when "four sail of victuallers" came in, after the British troops "without a symptom of discontent had lived for several days on indifferent oaten bread."

Washington remained in Philadelphia in conference with Congress until mid-February. The waste, luxury, and dissipation in the city troubled him as did the quality of most of the Congress. He wrote George Mason: "I cannot refrain lamenting in the most poignant terms the fatal policy too prevalent in most of the states of employing their ablest men at home in posts of honor or profit."

The extravagance impressed him so much that he even wrote to Major Tallmadge, with regard to intelligence from Culper, "There are regular expresses between Danbury and head quarters of the army and you . . . needn't in future send a special messenger the whole way. Send your letters to General Putnam at or near Danbury letting him know that they are to be forwarded with despatch. I shall get them sooner than by a single express."

A much bigger business than all this was meanwhile being studied. Almost from the start of the war Washington had made clear his "inability to guard every part of the country." At the same time, "It wounds me sensibly," he wrote Joseph Reed, "[that people should believe there is] any distinction [in] my equal attitude to the security and welfare of the different states."

It was always possible, even with George Rogers Clark now

holding Vincennes, that the whole long frontier from northern New Hampshire to Fort Schuyler on the Mohawk, southwest through Pennsylvania to Fort Pitt, down the mountains to Georgia, would be set in flames by the redskins and redcoats.

Thus far the valleys of the Mohawk and the upper Susquehanna had suffered the most from the Tory Butlers and, unknown to Washington at the time, Sir Henry Clinton was advised by one of his agents that the laboratories and magazines at Carlisle would be surrendered without a shot to Colonel John Butler if he but appeared.

Carlisle was seventeen miles west of the Susquehanna and only thirty *northwest* of York, through which supplies and replacements came from the south.

The Butler-Johnson-Indian raids had not only taken a sickening toll of women and children, but a continuance of them through another crop and animal-breeding year would diminish food for the army and threaten the frontier with starvation.

There could be no successful defense in detail against them, able as the raiders were to approach by forest trails and streams and to strike with complete surprise.

But if a Continental expedition moved in strength into the heart of the Indian country between the Susquehanna and Fort Niagara and laid it waste, crops, fruit trees, and villages, the deterrent to further attack would be not only specific but general, even to the Cherokees in the South, who would quickly know what had happened.

The idea had been in Washington's mind at least since the Cherry Valley massacre in November the previous year. By the end of January '79 it was in the stage of full planning.

The plan was for an organized army, such as Braddock's, and not for "Indian fighters," with a continuation of which and with whose tactics many seem to feel the war could have been quickly won. But every lesson learned from Braddock's defeat was applied.

In addition to the main force, moving by either the Mohawk

or the Susquehanna, it was hoped that McIntosh could move out of Fort Pitt in sufficient strength to reach Lake Erie, beyond Venango, Pennsylvania, and ninety miles west of the Tory stronghold at Fort Niagara.

No campaign has ever been more thoroughly planned. McIntosh was ordered "to have the country well explored.... [Will the trails] be wet or dry, level or broken.... [Report on number of] guides, canoes and boat-handlers [required].... When the Northern Indians go to war with the Southern they fall into [use] the Alleghany River... do they travel by land or water to the Alleghany.... When will grass be high enough for horses and the waters have fallen [to make fording possible]."

Schuyler in Albany was sent a long questionnaire "on routes against the Six Nations" and Hand at Minisink was asked for detailed reports of their conditions and current customs. A tactful letter was sent Schuyler, who was arguing for a Mohawk River expedition, on the advantages of the Susquehanna.

Colonel Patterson at Sunbury, on the Susquehanna, was informed of the general plan for his eyes alone. Greene, Q.M.G. in Philadelphia, was given a preliminary estimate of requirements. Wadsworth in Hartford, not in the secret, was ordered to increase supplies on the Susquehanna, and Schuyler asked to reduce, if possible, his "estimate of necessities."

On March 6, "confidential advice" was given to Gates in Boston and the command offered to him. He was the victor at Saratoga and had been with Braddock. In Boston, so Colonel Palfrey, Greene's A.D.Q.M.G., informed him, "General Gates's family had been involved in quarrels ever since their arrival."

Gates replied on the fifteenth of March, declining the command on the grounds of his health, saying rather pathetically, "... it grieves me that Your Excellency should offer me the only command to which I am entirely unequal. You may be assured

^{&#}x27;It was of course better to have the command go to a younger man. Gates was doubtless not in robust health, but it may be noted that he lived twenty-six years longer to a hale seventy-eight.

of my inviolable secrecy." He thereupon resigned the Boston command and, as at Trenton, went off to Congress to join Mifflin, Lovell, and others still arguing for Charles Lee—not a happy, sensible man among them.

Not until the sixteenth of April were the plans, with the offer of command, shown to Sullivan, who accepted.

An officer and four troopers were needed to bring the headquarters papers from York and the only special orders about them were "to be careful in not suffering the papers to get wet in passing brooks and also to see the waggon is well covered."

There would be many French guests coming to Middlebrook, and to Mitchell in Philadelphia went an order for more "Queen china." It is hard to account for all the table china ordered for headquarters. So much was needed that one wonders if the family were in the habit of throwing it at each other.

- 2 large turennes
- 3 dozen dishes
- 8 dozen plates
- 3 dozen soup ditto
- 8 table drinking mugs
- 8 ditto salts and some pickle plates

Also six tolerable genteel but not expensive candlesticks all of a kind and three pair of snuffers to them— I wish for as much fur as will edge a coat, waistcoat and breaches and that it may be sent me as soon as possible—let this be accompanied by 2 pounds of starch.

A good hat from the Commander's old hatter, Parish, if possible, is wanted but "I do not wish by any means to be in the extreme of the fashion either in the size or manner of cocking it."

Mitchell replied March 6 that all the articles had been forwarded except the hat, which was not finished. It was a seller's market. "The extravagant price of the articles will no doubt astonish you but there was no alternative, give the price or leave them was all cou'd be obtained from the holders—with much difficulty they could be got at any price."

Everyone seems to have been very cheery at camp. Dearborn

says there was an "Elligant ball...learge number of very fine ladies" on Washington's birthday and a Masonic party a little later, with "three hundred thirty three fine ladies," and it was in mid-March that Washington, at forty-seven, danced his three-hour marathon with Catherine Greene, twenty-one years younger.

The oft-quoted incident sounds so much like legend that it is a pleasure to note that it was confirmed by the person best able to watch the time pass—General Greene himself, who, with his stiff knee, could not dance.

He stated the elapsed time in a cheery letter to Jeremiah Wadsworth on the nineteenth, saying they had had "a pretty little frisk a few evenings past."

From Dearborn's figures, there were enough girls for everyone to have a partner but if not Congress had sent out three thousand copies of Steuben's Manual for the officers to read, and very thorough, though not new, it was. Its great value was that it set out in one volume the right way to do everything, from the way to change fronts or pass a defile to "The Manner of Entering a Camp."

On April 3 all the officers of Dearborn's brigade turned out and played a game of ball, "the first we have had this year," and by the tenth the peach trees in Jersey were "beginning to blow."

There was a flurry of excitement when Maxwell, from Elizabeth, reported a British embarkation and McDougall and Putnam on the two shores of the Hudson were alerted, but the move was a ruse.

Gérard, the French minister, came to headquarters on the twenty-fourth. Colonel Harrison wrote Steuben, acting as liaison officer with the minister, that "General Washington will be glad to see and provide a good room at Headquarters for Gerrard [sic] but not for his suite [though they will be] close by." This was the visit when Gérard's secretary saw Washington "catching" for hours with his aides in the sunshine—that day Greene sat down to write a most human letter to the Commander.

This great man, with a sacrificial adaptability possessed by none of the others, had now for a year been quartermaster general and a major general of the line, "to double business bound" if ever a man was. He had to preach "method and economy" to the army and to his civilian deputy, the able Charles Pettit. He had to cleanse the Augean stables to find a thousand pack horses for Sullivan, and as soon as that Herculean labor was accomplished Sullivan, like every commander, said he must have five hundred more. This, apparently, was the last straw and Greene asked to be sent to fight in South Carolina. He was persuaded to stay on, while Sullivan asked for more and more equipment.

Reading Sullivan's requirements for tents a month later, Greene wrote him, with Washingtonian patience, "As the expedition you are going upon is not very well calculated for spreading markees I hope you won't demand a greater number than necessity calls for."

And he sent a letter to Joseph Reed, chief executive of Pennsylvania, asking "every possible exertion to forward us cattle and salted provisions for the campaign. Much fault is found by a Southern Gentleman [Washington] with your state for want of proper exertions.... The Great Man appears to be reserved and silent but is confirmed [in his opinion]."²

Meantime the British were not unaware of what was brewing. They knew on April 2 of their "Hamilton's misfortune," as they called his surrender to George Rogers Clark at Vincennes. But Haldimand, commanding at Montreal, also took seriously the rumor, marvelously spread, that D'Estaing, with four thousand men and all his artillery, was close to Vincennes.

On the sixth Colonel van Schaick with six hundred of his Continentals moved out of Fort Schuyler and laid waste the Onondagas' "castle," taking a child of Joseph Brant's as a hostage. By mid-May the Butlers at Niagara were sure from their runners

²One is not sure whether there was some personal coolness between Washington and Greene at this time. There have been suggestions that the Commander was unduly attentive to Caty, though there is no evidence, and about the first of May the lady conceived.

and very modern propaganda handbills, circulated by the Continental counterintelligence, that General Hand with three thousand men would ascend the Susquehanna, while Wayne moved up the Allegheny. They so reported to Haldimand.

As early as January, in his instructions for McIntosh's scouts operating from Fort Pitt, Washington had told McIntosh that "if scouts betray the confidence reposed in them, they will [thereby] deceive the enemy in every quarter [to believe] we are ourselves undetermined [as to our routes and objectives]." In short, the more wild rumor the better.

Three days after John Butler's report Dearborn's journal records: "I am ordered to march tomorrow [from Fishkill] with 2nd and 3rd New Hampshire battalions to Easton in Pennsylvania." He crossed the Delaware there on May 26, as Wadsworth was ordered to move all stores back from the Massachusetts-Rhode Island-Connecticut coasts.

One of General Maxwell's double-agents at Elizabeth was supplied with a letter he was to hand over to the British in New York, saying that he had sent certain questions "to a friend of his near [the Continental] camp and received the answers."

"Copy it," Washington instructed Maxwell, "in an indifferent hand, preserving the bad spelling." These are excerpts:

- I. Where is Mr. W. and what number of men has he with him? Answer: Can't tell the number exactly—some says 8,000 and very knowing hands ten thousand. I don't think he had 8,000 with himself besides the Jersey brigade. General W. keeps headquarters at Mrs. Wallis's house four miles from Boundbrook.
- 2. What number of cannon has Mr. W. with him and what general officers?
 - Answer: About sixty cannon in the park at Plukemin and not more than 8 or 10 with his troops. The general officer is Gen'l Sterling and Gen'l Greene.
- 3. Whether there is to be a draft of militia to join Mr. W. and whether the inhabitants like it?

 Answer: The militia is all ready to come out when signals is fired

which is pleaced up in all places in Jersey. They seem very angry with the British.

- 4. Whether there is any discontent among the soldiers?

 Answer: I can't say there's any discontent among the sodgers, tho' their money is so bad. They are very well off only for hatts. They give them a good deal of rum and whiskey and this I suppose helps with the lies their officers are always telling them to keep up their spirits.
- 5. Whether the inhabitants would resort to the King's standard, provided a post was taken in Jersey and civil governments established. *Answer:* The people talk much as they used to. I don't know whether many would join them.
- 6. Give your account of the situation of the army with every other matter you can collect.

Answer: Mr. W's army is in three parts. . . . They all seem to be getting ready for something . . . they are bringing in horses from the country . . . a friend who keeps always with them thinks something very good if it could be known for he heard of a servant of Lord Starling's say that he heard Lord Starling tell another officer that he hoped they would have New York before long.

Don't forget to bring what I wrote for when you were last out. P.S. Don't send your next letter by the same hand for I have reason to be suspicious. When he left me he went strait to W's head-quarters.

One would like to know the names and fates of these double-agents who, apparently entirely for money, carried out these hazardous assignments. In New York there was a Tory with the wonderful name of Bezaleel Kerr whose letters to his wife and Fred Kisselman in Philadelphia, written interlinearly in milk—"toast the letters well for all the secrets will be between the lines"—were intercepted.

Meanwhile gifts of food and wines began to arrive from the Spanish agent, Miralles. From him James Mitchell sent out:

1 barrel of white sherry wine

1 bottle case with six chrystal flasks six of whom large and six small —a small box with six gilt vessels

I small box full of sigarres of the Havannah In the box marked M the following articles

20 cakes of chocolate without sugar for their better preservation in the hot season, and that every body might sweeten them according to his own taste

1 farro of Guayava

1 do of Gicaca

1 small box of sweetmeats of Guayava

1 lata of fine Havannah tobacoo

1 do for Mrs. Greene [!]

This was Mitchell's translation of Miralles' packing list in ornate lettering.

On May 31 the marching orders were sent to Sullivan:

The expedition you are to command is to be directed against the hostile tribes of the Six Nations of Indians with their associates and adherents. The immediate objectives are the total destruction and devastation of their settlements and the capture of as many prisoners of every sex and age as possible. It will be essential to ruin their crop now in the ground and prevent their planting more.

[Assemble at] Wyoming and proceed thence to Tioga . . . establish such intermediate posts [on the way into the heart of the Indian settlements] as you think necessary for the security of your communications and convoys. General rules . . . make rather than receive attacks, attended with as much impetuosity, shouting and noise as possible . . . rush on with the war-whoop and fixed bayonets. . . . Inspect all arms after a rain or the passage of any deep water. . . . [Brigadier James Clinton's brigade will rendezvous with you at Tioga.]

Elaborate instructions were sent Sullivan and Clinton on cooperation and the order of march diagramed in detail.

On June 5, Sullivan was at the Sun Inn. What a contrast to the December, thirty months before—the British now not strong

enough, it seemed, to come out of New York to fight and Sullivan about to invade and lay waste their allies' lands. That day, however, Lincoln was writing from South Carolina of his bad situation.

Another letter of stark yet dramatic brevity was written that day. In fifteen words "Culper" wrote a melodrama to Major Tallmadge: "I was in town that night you was. I wish I had a known it." Culper may have been looking for an additional informer, someone, as Washington wrote Tallmadge a week later, who would "be critical in his observations rather than a mere retailer of vulgar reports."

On June 14, Washington left headquarters at Smith's Cove (near Suffern, New York) for a three-day inspection trip to West Point where Heath had been reappointed G.O.C. It was a pleasant touch to leave Putnam in command of the army and must have delighted the ailing veteran.

The Sun Inn register and the Moravian diary note Mrs. Washington's stopover "on her way from headquarters to Virginia," and that with Sullivan and some of his brigadiers "she attended service in the evening."

On the twenty-sixth Wayne was given command of the picked light infantry of the main army and two days later was ordered to send a flag into Stony Point under a pretext, the flag officer to be a man capable of quick observation. The officer chosen was Captain Allan McLane, who since the ninth, at his request, had been attached to Henry Lee's corps, commanding "an alert body of infantry." Lee had said he would "derive particular assistance from the approved zeal, prudence and activity" of McLane.

July opened sadly and ominously. On the second Julia, a daughter of the Knoxes, died "in the Vanderveer House near Bedminster [Far Hills, New Jersey]." Common as infant mortality was at the time, letters of parents all make it clear it was no

^{*}One of Washington's horses was kept in New York for Culper's use, Washington paying the forage bill.

easier to bear than now. On the fifth Governor Tryon's British expedition landed at New Haven and ravaged the country in a half circle through Fairfield to Norwalk, where they reembarked. As an incident to the raid, Tallmadge's papers and secret service money were captured, and perhaps compromising codes.

Washington wrote him, "... if you will send me a trusty person I will replace the guineas," warning Tallmadge again "how dangerous it is to keep papers of any consequence at an advanced post. The person most endangered by the loss of your papers is one Higday... who lives not far from the Bowery on the island of New York. I wish you would endeavor to give him the speediest notice of what has happened. My anxiety on his account is great. If he really is the man he has been represented to be he will in all probability fall a sacrifice."

In some way, through the Westchester lines, while Tryon sailed back to Whitestone and marched to Brooklyn to recross, word was got to Higday in time. We know from another diary that there was a great electrical storm in New York the next night and perhaps during it Higday was found "near the Bowery."

When he was arrested he had his story ready, that he had sent some letters, not knowing they were military, "promised not to offend again and to turn over any letters he received." The British evidently believed it and thought there was more advantage in letting him go on. But it was a close thing.

There was an incident that week involving Henry Lee, the brutal fact of which appears to have escaped notice, probably owing to the extreme caution with which Washington, plainly shocked, referred to it.

On July 9 he replied to a letter from Henry Lee, saying, "Putting deserters from our army to immediate death would probably tend to discourage the practice. But it ought to be executed with caution and only when the fact is clear and unequivocal. I think that that part of your proposition which re-

spects cutting off their heads and sending them to the light troops had better be omitted. Examples however severe ought not to be attended with an appearance of inhumanity otherwise they give disgust and may excite resentment rather than terror."

It apparently did not occur to the Commander that Lee would possibly carry out his "proposition" without authority. But on the tenth he received a letter from Lee which had crossed his. It was not preserved in the Washington Papers but Washington replied, deploring an unnamed action, "I fear it will have a bad effect both in the army and the country. I would by no means have you carry into execution your plan of diversifying the punishment, or in any way to exceed the spirit of my instructions yesterday. . . . You will send to have the body buried lest it fall into the enemy's hands." There can be little doubt, one must suppose, that the body was headless and that it was the only case of decapitation in our army.

By way of contrast, the attack on Stony Point, with all its gallantry, was close at hand. "Fixed bayonets, muskets unloaded ... the officers are to know precisely what batteries or particular parts of the line they are responsible to possess. . . . I recommend a midnight hour. . . . Officers should be extremely attentive to keep their men together as well for the purpose of guarding against desertion to the enemy as to prevent skulking. . . ." It went, as we know, "to a miracle," though seventeen men in the forward party of twenty were killed or wounded and Wayne himself badly hit.

The diary of Fisher of the Headquarters Guards has it the next day: "At night General Wayne with a party of the infantry surprised the enemy and took Stoney Point fort."

Six hundred prisoners, guns, and stores were taken, and later Knox himself made "an appraisal of the musical instruments taken at Stony Point." The British wounded, officers and men, were sent into New York, the prisoners to Easton, and prize money went to the attackers.

Though the fort was not held, the British reoccupying it on

the nineteenth, it was an exploit to please everyone and counteracted, as Washington put it, "the disagreeable aspect of inactivity."

There were some grumbles about the prize money by the Virginia Line, with such famous names as Colonel Gist, Burges Ball, Cabell, Lee, and Merriwether among the protestants. Washington let it be known that he had heard soldiers "had embezzled part of the articles taken and that some officers had made purchases of them." The Virginians' honor being touched, they demanded an inquiry.

Washington wrote Gist, "... as it is improbable any persons will appear as accusers I do not see upon what grounds an inquiry could be conducted but if you continue to think it necessary," he would order a court when "the circumstances of the army will permit."

The Virginians felt, however, that more than their good names, their purses in fact, had been damaged, and that they were entitled to a share of the booty. As to that Washington told them, "The promises made beforehand were confined to the corps of light infantry who of course have the sole claim to the benefit of what was taken. Your brigade was intended as a covering party and to give countenance to the assailants rather than, as a body of support, to give serious aid in the attack."

The human situation is familiar enough and has no special reflection on the Virginians. The temptation to buy loot at the front, without asking questions, is often irresistible, and the line, waiting in the dark while the light infantry had all the fun, no doubt cursed and wailed from end to end, "Jesus, them light infantry have got a racket. They turn us out to 'cover them in case of accident.' Why, Jesus Christ, a sick man in the line could handle the whole goddam light infantry...."

Meanwhile Sullivan, on the Susquehanna, wailing over insufficient supplies, had not moved, though John Butler's dis-

patches were full of rising alarm that Sullivan's army were Continentals.

The severity of Sullivan's complaints was so great that Washington wrote him he felt it his duty to advise Greene and Wadsworth they were being charged with neglect and delinquency, concluding, however, like Lincoln to Rosecrans at Nashville, "I cannot but repeat my intreaties that you will hasten your operations with all possible despatch and disencumber yourself of every article of baggage and stores which is not necessary. . . . 'Tis the kind of service in which both officers and men must expect to dispense with convenience and endure hardships. [Otherwise you will] not only hazard a defeat but you will never be able to penetrate any distance into the Indian country."

Then they began to "move with greatest caution and regularity and are more formidable," John Butler wrote Haldimand, "than you seem to appreciate." The advance, he said, was like the driving of a wedge into a stick of oak. Nothing stopped or disturbed its motion.

By August 15 (near Elmira, New York) they were one hundred miles up the Susquehanna and the Indians were in rout northwesterly along the Chemung River, and Joseph Brant wrote mournfully to Daniel Claus at Montreal, "Of course their intention is to exterminate the people of the Long House."

On August 19, Schaukirk, the Moravian minister in New York City, walked "by the ruins of Trinity Church, its grave yard railed in and painted green, benches placed there and many lamps fixed in the trees for gentlemen and ladies to walk and sit under, in the evening as a band plays."

How pretty it sounds, the very symbol of the amenities a powerful occupation with nothing to fear provides for itself in a captured city. But as he wrote it Henry Lee with three hundred men and a troop of dismounted cavalry under Allan McLane were on the march to surprise the British garrison at Paulus Hook (Jersey City) directly across from Trinity. It was a beautifully planned little enterprise—the approach across the Hackensack

THE GREAT MAN

River was not easy and withdrawal, if complete success was not achieved, difficult and came off almost "to a miracle." The evidence of alertness and commando spirit in the army far outweighed, for propaganda purposes, the number of men engaged or the size of the capture.

The night after it Sir Henry Clinton wrote Lord George Germain (Cornwallis having just arrived from England), "To say truth, my lord, my spirits are worn out by struggling against the consequences of many adverse incidents. . . . To ennumerate them would be a painful and unnecessary, perhaps an improper, task . . ." and he concluded by asking Germain to seek the King's permission for him "to resign the command of this army to Lord Cornwallis." The next day he wrote again that he found himself "obliged by many cogent reasons to abandon every view of making an effort in this quarter."

Three days later Washington sent Sullivan, now close to Newtown (East Elmira, New York), the word of Paulus Hook and that Spain had declared war on England.

When the express reached Sullivan he had routed the Tories and Indians at Newtown and reached Catherine's Town, nineteen miles north (at Watkins Glen).

There, Dearborn wrote, "the army lay still today to recrute and to destroy the town corn—a very old squaw was found in the bushes who was not able to go off with the rest..." Then they pushed on along the eastern shore of Seneca Lake, destroying at Appletown (North Hector, New York) "an old orchard of sixty trees... fifteen or twenty houses very beautifully situated near the lake..." On to Kanadasegea (Geneva, New York), turning west to destroy the Seneca Castle. John Butler "endeavored but to no purpose to prevail upon the Indians to make a stand" there, but at daybreak of the fourteenth, Sullivan entered

"It is not ungrateful to realize that Clinton's discouragement came before French troops had fired a shot in the thirteen states. Yet it is equally important to realize that, if there had been no alliance, Clinton would have been heavily reinforced by land and sea.

Geneseo and Butler had to make for the shelter of Fort Niagara,

eighty miles away.

"Push the Indians," Washington, over three hundred miles away, wrote Sullivan the next day, "to the greatest practical distance from our frontiers, throwing them wholly on the British enemy. Make the destruction so final and complete as to put out of their power to derive the smallest succour."

With the fields and gardens of the Long House destroyed behind him, and his communications enormously lengthened, it would probably have been impossible for Sullivan to go on to Niagara. Brodhead had gotten well up the Allegheny but failed the rendezvous at Geneseo and, loaded with booty and furs, returned to Fort Pitt that day.

Altogether it had been a tremendous effort, faultlessly carried out. A backbreaking burden, of feeding Indians and refugees, was put on the British Canadian command. The Wyandots from the West were waiting at Fort Pitt to offer Brodhead an alliance, and the Johnson-Butler raids on New York thereafter, though murderous, were only a small and manageable threat.

The American command at Elizabeth Town was ordered to send word of the victory into New York City through the secret service.

The objective of the campaign did violence, however, to what was probably the most universal characteristic of the men of the times—the passion for the earth, its crops and fruits.

It is interesting that John Marshall, writing thirty-odd years later, said, "The devastation of the country has been spoken of with some degree of disapprobation, but this sentiment is the result rather of an amiable disposition in the human mind to condemn whatever may have the appearance of tending to aggravate the miseries of war, than of reflection."

The main army, meanwhile, was "exceedingly hearty and well" and preparing for the visit of the Chevalier de la Luzerne on his way from Boston to Philadelphia.

September 5, Washington ordered his kinsman, William Washington, to select "thirty picked horses and men properly officered" as his escort, and Gibbs of the Guard sent "a word to the wise (as the saying is).... His Excellency's [staff] is destitute of loaf sugar, cheese, coffee, chocolate, etc. [Secure some from a prize vessel and send us with] claret and port [as Luzerne will be here shortly]." It may be noted that the Lord Bountiful, the Hidalgo, Miralles, sent off "a tortoise and some lemons."

Fisher, a sergeant of the Guard, as the archetype of the American soldier butchering the French language, wrote in his diary, "Chelevier le De Luzerne and Embaseudor from the Coart of France [reached West Point]."

The party had come through New Haven, where with prophetic irony for many of them, they were shown the tomb of Colonel Dixwell, the regicide, and Marbois, of Luzerne's suite, found Washington "well built but rather thin. He is masculine looking without his features being less gentle on that account. He makes no pretensions."

Washington met them on the east bank of the Hudson, and as a squall came up during the crossing to the Point, Marbois was struck by Washington's taking the tiller himself.

It is amazing that this many-sided human being should have been made into a statue. Where, in all the Lincolniana, is there a more human, woebegone note than Washington's to Greene, at the time: "I have lost and cannot tell how an old and favorite penknife and am much distressed for want of one"? Then, in parenthesis, is added "with two blades."

"Are the cross roads between the Sussex and Morristown Roads surveyed?" he asks the cartographer Erskine. "If they are I wish to have them laid down on my pocket map as soon as possible."

Road building in the Highlands must be pushed and the New York Militia made to keep them in repair. James Mitchell in Philadelphia was to inform him if Mrs. Washington "can bire"

[his italics] lodgings in some genteel (but not a common) boarding house in Philadelphia 'till I know where I shall be fixed for the winter."

At the same time he dictates to Hamilton a letter for Lord Stirling about Lady Stirling's desire for a pass into New York, to see her family, Governor Livingston having refused:

I have uniformly declined giving permission of the kind for three reasons:—the difficulty of discriminating the cases which will justify them from those which will not and of the danger of giving disgust where I should not wish to do it and incurring a charge of partiality . . . and lastly an opinion that such permissions from me would be inconsistent with the spirit though not the letter of the Resolutions of Congress—the reservation of authority to me in these cases was necessary for military purposes and no doubt meant to be confined to them— When the motives for the intercourse are purely private or domestic, it appears to me to have been evidently the intention of Congress to refer the determination to the civil authority.

Then the different sort of letter over an outburst of Gibbs, O.C. the Guard, who, piqued by his place at the headquarters table, decided to dine by himself. The issue seemed to be that if four officers of the Guard were present there was not enough room. If there were two they were invited. Four being present and not invited on one occasion, Gibbs refused to come the next time there were two, which Washington, in a quick blaze, tellingly described as "a supercilious and self-important condition on [Major Gibbs's] part."

And with it all, the eye for economy—Wayne to discontinue the morning and evening gun because of the scarcity of ammunition and Henry Lee given hard money for his spies, since it was agreed, but reminded that "as we have so little of this to spare for even the most pressing and important purposes within the enemy's lines, you will be careful to effect as much as possible by other means."

Then the word of congratulation to Brodhead for the success of his expedition, which gave him such pleasure.

If there is still an "unknown Washington," it is the one who on October first had word that D'Estaing's fleet was "on the coast of Georgia" sailing north.

His excitement is young and without caution or self-consciousness. The grim victory-or-death watchword of Trenton is absent. It is as though he wanted to show that he understood and could respond to traditional French élan—erasing the disappointments of '78—and, by the scope and immediacy of his response, make clear that he and his army were no laggard amateurs. The fact that he accepted Luzerne's advice and reasonable rumors from the South about D'Estaing—and that his bright hopes came then to nothing—is all the more attractive. Had they been true, neither Adams nor Rush could have called him Fabian or Unready.

The day he had the news he started the North Carolina Line south, should D'Estaing land there, and wrote the Southern governors to call out the militia. But he wrote D'Estaing the objective must be New York—not Newport, not Cape Henry, not the South—but New York City and Clinton's army. We can send your sick and "those of whom you would wish to be disencumbered" cross-country to Newport. In response to D'Estaing's question through Luzerne he said the great ships—over fifty guns—could not get through the Hell Gate currents and urged him to come to anchor "in these seas" and seize Staten Island at the start. He sent orders to Sullivan, resting, deservedly so, at Tioga, to hurry his force to the main army. He ordered New York harbor pilots assembled and he sent Hamilton and Du Portail to Lewes, Delaware, at Cape Henlopen, to await the fleet. Their orders were to tell D'Estaing:

"In a word I will aid him in any plan of operations against the enemy at New York or Rhode Island in the most effective manner that our strength and our resources will admit. He has nothing more to do therefore than to propose his own plan if time will not permit him to accede to ours."

No one in the North then knew that D'Estaing had landed in

Georgia to support Lincoln's siege of Savannah, and the hopes were high all October that his sails would come over the horizon.

Everything tended to optimism if a strike could be made. Arbuthnot's ships had brought fever into the garrison in New York, and on October 15 Gates reported that the British were about to evacuate Rhode Island.

On the twenty-fifth Hamilton and Du Portail left Henlopen for Little Egg Harbor, where from Beach Haven, New Jersey, they could signal the fleet, which they now believed had passed the Virginia Capes.

On the twenty-ninth Greene knew from private sources that the British had quit Rhode Island, though there was no dispatch from Gates, as there had been none to the Commander in Chief from Saratoga.

Washington wrote him November 1 that he knew of the evacuation and had "concluded your express must have met with an accident." The next day he received Gates's dispatch of the twenty-seventh "by express from John Armstrong."

It is hard to see how there could be any apologists for the contumacious Gates, though there are. His whole record is of a piece and it is fitting that his aide should have been the author of the future Newburgh Addresses. Armstrong had the effrontery to send word to the Commander in Chief that "he was detained by a want of horses and bad roads and being charged with despatches more immediate for Congress." So Washington wrote Gates, on the second, adding:

I regret the disappointment as it may possibly have deprived me of information of some particulars not mentioned in your despatch. Altho' your letter is silent upon the subject I cannot doubt you are on your march before this for Hartford, with the Continental troops at least, agreeable to your determination in your letter of the 15th ult. and to mine expressly of the 22nd in answer.

Indeed I hoped the instant the enemy had embarked you would have pushed the troops on. . . . I am to request that you will begin [the march] according to the plan settled between us in the course of our correspondence without a moment's delay.

The parallel to the delay in returning Morgan's corps after Saratoga speaks for itself.

That day hopes for D'Estaing's arrival were abandoned and Hamilton and Du Portail ordered back to camp, Washington writing them, "I am precisely in the predicament you are with respect to the count, his intentions or ultimate operations... from the lateness of the season I do not expect myself that he will arrive in this quarter, or that if he should that the enterprise that was proposed could now be prosecuted." There had been a combined Franco-American attack on Savannah, repulsed with heavy losses, the intrepid Pulaski being among the slain. D'Estaing was too weakened and the season too late for him to come north.

On November 23, Greene was ordered to select winter cantonments. In his thorough way Washington asked for a check of the snowshoes for the Continentals along the Mohawk, gave Wadsworth orders as to ferrying cattle across the Hudson, and started the cavalry south to Virginia. He wrote Governor Livingston that a dispatch of his was "dropped by the person to whom it was intrusted and found upon the road by a countryman who delivered it to General Woodford."

December 1, Sullivan, the last of whose resignations had been accepted, wrote from Philadelphia that the old "Cabal" had not been destroyed but planned to divide the military power in three or four different hands, each having a separate allotment of Continentals and each responsible directly to Congress.

In circumstantial confirmation of the report, Congress, on the fourth, voted down a resolution "that Congress have no further occasions for [Charles Lee's] services in the Army of the United States," and Lee wrote Gates more violently than he had the year before: "It is the determined purpose of that dark designing sordid ambitious vain proud arrogant and vindictive knave W to remove me from the face of the earth by assassination direct or indirect...."

REMEMBER THE GENTLEMAN AT THE HEAD OF YOUR ARMY

(January - August 1780)

THE WINTER of 1780 was one of unparalleled cold and storm. British artillery came up from Staten Island to the city across the ice and their "cavalry were in motion across the frozen harbor." People crossed Long Island Sound on foot from Norwalk and New London, and the New York legislature could not be summoned "because of the amazing body of snow." British raiders going up the Saw Mill River in sleighs had to abandon them and struggle ahead on foot. The roads from supply depots to Continental headquarters at Morristown were blocked with snow and the New Jersey Militia ordered "to turn out their teams and break the roads. Give no copy of this for fear it should get to the enemy."

The army, Washington wrote on January 9, "is riotous and robbing the country people from shear necessity." Even he for once complained to Greene of "personal inconvenience":

"I have been at my present quarters [on January 22] since the first day of December and have not a kitchen to cook a dinner in, altho' the logs have been put together for some considerable time by my own Guard . . . eighteen [persons] belonging to my family and all Mrs. Ford's are crowded into her kitchen and scarce one of them able to speak for the colds they have caught."

Then he adds, "Far very far is it from me to censure any measure you have adopted for your own accommodation or for the more immediate convenience of Mrs. Greene." A week later Mrs. Greene gave birth to her second son in snowbound Morristown.

The snow, the overcrowding, the fire in the great magazines at West Point, did not put out the combat spirit.

Throughout the war the British held Staten Island, though repeated attempts were made to take it.

On January 12 a plan for Lord Stirling to storm it with twenty-five hundred men, the Trenton quota, under Irvine, Hazen, and Walter Stewart, was completed. The order of attack was spelled out in thorough detail.

The crossing would be over the ice from Elizabeth. The objective was the capture of the entire garrison and the destruction or removal of all stores. If succor for the garrison did not arrive from New York and "the ice holds," the island was to be held.

Surprise was the essence of the plan. One officer was to reconnoiter the crossing place by late daylight and lead thirty men in red clothing across half an hour ahead of the attacking force. All officers were to maintain initial silence among guides and troops "under pain of instant death." All elements were to wear identifying white cockades or badges.

The timetable covered a leapfrog advance, allowing three hours for the whole action. Prisoners were to be started back at once "under the worst and most fatigued men."

The day before the attack Stirling was particularly ordered to watch North River, Washington saying, "I do not apprehend much danger from that quarter but we do not know what men may attempt for the relief of so valuable a detachment as that upon Staten Island."

It has been pointed out before that Washington was particularly careful not to seek favors for his relatives and there is much evidence that their war records did not please him. A month

before, his nephew, George Augustine Washington, had at last joined the army, "Rather late in the day, I should say, to begin a military career," Washington had written General Woodford, asking him to make the young man an "ensign provided it does not interfere in the smallest degree with the rights or reasonable expectations of any others." Now, though still not an ensign, he wanted to go on the action, and his uncle wrote Walter Stewart asking that he be allowed to participate "in the present enterprize," with the attacking company, and sent Stewart "cordial wishes for [his own] success, honor and glory." It has been said that the only influence it is proper to use in war is that which allows a man to go to the point of greatest danger.

The attack came off on the fourteenth. British lines were penetrated for four miles, but the initial surprise had failed. Badly clothed and scourged by the frightful night cold, the attackers were obliged to draw off, though in good order, taking prisoners and their wounded with them.

The thing about it was that it showed the spirit of attack was there, as well as the planning brains, in fact all the elements of a fighting army except clothing, pay, and equipment.

fighting army except clothing, pay, and equipment.

Washington's full paper strength at the time was about ten thousand men. Congress announced the "goal was thirty five thousand," and that Luzerne could be told there would be "twenty five thousand sure" for the spring. Of course that many men were never in the main army at one time.

A month after the Staten Island incident, the British raided Elizabeth and Rahway from Staten Island, apparently as a diversion to a cavalry raid from Paulus Hook which made for Hackensack and swung around west toward Morristown, "headed for General Washington's headquarters." They were all turned back but General Woodford told the Commander in Chief, "I hope you will pardon me for hinting that there is not a sufficient body of troops near enough to render you secure."

Had the British taken Washington, the American Philosophical Society would have lost its newest member, elected that day.

On March 1, Washington set aside a court-martial verdict which had found Gates's A.D.C. Armstrong guilty and had sentenced him to be discharged from the service. This was the young man who had had more important business for Congress than for the Commander in Chief, the October previous. Washington "restored him to his rank and command in consequence of the favorable character given him of [Armstrong]." It seems clear that he did so largely to maintain good relations with General Gates.

Three days later Joseph Reed wrote Gates that he had expected to talk in Philadelphia to "the gentleman of high rank alluded to in yours [of December 30].... I am far from enjoying that share of confidence... which I once possessed... especially with one of so much reserve of caution... Distance, different pursuits, and a certain coldness or apathy of mind will naturally diminish attachments which have not some common bond of blood, marriage or interest."

One is never quite sure of Reed's sincerity. On the one hand he seems to have always felt guilty about his letter to Lee in November '76—and he did seek to explain it away to Washington on repeated occasions. Washington's replies have every evidence of candor and of the "oblivion" which he cast on it.

Reed's letters to him do protest too much and while he wrote them—including the one about the election to the Philosophical Society—he was writing others to Gates which must be called two-faced. The likelihood is that his nature had a good deal of the troublemaker and talebearer in it and that, try as he would, he found something antipatico in Washington's "reserve of caution." One has the feeling that he always wanted to be sure to play on the winning side. Yet on July 4 following his new son was baptized and Washington thanked him "for calling a young Christian by my name."

Gates sent Reed "many thanks for your affectionate letter"—as a side issue Reed had said he would speak to Luzerne about a job for young Gates, "because [he] is your son"—and with his usual gloom added that "Sir Henry Clinton proceeds with the scientific skill and formidable apparatus of the royal arms."

While it is the custom to dismiss the Conway Cabal as a myth,

While it is the custom to dismiss the Conway Cabal as a myth, it should be realized that the word "cabal" is the word used at the time by the hardheaded men who heard of it. Nor can there be doubt that its purposes were not abandoned in January '78, when Washington and Gates agreed—so they wrote—to forget.

On March 22, 1780, Greene, with friends on both sides, wrote Washington, "I am very confident there is a party business going on again; and as Mifflin is connected with it, doubt nothing of its being a revival of the old scheme, and the measure now taking is to be prepared to take advantage of any opening the distress of the army may introduce—I wish I may be mistaken."

As for the Commander in Chief, as the winter ended, though he struggled like a worried planter with the forage estimates for 19,190 horses of the army, he was also looking far away to the West, writing Brodhead at Fort Pitt what it meant to the cause that the Spanish had seized Natchez, and to Governor Jefferson that if George Rogers Clark were sent against Detroit "It may possibly be in my power to favor it in some degree by directing a movement of part of the troops at Fort Pitt by way of diversion."

The winter had been a terrible one for the British at Detroit, where De Peyster had by then spent four million pounds on the Red Allies and 17,520 gallons of rum had been issued or drunk!

While the rise in the cost of living, as the Continental and state printing presses poured out money, is something readily comprehensible, the problem of financing the Revolution is to most people one for economists. But it presented itself to the army that spring in the most ordinary matters, quite aside from

the pay of the troops. Greene, in Philadelphia on April 2, reported manufacturers refusing to make contracts. Farmers, in the zone of the army, refused to give up "public horses" stabled with them, until the winter forage bills were settled. A reviewing stand, to be erected at headquarters for the visit of the French minister, could not be built "owing to the lack of money for purchasing boards." Greene, back from Philadelphia without funds, asked for twenty thousand dollars from the military chest for urgent requirements. He was given five.

Simultaneously dispatches from Lincoln and Colonel Laurens at Charleston, South Carolina, reported that the British siege had begun and the prospects of holding out were bleak.

On April 26, however, Lafayette landed in Boston with news which, in the long run, would offset all previous disasters and difficulties. He reached Morristown May 10. The news was that a French fleet was on the seas with a French division under Rochambeau.

Not only were the troops to land and fight but Rochambeau's orders placed him under Washington's command. Details, made familiar in E.T.O., 1942–45, had been agreed. The French corps was not to be dispersed. It would take its own security measures and have the sole right of trial of its men, to insure "discipline and harmony."

As in '78 and '79, Washington's spirits caught fire on the instant. One can well imagine the let-us-wait-and-see, the thistime-I-want-to-be-shown response there would have been from a gloomy Commander like Gates or one lacking the *inflammable material*.

Expresses and A.D.C.'s were off to Governor Bowdoin, to Governor Jefferson, and to Lincoln and Governor Rutledge in beleaguered Charleston, the dispatch to Jefferson being typical in its sweeping enthusiasm and its meticulous detail:

A French fleet in the course of a few weeks may be expected on this coast. As it is uncertain what point of the land they may make first,

gentlemen are to be stationed at different points to give them signals immediately upon their arrival. Major Galvan [the bearer] goes to Cape Henry. [Give him authority to impress boats at will. This is most secret.]

To Lafayette, gone to Philadelphia to inform Congress, Washington expanded his hopes that the fleet would come into Sandy Hook and an immediate attack on New York be mounted. Its garrison was down to eight thousand British and four thousand refugees and militia. He begged Lafayette again not to let the fleet put into Rhode Island, saying, as to D'Estaing the autumn before, that the sick could be sent overland.

Four days before, on May 12, Charleston, "the first city of the South," with ten thousand population plus half that many Negroes, had surrendered. Colonel Laurens, a prisoner, wrote his father: "Your houses in town have been rudely handled by the enemy's shot. The mansion is uninhabitable; the brick tenements are occupied by soldiers;—the garden fence and garden have shared the fate of everything of the kind in the neighborhood."

The blow to the cause was grievous, as was the necessity of greeting Rochambeau with the news, though it was rumored in Congress that Great Britain would now agree to the independence of the eleven states to the North.

As the news reached headquarters, the Connecticut Line, with its pay five months in arrears and badly fed, mutinied and Colonel Meigs, who had led the spectacular Sag Harbor raid, was struck by a soldier.

This time there was reality to Washington's apprehension over the fate of the cause, if the country would not supply and support the army. "Certain I am that unless Congress speaks in a more decisive tone... our cause is lost." But he wrote Colonel Clement Biddle, begging him not to resign "with the French fleet coming." As to it, Luzerne, himself alarmed by the mutiny, demanded assurance that there could and would be "effective" co-operation with Rochambeau.

With the uncertainty as to when Lincoln would be exchanged and the ever present shortage of general officers, Washington wrote Gates, at his home in Virginia, asking, "Will the situation of your private affairs permit you to take the field and if you do take the field when may we hope to see you in camp?"

The next day, June 5, Knyphausen, hearing of the low morale

The next day, June 5, Knyphausen, hearing of the low morale of the Continentals, landed a force from Staten Island at Elizabeth and pushed for Short Hills. The army and the militia, which might have disintegrated if left to brood, responded "to a miracle," and the force was beaten back to the Elizabeth bridgehead.

A week later Congress, on its own, appointed Gates to the Southern command. He accepted modestly, asking Washington only for his aide, John Armstrong, and Kosciuszko, then the engineer officer at West Point.

Sir Henry Clinton reached New York on June 15, flushed with the Charleston victory, and alarm was immediately felt for the safety of West Point. It would have been far greater had Headquarters known that a letter from Benedict Arnold, with a layout of the West Point works, was waiting on Clinton's desk.

It is interesting to note that on that same day the Rhode Island Assembly ordered cantonments for the French to be started and was able to appropriate ten thousand pounds "for their accomadation." By itself a wise act, but how illustrative of the ease with which men can disregard the immediate for the vague future. For that matter, though, Reed informed Washington that teamsters could not be hired in Pennsylvania for the Continental wagon train because of "miserable wages" and, as Washington put it, "the long disuse of taxes and their natural unpalatableness" leaves Congress impotent. Yet within sixty days three Signers of the Declaration, Robert Morris, Thomas McKean, and Benjamin Rush, with ninety associates, Joseph Reed among them, were able to raise thirty-one thousand pounds hard money for the stock of the new Pennsylvania Bank.

On June 23 the army again showed what it was made of. Knyp-

hausen, this time in greater force, erupted from Elizabeth toward Morristown. The Continentals and the militia struck back. As Richard Meade wrote Monroe, "The enemy trotted back to their stations at the Point [Elizabeth] harassed as much as possible on both flanks." The British invasions of the Jerseys were over forever.

By the end of June moves not fully understood for a hundred sixty-one years, if then, were under way. Chancellor R. R. Livingston, then and now of unquestioned patriotism, had asked Washington to give Arnold the command at West Point. It appears from a letter from Arnold's sister to him that "a certain chancellor [had] frequent private assignations [with and wrote] numberless billets doux [to Peggy Arnold]." Perhaps to please Peggy, Livingston, with a roving eye, had made the request. The appointment, in any event, did not have much against it, and Arnold's worst known weakness at the time—extravagance—would have little indulgence at West Point.

Washington wrote Livingston that if the campaign got under way and Robert Howe, the G.O.C., at West Point, was brought to the army, he was inclined to let Arnold have the garrison command "if it is expedient to leave an officer of that rank in that command." Schuyler supported Livingston's request.

How different it would all have been, could the Continental intelligence have read Sir Henry Clinton's discouraged dispatch to Germain, five days later: ". . . though success should crown every measure I have concerted, there would yet remain a task, which the army I now command is absolutely unequal to."

A paradox of war, often forgotten, is that enemies are weakest when they appear strongest.

On July 10, Rochambeau brought his fleet into the harbor of Newport, contrary to all the hopes for Sandy Hook. The avoidance by the French of a direct combined attack on New York

¹Van Doren's Secret History of the Revolution, 1941.

City has never been fully explained. Two weeks before, Charles Lee had written Monroe that he believed the French would "remain and conquer the United States."²

Clinton embarked eight thousand men from Huntington, Long Island, and with the fleet started for Newport. Washington crossed the Hudson to the New York side at once with the main army to attack the weakened city and Clinton returned. Three days later another British squadron reached New York, restoring their naval superiority.

Lafayette was sent with Washington's greetings to Rochambeau and the exchange between the commanders was both lofty and comradely. There is no question that the French charmed Newport, and Heath said Rochambeau's quick announcement that farmers would be paid for food in hard money, while well meant, would have "a different effect" in making Continental purchases more difficult. In modern times the French hard money would have been sold to the United States for their currency.

"I have no scruple of announcing to you that New York is the object of my preparations," Washington wrote Joseph Reed, "[with] a well-grounded hope of putting speedy and happy termination to the war [if the states support me]." Yet even as he wrote, it was found impossible to move the artillery without impressing horses. And both Rochambeau and Lafayette displayed an incredible reluctance to overrule their naval colleagues' unwillingness to enter New York Harbor.

Coldly and curtly, Washington wrote Lafayette:

My dear Marquis,

You have totally misconceived my meaning if you think I have or shall relinquish the idea of intrusion against New York till it appears obviously unpracticable for the want of forces or means to operate.

Not only did the French not move but they began to be alarmed for their safety against the British naval threat, and to

²The diary of John Jay says that Lafayette, eight months after Yorktown, told him that the French ministers were always disinclined to form "expeditions for the taking of places which must be given up at the peace."

ask for help. Washington pointed out the unwisdom of having their base on "the island of Rhode Island too far to succour him. There is but one line of conduct which is to move against New York."

It is the custom to say, with a gentle censure, that Washington of course is not in the class of the Great Captains. What this fiery, audacious man might have done with a fed, paid, and clothed army, and a service of supply which made it unnecessary for him to plead with the merchants of Boston to sell "linen overalls" for the troops, is beyond belief.

On July 26, Greene, driven beyond endurance by Congress, resigned as Q.M.G., though not as a general of the line. Pickering was appointed to succeed him.

An order was issued on August 1 which requires permanent record. Lieutenant Colonel Bezaleel Beebe was ordered to join the army! On the third Arnold in Philadelphia received his orders "to proceed to West Point and take the command of that post. The corps of infantry and cavalry on the east side of the river will also be under your orders." Headquarters were then at Peekskill.

Much has been made of a lack of discernment in Washington which prevented his seeing the deep flaws in Arnold's character. In general, however, the worst that had been said of Arnold until then had to do with financial shortcomings and improper enrichment from "trade."

Yet there were few men not charged with the last, Greene himself, Jeremiah Wadsworth, Gouverneur Morris, Robert Morris, the Signers, Elbridge Gerry, Harrison, Braxton, Clymer, and Langdon, among them.

Three years before, Richard Henry Lee, John Adams, and Charles Carroll had acquitted Arnold of charges for failing to account for over fifty thousand dollars advanced for the Canadian expedition, and in August 1780, as has been said, Schuyler and R. R. Livingston supported his appointment to West Point.

In view of the general opinion that he was a gallant, though somewhat bad-tempered soldier, somewhat lax about money matters, it is interesting to note that a Hessian officer in the North, late in '76, describes him "as the notorious hostile General Arnand, formerly a horse trader," and that another, in March 1778 (while Arnold was recovering from his Saratoga wounds in Albany), listed the names of the American generals. Arnold's is the only one characterized, the entry reading, "Arnold, an apothecary, bankrupt and smuggler."

Arnold's first acts at West Point were those of any commander in a new post. He wrote to the Commander in Chief that all was confusion at the post, and to the Q.M.G. that there was a "lack of stores," including the familiar one of the lack of writing paper, for which he appealed to both Greene and Pickering. Equally familiar is a request on the Springfield Arsenal for dishes for his use. His letters are in the main routine, yet there are telltale bits. On his second day he asked his predecessor, Howe, for the names of his secret agents, which Howe refused him; he asked Colonel Malcolm for his and was told they would be sent but Malcolm requested him to be sure that "parole and counter-sign words be sent sealed." Colonel Varick, Arnold's new A.D.C., held up two passes for Loyalist women issued by Arnold to Joshua Hett Smith, reminding Arnold that they were to be issued by the civil authority, Governor George Clinton. Then, with fateful portent, there is a letter to Morgan Lewis in Albany, asking for the immediate return "of the whale-boat and barge taken [there] by Colonel Malcolm."

From Gates in the South there was an ominous silence during August. The main army was itself uneasy. Greene, foraging around Bergen, New Jersey, reported that some of the Pennsylvania Line had "committed some of the most horrid acts of plunder that has disgraced the American Army during the war. The instances of plunder and violence is equal to anything committed by the Hessians."

There was an outburst of fatal dueling among several officers. Even Wayne wrote that his relations with Irvine had become intolerable. Washington replied, "Let all differences subside; the situation of our affairs never required it more. . . . Let all be as a band of brothers and rise superior to every injury whether real or imaginary. . . . I am certain you will do it."

It is pleasant to record that one congressman for once thought of the burdens on the Commander in Chief. John Mathews, of South Carolina, wrote to Congress from headquarters, "Remember the gentleman at the head of your army. For God's sake have some regard for his feelings."

Then at the end of the month came word of Gates's disaster at Camden, North Carolina, on the sixteenth, with the brave De Kalb, fifty-nine years old, fatally wounded, and Thomas Pinckney, later so famous, among the casualties. The first news indicated that the army "with the whole of the Maryland-Delaware Line and the troops which made a stand with them had been cut off."

Characteristic of Gates was the fact that Washington had to learn from Governor Jefferson that the line had got away, in good order, after the militia's rout.

This was the grim news Washington had to break to Rochambeau, now blockaded in Newport by an augmented British fleet, with his own about to go back to France. Washington, who had constantly urged offensive action on him, must now go to him and report another defeat. That the militia and not the line had been routed could not be made an excuse. The conqueror of Burgoyne had ridden seventy miles ahead of his army from the field. It could not be explained away by the claim that that was the first possible rallying point. How easy it would be for Rochambeau to say, "And you expected me to risk my army under your command when time and again your own troops have been unable to stand and fight."

Washington reported it in a letter of September 8 and pro-

posed a meeting in Hartford for the twentieth. On the eleventh Rochambeau agreed and on the thirteenth the Hartford commandant was ordered to have quarters prepared.

It was the day Arnold wrote casually to Tallmadge, among other matters, telling him to provide an escort if a John Anderson (André) arrived at Tallmadge's headquarters. For a week Colonel Sheldon had been an innocent intermediary from André to Arnold. Army business, though, was not neglected, as Arnold ordered "two milk cows" sent to the field hospital.

On the sixteenth Washington informed Greene, "Tomorrow I set out for Hartford on an interview with the French general and admiral. In my absence the command of the army devolves upon you." The orders gave Greene wide and general discretion but it closed with fire: "If a superior French fleet arrives, put the army under marching orders... collect boats and planks to bridge the Haarlem... inform Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York to redouble supplies.... Keep me and Congress advised...."

He was on the road to Hartford, on the eighteenth, when Esther Reed, wife of the president of Pennsylvania, died. She had been an English girl whom Reed met and married in London. Her son, Washington's namesake, was four months old and her death doubtless the result of the time's obstetrics. Reed never appears so well as in her lovely letters to him, and but a month before she had sent Washington three hundred shirts, made by her and the ladies of Philadelphia, for the soldiers.

THE INCIDENT WAS NOT WITHOUT ITS GLORY

(September - December 1780)

THE CONFERENCE at Hartford, like those of modern allies, agreed in principle and, as in today's announcements, the opposing views were set forth, though not identified. The French view was met by agreeing "There can be no decisive enterprise against the maritime center of the English in this country without a constant naval superiority." The American by conceding that "The reduction of New York, center and focus of the British forces, is the prime objective."

With the précis for the French had to go the news of Arnold's treason.

The arrest and execution of André and the escape of Arnold are too well known to need repetition, though the extraordinary summary by Fortescue in his *History of the British Army* bears repeating: "The report of [André's] arrest was in due course reported to Arnold who with marvelous presence of mind effected his escape."

News of it in Hamilton's hand reached Greene at 11 P.M. the night of the twenty-sixth of September, and by two in the morning Wayne with the Pennsylvania Line, without baggage, was on the march from Tappan to West Point. They covered sixteen miles over rough, narrow paths, without flares or torches, in four hours, coming into the Point for breakfast.

In New York Culper was fearful that his friends among the British officers would betray him in retaliation if André was hanged. In Philadelphia Thomas McKean was wakened by the express and had the sheriff aroused "to make diligent search for Arnold's papers."

People began to remember incidents of the recent past which had been overlooked. Jameson, who all but let André go, recalled that "Some gentleman came out from King's Bridge a fortnight ago, with a h'kchief full of gold, changed his clothes for an old nankeen jacket and pushed up the North River."

Washington at once ordered Heath from Providence to the West Point command, telling him, "... it will strike you with astonishment and indignation that Major General Arnold has gone to the enemy." Greene, writing his wife of the treason and his personal mortification that an American, a New Englander, and a major general in one could be guilty, closed his letter: "Hug thyself, Caty, in thine own felicity."

Details in three of Arnold's letters to Washington from New York are significant. In the first he asks that his clothes and baggage be sent him, saying, "... if required their value shall be paid in money." Who but an Arnold would talk about "paying" in such circumstances? Another has a familiar, almost Hitlerian note. He refers to the patriot leaders as "that class of men who are criminally protracting the war from sinister views." In the third there is the thing so magnificently absent from the history of the Revolution, religious venom. He dares Washington to proclaim to the officers and soldiers of the Continental Army that "your mean and profligate Congress [attended] at mass for the soul of a Roman Catholic [the Spanish agent, Miralles] in purgatory."

The incident was not without its glory. The "band of brothers" did not break up in hatred and suspicion of each other. There were no accusations of guilt by association, Arnold's own aides being quickly cleared of foreknowledge and complicity, and General St. Clair, named apparently by the British as a deception, by Henry Lee's intelligence agents. Within a matter of weeks the monstrous plot was an incident in history.

Word was gotten to Culper by Tallmadge that Arnold had no knowledge of his name and that brave man drew a sigh of relief. On October 14 he reported that there had been no arrests in New York "on Arnold's information," and in his careful way returned some gold pieces of the secret service money which he had found to be light in weight.

On October 5, Greene, hoping there was "nothing indelicate or improper in the application," asked Washington for the West Point command. He heard a rumor on the thirteenth that Congress had appointed him to succeed Gates in the South and the following day Washington confirmed it.

In his whole magnificent record, nothing is more to Greene's credit than his immediate acceptance, which asked only a few days' leave, until his wife could come to say good-by. It not only took him eight hundred miles from his lovely Caty but into the graveyard of two predecessors' hopes.

He asked for a slight delay, saying, "Should I set out before her arrival the disappointment of not seeing me, added to the shock of going to the South, I am very apprehensive will have some disagreeable effect on her health, especially as her apprehensions have been all alive respecting my going to the South before there was the least probability of it."

There was perhaps slightly more to it. In September she had evidently wanted to come to camp and Greene had written her, "I long to see you yet fear to meet in the army. You mention the black eyes of Mrs. —— and Mrs. ——.¹ Let me ask you soberly whether you estimate yourself below either of these ladies. . . .¹ As much as I respect them as friends I should never be happy with them in a more intimate connection."

On the sixteenth he sent an express from West Point to ride night and day for Rhode Island, so that Caty might reach him

¹His grandson's elisions.

before he left. But on the twentieth war, with its great divorce, sent him south. With a lover's illogic, he hoped she would reach Fishkill while he was there and wrote her, "... my heart leaped with joy at the sound of every carriage." She might be on the way and he would wait till the last at Trenton. He warns her to remember security in her letters and not to travel via Peekskill from Danbury. At Trenton she was reported as having reached Litchfield, Connecticut, and he waited eagerly. Actually letters had been held up by well-meaning meddlers and she was still in Providence as he crossed the Delaware and rode south after conferences in Philadelphia.

If he was far from home, so also was his Commander. Greene wrote to him from "pleasant Mount Vernon" on November 13, and again from Richmond on the nineteenth, that "Mr. Custes says Mrs. Washington left for the army this day" and that he felt "far removed from all my friends." He was by no means sure then of the success he was to have and told Washington he hoped a defeat would not be a "personal disgrace."

He was aware that Congress had resolved on an inquiry into Gates's conduct. The announcement of it, and of Greene as his successor, reached Gates with news that his son Robert was dead. There is little about Gates that is appealing, yet one must feel for him in this private grief coming on top of his military disaster. Gates had, for some reason, kept the boy out of the army, tried unsuccessfully to get him a post with the French Mission, and now he was dead while the young men of his age went on to glory. With his ugly "candor" Charles Lee had written him the previous December that Bob "is A.D.C. to his mother, mason, mawler of rails, fatter of hogs and everything but what he should be." In what contrasting language Washington had written Landon Carter of his son as A.D.C. to his mother.

It is interesting to consider that the "glory" of Washington's staff was insufficient for one of them, Alexander Hamilton. He had been married in September to Schuyler's daughter Betsy, with James McHenry as his best man. His brother officer, Tilgh-

man, had described her on a picnic five years before, at eighteen, as "a brunette with the most good-natured, lively, dark eyes that I ever saw. She ran around water falls very gay, outdoing Carolina ladies."

There is much later evidence that her older sister, Angelica, would have been Hamilton's real choice and that she would not have been reluctant. She was far more exciting than her sister, but had married the Englishman, Church, whom Kosciuszko, then Gates's aide, had challenged to a duel.²

As it was, only six months before his marriage Hamilton had written John Laurens in Charleston to get him a South Carolina wife: "I lay most stress upon a good shape. Well bred (but she must have an aversion to the word ton). Neither a termagant nor an economist [economizer]. She must believe in God and hate a saint."

Now on November 22, a bridegroom of two months, Hamilton asked Washington for a transfer to the line, saying he desired to attain "a more than mediocre military reputation" and that he particularly desired to go on the new attack being planned against New York.

There is no doubt of Hamilton's ardor for battle. There was doubtless a false ignominy about being an amanuensis, when so many of his friends were in the line, exposed daily to danger, having the excitement of raid, patrol, and skirmish. (Colonel Tallmadge had just asked to be allowed to cross the Sound and burn the British forage depot at Oyster Bay, which he brilliantly accomplished on the twenty-fifth, receiving special praise from Washington.) But there is also evidence that ambition for promotion and importance played a large and not unwholesome part in Hamilton's complex nature.

It has generally been concluded, on the basis of Hamilton's letter to Schuyler after his break with Washington in April '81,

*In October, Church, in partnership with Jeremiah Wadsworth, had secured the lucrative contract to be the French Army's purchasing agents. Memoirs of Wadsworth speak reverently of this honor. It was, of course, an honor but an extremely well-paid one.

that he always disliked the paper work of the staff and only wanted a combat assignment.

This conclusion appears to have overlooked these facts. Hamilton must have known on November 22 that Scammell, the adjutant general, had himself asked to be relieved and returned to the line. The adjutant general is the business manager of a headquarters. No one's duties are more clerical.

On November 28, Lafayette wrote from Philadelphia, recommending Hamilton to be adjutant general. There would have been just time for him to have had a request from Hamilton to do so.

Without being able to trace the relevant circumstances, we know, from a letter of Washington's of December 13 to Greene, that the latter, in a letter from Richmond of November 19, had expressed surprise that Hamilton had been passed over as adjutant general, a post which Greene said Hamilton wanted. Washington wrote (naturally in view of Hamilton's letter of November 19) that he had no idea Hamilton wanted the place and that besides he thought him too young.³

One cannot but sympathize with Hamilton's disappointments, however mixed his ambitions. He had served with faithful brilliance at headquarters for four years but missed the brightest rewards. To learn, at Christmas time, that John Laurens, now exchanged, had been selected by Congress to go on a special mission to France must have almost broken his heart for all his friendship. He must well have felt he was even more fitted to go, or that at least both could have been sent. It is an irony that he, one of the most European of them all, would never go abroad, while a score of his intimates did.

That was the end of it for the time being. On December 17, Hamilton went on Christmas leave to the Schuylers' in Albany. He evidently talked to his father-in-law about his future because Schuyler sent Washington an invitation for Christmas. He did

*Hamilton was then twenty-three, Scammell thirty-three. The appointment went finally to General Hand, thirty-six.

not accept, possibly because Martha, like her biblical namesake, was "careful and troubled about many things." "Thirty or forty pounds of currents and six pounds of citron" had just been ordered to be "sent to headquarters as soon as possible" from Philadelphia.

There is no evidence of any tension between Washington and Hamilton at the time. The word "affectionate," rarely used by Washington, is in the signature of most of his letters to Hamilton.

On December 23 a well-laid plan to kidnap "General Knyphausen from Morris's house on York Island or Sir Henry Clinton from Kennedy's house" failed as the boats were blown by a storm to Sandy Hook. What appropriate melodrama there was in the order that collected the boats in *Murderer's Creek* (near Paterson, New Jersey). Christmas Eve Culper reported that Benedict Arnold had sailed with an invading force to Virginia.

Governor Clinton came to Christmas dinner with the Washingtons at New Windsor. His sister-in-law, Mrs. James Clinton, had sent three turkeys and "a band played during dinner."

From Charlotte, North Carolina, Greene found "all the way through the country people engaged in matters of interest and in pursuit of pleasure, almost regardless of danger."

AN OFFICER ENTRUSTED WITH THE GENERAL INTERESTS OF THE CONFEDERATION

(January - July 1781)

Two brief, private letters were exchanged January 1-3, 1781. General Stark wrote Washington that he was without money to go on leave and asked for a remittance. Washington replied that he was sorry but the military chest was empty.

As they were written the whole of the Pennsylvania Line, under its sergeants, mutinied in New Jersey because of their lack of pay. Agents from Sir Henry Clinton quickly joined the mutineers, bringing hard money and soft promises. The report came from Wayne, its commander, saying that the critical situation demanded Washington's presence. He replied that he would come.

Few similar incidents in all history have been handled with such practical wisdom.

If the Pennsylvania Line could mutiny, there was no telling how far the revolt would spread through the whole unpaid army. No one could be sure the lines of other states would obey orders to suppress the mutineers.

One can well believe that several of the "Great Captains," Cromwell particularly, would have tried to put it down with blood and iron.

The methods of conference, persuasion, and clemency used arose in large measure from humanity and sympathy with the men after their magnificent record. All knew that treason was not involved and the mutineers themselves seized and turned over Clinton's agents to their own officers.

But the great thing—as so often in that great period—was that the commanders did not get themselves in an extreme position from which they could not compromise, nor did they make threats beyond their capacity to carry out.

At headquarters, over a hundred miles away, Washington on quick second thought decided not to go in person. The army was widely dispersed in its winter lines from Danbury, Connecticut, to Princeton, New Jersey. He and his advisers judged that the mutiny would be magnified through the rest of the army if he left headquarters, and if the mutiny spread with him there, the disregard "of the authority of the Commander-in-Chief" could be disastrous. Overt acts in his presence could not go unpunished. Heath at West Point reported the Massachusetts Line "disinclined" to march against the mutineers.

With incredible patience the fiery Wayne, supported by President Reed and General St. Clair, talked and talked to the troops, slowly building up a formula of settlement: payment of partial arrears, after the surrender of arms and artillery, to be followed by the demotion of the sergeants and the complete dissolution of the line, and its re-enlistment.

The matter rested on a razor's edge for almost three weeks with Wayne carrying the burden. When it was settled Washington wrote him, "I felt for your situation. Your anxieties and fatigues of mind amidst such scenes I can easily conceive. I thank you sincerely for your exertions."

The solution still hung in the balance on January 20 when the New Jersey Line mutinied at Pompton. By now the moderation had had its effect on the patriot army and it was possible for headquarters to act as military practice required. The New York Line came down from the Highlands "hurrying through eight-

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een inches of snow" to surround the mutineers, who quickly surrendered. "Two of the principal incendiaries were executed" and the rest pardoned and returned to duty. More significant of the morale was the fact that at the same time two regiments of Parsons' Connecticut Line went through the snow at night to storm and destroy the British outpost at Morrisania. Nor was that all. On the thirteenth Daniel Morgan, with the Virginia Line under Greene's command in the South, had won his splendid, little victory at Cowpens which could not be exploited, with all its possibilities, for lack of supplies and clothing. They might not be able to follow up but the captured British standards were on the way to Congress.

When one considers the lives and treasure—and the years of the young men's lives—which could have been saved, if this fighting army and its Commander had ever been supported by its civil countrymen, the thought is enough to bring down an American's pride of country in shame.

Following the Pennsylvania Line's mutiny, the Massachusetts Assembly voted a gratuity to its troops. As with the Rhode Island appropriation for the French cantonments and the subscriptions to the bank the year before, it was usually possible for money to be found when there was a will to.

Like the news of Gates's defeat at Camden in the summer and Arnold's treason in September, the mutinies had to be told to Rochambeau in Newport. One can imagine the chagrin at Continental headquarters, time and again, when they said, "My God, we've got to tell the French." One is reminded of Winston Churchill's humiliation at the White House when they told him Tobruk had fallen. But as with the thirty-second President, there never came from that great gentleman, Rochambeau, a word of censure or blame. As so often, in every phase of the Revolution, one wonders what the result would have been if other men than Washington, Greene, Rochambeau, Howe, and Sir Henry Clinton had had their places. Rochambeau, in this case, congratulated Washington on the wisdom with which the mutinies were

handled, and on Morrisania and Cowpens which Washington, with understandable pride, reported in the same letters.

In the midst of the mutinies word came from Congress that John Laurens was to be sent on a special mission to France. On January 15, Washington sent him an assessment of the national situation. He shrewdly attributed the army's distress to the underlying "want of sufficient stock of national wealth . . . the extinction of commerce . . . the widely diffused population." But he added that the people's discontent was not with the war itself "but with the feeble and oppressive mode of conducting [it]. There is a fund of inclination and resource in the country" and he stressed to Laurens that, if a large loan was secured, "No nation will have it more in its power to repay what it borrows than this." Laurens was to sail from Boston and to come through headquarters for consultation on the way.

By the thirtieth the situation was such that Washington could turn his great mind to what enormously engrossed him—having things. He was always wanting things. True, they were almost always of the greatest utility but the care he took about ordering—and usually in his own hand—was so considerable that one has the feeling he found some escape and relaxation in doing so. When he ordered them he became an ordinary man with ordinary wants and the burden of army estimates and responsibilities could be forgotten. "Things" seem to have been to him what gloomy thoughts on God were to Cromwell, palaces to Marlborough, whiskey to Grant, and Western novels to Eisenhower.

He wrote Laurens to bring him from Paris "a travelling razor case—strong portable and compendious. A vest pocket reconnoiter, a very small case of pocket instruments—scale, divider, etc. A good saddle, bridle and furniture fit for a Republican general. A watch string" and then more of those perennial dishes:

² dozen dishes

⁴ dozen soup dishes

⁸ dozen shallow plates of tin or something very light for the field

Hardly had he written when Charles Pettit, the A.D.Q.M.G., sent him "spurs, hair-powder and blacking balls. As Your Excellency mentions fashionable spurs, I took some pain to inquire, amongst the gentlemen of fashion, for the reigning taste of the day, but with less success than I expected as I could not find any standard for it, nor that their ideas agreed with each other. I find, however, that the late prevailing mode, of connecting the strap and spur by a chain, was generally rejected; and that a plain spur was most generally approved."

One can imagine the Great Man thereafter looking at the feet of the dandies of the staff with considerable care.

With his shopping list and his diplomatic briefing, Laurens was not able to sail until February 15 because sailors refused to work a ship to France. In the end General Lincoln had to find a crew from sailors then serving in the army. On such threads did the French loan hang.

The date of his sailing has an additional interest. The following day Hamilton resigned from the staff after his altercation with Washington. It might very well have been possible for Laurens, with his devotion to the Commander and his close friendship with Hamilton, to have prevented it had he been there. In the long run the rupture was of course healed, to the great advantage of the country, and perhaps its worst aspect was that it made it possible for loose-thinking writers to say that "Hamilton hated Washington" and, on the evidence of his famous letters to his father-in-law, Schuyler, and to James McHenry, to accept his version of what happened without reservation.

His letter of the eighteenth to "Dear Mac" begins, "The Great Man and I have come to an open rupture." The term "Great Man" has been taken to imply that so Washington regarded himself and expected from those around him a corresponding deference. Yet anyone of any experience must have heard the term used with impudent affection by young men about the Chief in an army or a business. It seems to have been in common usage around headquarters—Greene uses it in his letters. The fact that

it was used disparagingly of him by the Adamses, Whipple, and Lovell no doubt made it seem all the funnier for the staff to use it. Certainly the man whom Marbois saw "catching" for hours in the spring sunshine with his aides was no remote Great Man and certainly Laurens fought Lee, with Hamilton as his second, because they both thought their personal Great Man had been harmed.

As to Hamilton's letter to Schuyler, the first thing to be noted is that he took two days to write it, plainly aware that he must put the break in the most favorable light possible, if he was to avoid his father-in-law's censure. The mutual regard between Washington and Schuyler was very high.

Hamilton says that he was going downstairs at headquarters when the Commander said he wanted to see him, to which he replied he "would wait upon him immediately." The accepted thing to do in business, but above all in the army, when the Commander wants to see a subordinate is not to say Anon, anon, like the Prince and Poins to Falstaff, but to drop everything forthwith and attend. Anyone asking for the subordinate is told in hushed tones, "He's with the Chief."

Hamilton says he went downstairs to give Tench Tilghman a letter he was waiting for. The fact of letting the Commander, instead of a fellow aide, wait speaks for itself.

As he was about to go up to Washington, Hamilton says he was stopped by Lafayette and they "conversed together a minute." He says he did not want to offend the marquis. The normal thing would have been to brush past the marquis, saying, "See you later, the Commander in Chief's waiting."

When Hamilton finally went up, Washington in cold rebuke said he had been kept waiting ten minutes. Hamilton said to Schuyler, "I sincerely believe [it was] two minutes." How familiar in such explanations is the insertion of the word "sincerely." But even if both exaggerated the interval, it justified, whatever its length, the quick, cold rebuke Washington gave him. And it must be supposed that it was one of a series of such

incidents. Hamilton, touchy and egotistical, at once said he would resign, and Washington said very well.

An hour passed. In that time a sensible, right-minded young man would have gone to his Commander and said, "Sir, I regret what has happened and the fault was mine"—whether or not he let his resignation stand. Hamilton, however, for all his brilliance and value, lacked the sunny ease within himself which lets men say the fault was theirs.

At the end of the hour he says Washington sent Tilghman to him to say he was sorry the outburst had occurred and that he was ready to forget it. Instead of regarding this as a magnanimous, agreeable thing to do, Hamilton considered it an evidence of weakness and self-blame on Washington's part and as evidence of his own indispensability. He declined to reconsider and does not mention in his letter any expression of decent gratitude for the gesture. With boyish self-importance he wrote Schuyler that his refusal was "the deliberate result of maxims I have long formed for the government of my own conduct."

Each was a human being made up of varied and intangible qualities. The difference was that Washington realized the gradations in personality and saw that men's talents should be used and their "foibles" largely forgotten.

Meanwhile Arnold was marauding in the Virginia Tidewater. The destruction of supplies was serious, the effect on the state in making it desire to recall its line and militia from Greene in the Carolinas more serious—and of course most serious of all was the fact that if Arnold could maintain himself Greene's communications were cut.

On February 20, Lafayette, long having asked for it, was ordered south with the light infantry and advised two days later that the new Pennsylvania Line under Wayne could probably be sent to support him.

He left for Philadelphia ahead of his troops on the twentyfifth, Wayne was alerted the following day, and an express left for the long circuitous ride, to Steuben in Richmond and to Greene, with the news.

The depletion of the still small main army—well under ten thousand men—made it necessary to bring down two regiments of the New York Line from the Mohawk. In reply to Governor Clinton's protest, Washington sent that *national* letter he wrote so often and so well:

As an officer entrusted with the general interest of the Confederation [the new word; it was all but ratified] in expectation of an active campaign under engagements, which I shall [in any event] find it difficult to fulfill, I cannot, in policy, in justice to the United States, in good faith to our allies, consent to divest myself of so considerable a part of my efficient force, as the two regiments in question.

States were expected to protect their frontiers with their own militia. With some splendid exceptions, they did it badly and in some cases by their aggressions disturbed what peace there was. Particularly was this true around Fort Pitt and, as Lafayette moved, Greene reported that the back-county militia, which had been useless in combat, had destroyed the Cherokee towns to the westward and that he had to send Continental officers to make peace. If the militia and its officers had been in British pay, they could hardly have served the royal cause better—the King's Mountain victory notwithstanding.

Still, as Lafayette reached the Head of Elk the states by action of their legislatures became at last, de lege, a confederation.

It is agreeable, at this point, to meet Allan McLane again, now a major, sent ahead to Steuben in Williamsburg by Lafayette.

"Being on business of the greatest importance . . . as he may stand in need of boats, horses or men . . . he has authority to impress what boats, horses or men he may want," Steuben's pass to him read. Lafayette's dispatch of a week later tells of a familiar McLane contribution to the cause: "Major McLeane [sic] who

has already lost his baggage in going to search [for] the French fleet will carry this by water to the Head of Elk."

On March 15, Greene won a little action against an inferior British force at Guilford Court House in North Carolina. Total victory was in his hands when panic seized the militia. Nonetheless, he had checked Cornwallis who turned southeast, hurrying for Wilmington, three quarters of the length of the state away. Yet, as news of it reached Philadelphia, Wayne was unable to move because of "the supineness of the Pennsylvania State Council" over supplies. One must indeed wonder who, except the warriors, wanted to win the war.

As the winter ended, Washington congratulated Schuyler on a new daughter presented to him by the fertile Mrs. Schuyler in her forty-seventh year. There was another domestic detail of human interest. Catherine Greene wanted to join her husband, and evidently needed a friend at court to help her.

With charming, wifely guile she wrote Martha Washington about it. So devoted a wife could not fail to respond to a sister's plea, and whose influence would be greater with the Commander in Chief?

One can imagine Mrs. Washington saying, "I have the most pathetic letter from Caty Greene. She wants to see her friend. You've got to arrange for her to go. How would you feel if I couldn't see you? And you mustn't be indifferent to others."

"But, my dear Martha, Greene is on a campaign in an unhealthy country. His headquarters are constantly on the move. There'd be no place for her."

"My dearest friend, if there was a place at Valley Forge and Morristown..."

"Well, I'll write her but it's really up to Greene. . . . "

So he wrote, saying Mrs. Washington had told him but that he could neither "advise or dissuade because the true footing (if you will allow me the freedom to say so) upon which the journey depends is, in my opinion, the encouragement given to it by

Gen'l Greene, who having a view of all circumstances before him, can alone determine the propriety of it."

"Of all the typical masculine evasion I ever read!" Mrs. Wash-

ington doubtless exclaimed, if he showed her the letter.

As he wrote, John Laurens in Passy, France, was writing him there was good progress on the French loan and that De Grasse with his fleet would be out in July.

For five springs previously, Washington had written governors and members of Congress of the "next campaign," and there had never been more than a single day's continuous fighting for the main army.

In April 1781 there seems to have been small curiosity and less faith as to whether this time anything would be accomplished. The representatives of the army had still to go hat in hand to Congress and the state legislatures to beg for food, clothing, and pay.

The civilians closest in touch with affairs may have felt time was running on their side. Certainly the British in the North had long been incapable of offensive action and, though it was not realized, Cornwallis was already making for the coast.

Yet, as will be seen, famous men doubted that the country would continue the unequal struggle or that the French, three thousand miles from home, with only an occasional naval superiority would achieve some miracle.

Washington's general plan was to attack New York City with Rochambeau's support, yet the possibility depended on many factors, which he could not control.

There was no thought of Congress or the governors saying, "We can see it would end the war. What will it help most of us to do?"

It must be a constant wonder that that amazing man could keep his fighting edge and communicate it to his troops and behave with an air of expanding confidence. If the object had not been noble, some characteristics which animated him would be called guile and duplicity. On April 15 the Pennsylvania Line had still been unable to move for lack of money. Three days later Lafayette, on his own credit, borrowed two thousand pounds from the Baltimore merchants to procure "some shirts, linen overalls, shoes and a few hats" for his light infantry. He shoved out of Baltimore on the nineteenth, without tents or artillery, to reach Richmond before the British under Phillips did.

On the way even he was discouraged and wanted to return to the main army. Washington wrote him that "it would be difficult to bring you [back] to headquarters and assign you command." Yet, knowing his volatile nature and the dreadful risk of somehow offending the French, he told him he could come if he wanted to and would be useful as liaison with Rochambeau. This is no "father" writing a "foster son." It is a shrewd judge of men taking no chance on trouble—and besides, Steuben was in Virginia.

All would have been different if Cornwallis's dispatch to Phillips could have been intercepted and the Americans known he was quitting Wilmington for Petersburg.

Meanwhile the rupture with Hamilton had a brief aftermath. On April 3, Schuyler had written to Washington, with what appears unusual care, to express his regret at having been unable to pay due attentions to Mrs. Washington on her recent Albany visit, the reason being that it was impossible to get away from the State Senate, owing to the lack of a quorum. It seems quite clear that Schuyler wanted to be sure Washington did not attribute the apparent neglect to any feeling on Schuyler's part about his son-in-law.

On the twenty-seventh Hamilton wrote Washington, asking for a line command with senority to date from his staff service. There was constant, strong, and jealous protest from line officers against such appointments. Washington replied the same day:

Your letter of this date has not a little embarrassed me. . . . While I adhere firmly to the right of making such appointments as you request, I am at the same time obliged to reflect that it will not do to

push that right too far, more especially in a service like ours and at a time so critical as the present. . . . My principal concern arises from an apprehension that you will impute my refusal of your request to other motives than those I have expressed but I beg you to be assured I am only influenced by the reasons which I have mentioned.

It is beginning to be suggested today that the armed forces are overindulged and pampered and stand in need of "austerity." If so, it is a long overdue debt paid them for their forefathers of other wars. As May 1781 opened, after a winter of pleadings to the state governors, it was necessary to send General Heath to beg personally for "beef, salted provisions and the establishment of a regular, systematic effectual plan for feeding the army."

The do-nothingism of the civil authorities is so flagrant, so apparently without excuse, that one seeks in vain for its cause. It seems only common sense to suppose there must have been good reasons which have not been recognized. Yet what were they? The "diffusion of the population," making it difficult to create public opinion by communication? The impossibility of combing out the Loyalists in any state? The lack of wealth and a sufficient medium of exchange? No doubt these and many tangible factors contributed, but in addition there seems to have been even then a species of braggadocio, characteristic of Americans at their worst.

Young Harry Lee remembered afterward being in Philadelphia that month and "gentlemen high in office spoke confidently of the capture of the British Army [by General Greene]. Our regular force in the field was not equal to the capture of a British regiment."

There is a letter from Joseph Reed to Washington of May 17 which makes a strong case for the Pennsylvania civil authority. Certainly it is effective and persuasive but the fact remained that

²The bounty of nature made one luxury possible. Pickering, the Q.M.G. at Newburgh, had the catch of Hudson River shad sent down from Esopus every day to the army to save the expense of salting it.

Pennsylvania and her twelve sisters never equipped, fed, and paid a Continental Army of twenty-five thousand men—though the zealots among them had talked to begin with of seventy thousand.

This is Reed's well-written excuse:

[Not only has Pennsylvania been] the residence of Congress, with all their train of attendant officers, but also of all the military mechanism, if we may so express ourselves, of the continent. From hence the quarter master principally drew wagons, horses, artificirs. Prisoners of war have been the inheritance of Pennsylvania. [But equally of Massachusetts and Virginia? Author's comment.] . . . The frequent calling out of militia has been a burden and is represented by some as rather an idle parade to gratify particular vanity than resulting from real necessity. . . .

Every other state can impress. [Not true, and a lame excuse: the army had had to winter in New Jersey because of New York State laws against impressment. Author's comment.] It may seem strange to Your Excellency but it is not less true that we have not legal power to impress a single horse or wagon, let the emergency be what it will. . . .

Supplies demanded [of us] this year are equal to eleven years' taxes and all other income of the state in its most prosperous days. [In terms of paper money, of course. Author's comment.] [Nonetheless] we cannot admit the claim [of the army] to be an exclusive one to splendid instances of public virtue and disinterested regard to the public interests.

On May 1, after so many years, Washington had been able to write in his diary again. People have often lamented that he did not keep it during the war and that when he did resume it he said so little.

The reasons are of course obvious. First, there was no time for it, but above all he clearly realized that the capture of his private opinions of such letters as Reed's might well have lost the war. Yet, resuming though it does with gloom and even laconic be-

wilderment, one must suppose he had an eye to history and somehow knew the next hundred and eighty days would tell the story.

Cornwallis reached Petersburg, Virginia, May 20 just after General Phillips, there commanding the British Virginia force, had died. In New York, Clinton by then had the news that De Grasse was coming to blockade him. His orders to Cornwallis were uncertain, and based on overassumption of his strength and an underestimate of Lafayette's, though the latter was only then 3250—1300 of them Continentals—and Wayne's Pennsylvanians had not arrived.

In general, though leaving him discretion, Cornwallis was ordered to strike at Lafayette, take Baltimore, and march for Philadelphia.

Lafayette put his position to the Commander in Chief with Gallic wit. To fight, he said, he needed "an army mounted on race horses." Otherwise he must await the naval superiority De Grasse would bring.

All the great hopes hung on that event and the French loan John Laurens was after. The last had one comic aspect. Without hard money in the military chest, it had been necessary to send Culper French gold. He returned it as unusable in New York as Washington left for Wethersfield, Connecticut, to meet Rochambeau.

While they conferred, Wayne, urged by Lafayette to come on without baggage, started the Pennsylvania Line south from York. The new line mutinied and this time it was put down with blood and iron, the infantry marching past the bodies of three mutineers lying on the ground. Officers from Burgoyne's army, still prisoners, saw them hurry through Frederick, Maryland, and shortly afterward the Pennsylvanians, as young Beatty put it, picked a fight with the whole British Army and fought as they always did.

Cornwallis was now at Westover on the peninsula of Virginia and Lafayette pulled back toward Fredericksburg. As he did—evidently by God's grace to America—Clinton's orders for Arnold, with two thousand men, to embark for New York, were received and Cornwallis was left to his fate.

The next day Washington had John Laurens's dispatch that the King of France had made a gift of six million livres to be used not by Congress but in Washington's unrestricted discretion. Small wonder that ten years later the warriors wished to aid the King, while the "idealists," Jefferson, Paine, Madison, and Freneau, cheered for the Terror.

With the receipt of Laurens's news, "a person... with the pay and rations of a horseman [was posted] on the Heights of Monmouth [New Jersey]... from whence the movements of the enemy fleet in and out of the Hook can clearly be discovered" and where he could first see the splendid ships of De Grasse, "their white sails crowding against the bosom of the urgent West."

It cannot, of course, be the fact that Washington alone saw the Revolution plain and whole, yet one searches in vain for evidence to the contrary. Every way to disastrous error of judgment not only was constantly open but the taking of it pressed on him. In some miraculous way—however much one may want to avoid that adjective—he maintained balance with audacity, stubborn persistence with a lightning ability to change as circumstances changed and to perceive what mattered and what did not.

Perhaps nothing has made it harder to know him as a human being than the later oratory which called him the Father of His Country. Yet in private and public matters, in June 1781, he behaves exactly as the wise and worldly father of a troublesome family who must be guided, denied, reassured, and explained to.

He got back from the Wethersfield conference with Rochambeau to find Mrs. Washington had been ill the entire time with "a kind of jaundice" and anxious to see her son Jackie. He wrote:

My dear Custis,2

[Your mother] is very desirous of seeing you [and] I should be glad if it does not interfere with any important engagement, if you could make her a visit. [There is no need for alarm.]

Jackie Custis was then twenty-six and "important engagements" or something had thus far kept him from any military service. His whole attitude to life had been that of a spoiled boy—a constant worry to his stepfather. Men are seldom in a more difficult position than as stepfathers of sons whom they have every inclination to love as their sons but see as almost worthless, though the object of their mothers' emotional indulgence. A great deal can rightly be read into this otherwise simple letter.

News of the illness reached New York with other matters of great importance. On June 3, Washington wrote Rochambeau, "I am sorry to inform you that one of our messengers has been taken between [New Windsor, headquarters on west bank of the Hudson,] and Morristown. [He carried your dispatches for the minister of France.] The enemy can gain no material information from my letters and I shall be happy to hear that they will be disappointed in yours." How deftly he asks Rochambeau if that is the case.

The British were extraordinarily successful in these intercepts. "The post [the national mail service] is easily held up by British parties [because of the fixed schedules and routes]" but in this case they had caught an express in spite of the fact that they were usually safe "as their times of riding are [purposely] uncertain."

The intercept had the news of Mrs. Washington's illness possibly in the letter to Custis. Mrs. Mortier, at whose Broadway

²A fascinating piece of research could be done on the varying salutations and signatures of Washington's letters. What was eighteenth-century manners and what was personal feeling?

house the Washingtons stayed in the summer of '76, heard of it, and on the fifteenth wrote that she was sending out, under a flag, "necessary articles for her recovery." The list of articles was appealing:

box limons
 box oranges
 limes
 dozⁿ capilaire
 ergot
 boxes sweetmeats
 keg of tamarinds
 dozⁿ pine apples
 [?] fine Hyson tea

Washington wrote her on the twenty-first with careful and grateful politeness that he was returning the articles—"Mrs. Washington has so perfectly recovered as to be able to set out for Virginia in a day or so"—but to General Robert Howe (American), commanding in the zone of flags, he wrote

You will have the goodness to suffer nothing at all to be landed from the flag, and to give orders for the departure of it as soon as may be with convenience.

You will be pleased to give directions to have the officer and men who come with the flag treated with due attention and civility, without being suffered to come on shore, on any account whatever.

And then, that Caesar's wife might be indeed beyond suspicion, he adds a postscript: "Be pointed in directing that nothing should be landed."

The sick and wounded in hospitals, the investigators in Congress would be in no doubt that the Commander's wife did not receive luxuries from the British lines, however harmless to the main war effort.

This sort of austere punctilio was shared by the staff. In the same week Tench Tilghman wrote his civilian brother, refusing to help him secure passage for England, "I am, from my station,

master of the most valuable secrets of the cabinet and the field and it might give cause of umbrage and suspicion were I, at this critical moment, to interest myself in procuring the passage of a brother to England."

Meanwhile the British threat in Virginia and the Carolinas looked to those there greater than it was, though they could not be blamed for their opinion. Greene pressed Washington to move south with the main army. "There would be an inevitable loss of men on so long a march in the hot season," he replied, "and our objective must be New York." The same day he urged Rochambeau to join in "a serious menace against New York" to relieve pressure in the South, and again refused Continentals to George Rogers Clark for an attack on Detroit, desirable as the enterprise was.

For a moment that day—though unknown to Washington—it appeared that he had been wrong in his obstinacy. Tarleton made his spectacular ride—seventy miles in twenty-four hours—for Charlottesville, all but capturing Governor Jefferson. As he turned back to rejoin Cornwallis, then forty miles northwest of Richmond, Lafayette, though not "mounted on race horses," got between him and Charlottesville, and the British began to fall back toward Norfolk.

In reply to Jefferson's natural alarm over the situation, Washington wrote him a calm letter which might well have applied to the advance of the Russian armies in Europe a hundred sixty-four years later: "They are endeavoring to make as large a seeming conquest as possible that they may urge the plea of uti posseditis [as you now possess] in the proposed mediation." His conclusion is that he must stay in New York, close to Rochambeau.

Joseph Reed did not admit this diplomatic acumen. He wrote to Greene on the High Hills of Santee (South Carolina): "General Washington complains of us all. Engrossed by military concerns he has not time or opportunity to know the real state of the country or the difficulties which environ men in civil life. He will always deservedly possess great splendour of character but I am of the opinion it has seen its meridian." This heavy philosophizing is in contrast to the explicit, practical request Reed received a few days later from the man "engrossed by military concerns." Parenthetically, it is another exposure of the legend that the Continental Army were all sharpshooters fighting against bad marksmen trained to unaimed volley firing.

Washington wrote Reed that he was in vital need of three hundred "expert riflemen to fire into the embrazures and to drive the enemy from their parapets when our approaches are carried very near their works. [If we rely on muskets we shall have heavy losses. General Lincoln says the enemy used such riflemen against us with deadly effect at Charleston. Endeavor to secure that many from the frontier of Pennsylvania to be here, with their own rifles, by August 1.]"

The day before, George Mason had written his son, in France on private business, "I fear we are deceiving [ourselves] in expecting we shall be able to keep our people much longer firm in so unequal an opposition to Great Britain."

It has been said by Mason's admirers that this defeatist letter served a good purpose, since Franklin showed it to Vergennes, the French Foreign Minister. As it could hardly have reached him before July 15, by which time De Grasse was off the American coast, this is hard to credit.

On June 9 on the Rapidan, thirty miles northwest of Fredericksburg, Wayne's force joined Lafayette, and three days later Campbell with six hundred men, flushed with the King's Mountain victory, arrived. Steuben came up with some more from Prince Edward Court House, bringing Lafayette's strength to slightly over five thousand men.

On June 20, Cornwallis, on Clinton's orders, abandoned the then little town of Richmond, heading for "Yorktown or Williamsburg" on the peninsula shore.

On June 19 the Continentals in New York began to move

down through Westchester on the British lines, leaving their girls behind them:

No women will be suffered to ride in waggons or walk in the ranks this campaign unless there are very particular reasons for it of which the general officer or the officer commanding the division or brigade is to be the judge; a written permission only will avail; without this the officer of the day or the police is not only authorized to turn them out but required to do so, inflicting instant punishment upon those who should be found transgressing.

Obviously the long-idle army had accumulated a great number of women and there may have been doubt that they would let themselves be separated from them. But the movement went with snap, precision, cadence, and when they reached their positions, General Orders read: "The Commander-in-Chief is extremely pleased with the march [toward Kingsbridge over the Harlem River]. He never saw a straggler from the line of march." The army was always at its best when it was going to seek the enemy and give him battle.

As they moved, Tallmadge's dragoons were posted on the Connecticut roads to ride express as Rochambeau, leaving Hartford, came down to join hands.

General Orders of June 27 read sonorously:

The Commander-in-Chief has the pleasure of announcing to the army [he might well have inserted "at last"] the approach of the troops of His Most Christian Majesty under the command of His Excellency, Lieutenant General, Count de Rochambeau.

All were in high spirits except Hand, the adjutant general, who, like the King asking only a little butter for his bread, wrote Pickering, the Q.M.G.: "I don't wished to be possessed of any article that I am not entitled to or more than I want. As brigadier I am entitled to a marquee. There must also be one to issue orders [sic!] as I look upon it also that the gentlemen of the office should have one to cover them, but if that be not the case, any person better entitled to one shall have it."

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A quick, perhaps too quick, attempt was made to have General Lincoln rush the British at Kingsbridge and gain a bridgehead "on the north end of York Island." The attempt did not come off and the main army pulled back to White Plains to await the French.

The marksman myth is further exploded by Washington's second letter on expert riflemen to Reed: "In a little affair near Kings Bridge . . . our troops were galled considerably by Hessian Jagers [hunters; sharpshooters] who did execution at a distance to which our musquetry could not reach." He might well have added the fact that there had never been a supply of ammunition sufficient for target practice.

SEND NEWS ON THE SPUR OF SPEED

(July - December 1781)

SIR HENRY CLINTON'S view of the situation was:

Washington is twelve miles from me with eleven thousand men in a position exceeding strong. . . . Knyphausen, Robertson and Birch agreed that I could not pass beyond the Harlem with any probability of remaining even a few days unless I left 6,500 regulars to guard the York Island posts. I could not trust the Loyalist militia. Which would mean I would have only 3,000 for the forward movement. But I am free to own that if I had had four times that number I would not have marched out to attack Washington's army so posted and in a great measure master of [the Hudson] with his gunboats. . . . We were ignorant where our fleet had gone or when it might return.

Lafayette and Wayne, by mid-July, were on the Peninsula, passing the later famous place names of the Seven Days' Fighting around Richmond—Bolton's Bridge and Malvern Hill. They ran into most of Cornwallis's army on the fifth and the Pennsylvania Line, counterattacking with great dash, saved the day. Cornwallis crossed the width of the lower Peninsula to Yorktown, abandoning his base at Portsmouth and demolishing the works there. The ship captains agreed that the defense of Old Point Comfort was not feasible. Shortly he would be asked to reinforce Clinton with "all troops not necessary to his defense."

Meanwhile, from the salubrious High Hills of Santee, Greene's

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light cavalry under Harry Lee, Wade Hampton, and Sumter were having a series of small but expanding victories.

The minutes of a conference with Rochambeau on July 19 contain the apparent first mention of the Yorktown plan. The summary is:

If Admiral de Grasse on arrival should not think it prudent to attempt forcing the passage of the Hook or fail in making the attempt; if he should bring no land troops with him and the Americans not be considerably augmented, then [after sufficiently garrisoning West Point and the lines around New York] the balance of the French and American forces should march to Virginia.

It did not occur to Lafayette that Washington could completely change his mind as circumstances made it advisable, and he wrote on the twenty-first asking to rejoin the main army.

A dispatch for De Grasse at sea was then written and delivered to General Forman at Port Monmouth (Atlantic Highlands). His orders were to "station and pay enough militia horse to ride the distance between Port Monmouth and Dobbs Ferry [seventy miles] in fifteen hours." The first relay was to be off on certain sight of the French fleet but they were in no wise to know in advance why they were posted. After the exchange of friendly signals, Forman was to go aboard the flagship with a greeting and a letter from Washington to De Grasse. The letter told him that the British strength in New York was eight thousand (actually less than it was; a rare case of a commander not inflating his enemy's strength); Rochambeau was around White Plains with forty-four hundred. The American strength was not specified but called small but growing, a shrewd omission. Described as small, the facts were almost sure to be a pleasant surprise, while any specification could be the cause of complaint. And the strength was growing as Willett on the Mohawk was further stripped of the New York Line, making possible the brief success of what was to be Walter Butler's last raid.

A dispatch went to Lafayette which carried a masked hint of

the Yorktown plan. Washington added that he would like to send a special emissary to explain but, with his own "family" constantly and fully employed, he knew no one "upon whose discretion I can depend."

Apocryphal as some of Colonel Boudinot's reminiscences, written in old age, seem, there is one of that month which, with other evidence and Washington's predilection for counterintelligence, has the stamp of fact. The Yorktown move having been decided on, its success depended completely on its surprise. Boudinot says that Washington himself interviewed "an old inhabitant of New York," known to be a British agent. Washington asked him various questions with regard to the feasibility of landings about New York and Long Island, dwelling particularly on the location of drinking water for the troops. (What an air of technical reality that touch gave.) He said "he was fond of knowing the situation of different parts of the country as in the course of war he might unexpectedly be called into that part of the country." Then after a pause he asked the man to preserve "the most profound secrecy and by no means to lisp a word of what had passed between them." As Boudinot says, "I do not doubt but that the British general had it that night."

Seven years later Washington, in describing the security measures to Noah Webster, wrote: "Nor were less pains taken to deceive our own army; for I had always conceived when the imposition did not completely take place at home, it could never sufficiently succeed abroad."

His diary for August 3 says they will move to the Head of Elk since De Grasse is disinclined "to force the harbour of New York." On the fifth Colonel Scammell was told His Excellency wished to make a reconnoiter upon the North River Road (Albany Post Road south from Dobbs Ferry). At five in the morning Scammell with all his infantry, Sheldon's Horse, and attached troops was "to possess all the roads leading into the North River Road [and] advance parties as far below Phillipses as you can with safety." An escort of an officer and twenty dragoons would

meet the Commander in Chief at seven o'clock. "The party will come up again in the afternoon—therefore taking provision with them is immaterial."

A reconnoiter by the Commander in Chief in the main day-light hours would be seen and talked about by several thousand men. Sheldon's dragoons "possessing" the crossroads would spread the story. At the cook fires the troops could be counted on to say, "Hey, did you see the Old Man out today? He was way to hell and gone down the lines, bunch of officers with him. Sheldon's outfit was routed out at four o'clock. Something's up all right."

Security measures were tightened, all persons entering camp being required to have, in addition to passes, tickets with serial numbers and their names.

Robert Morris, Superintendent of Finance, was given a hint, asked to check available shipping in the Delaware and proceed to headquarters.¹

Morris was at headquarters for conference on August 11. What the military planners wanted to know from the financial and supply advisers was by what means money, subsistence, and water transport, from the Head of Elk to the James River, could be provided, having regard to the empty military chest and the assumed condition of the Treasury, and the non-arrival of the French King's gift.

The knack of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, which later brought Robert Morris to his personal ruin, now stood his country in good stead. He said he could make some temporary deal with Luzerne, the French envoy, on the out-of-pocket costs. Luzerne had already agreed to advance a million livres, on the

*For some reason Robert Morris's most recent biographer (1950) sees the preparations somewhat differently, though in accord with the long tradition which describes Washington as this man of sorrows and despair. We read: "Every Monday and Friday evening a dignified group assembled in the Finance Office, the Commander-in-Chief weighed down . . . and saddened. 'Oh, Robert,' Washington said sadly, 'the country has failed me. If I am not now extricated by you, all is lost.'"

King's account, "if the expedition goes on against New York." For security reasons he had not yet been told Yorktown was the objective. As to the arrears in army pay, it was evidently agreed they would have to take the risk. Security precautions as to the conference were modern and thorough. When it was over contracts were at once let for Osnaburgs (sandbags) "for the intended siege of New York" and the Day Book of the Finance Office was written for any British spy to read: "[At headquarters] the Superintendent of Finance talked economies and Colonel Tilghman took notes of such conclusions as we agreed. . . ."

There was a small but puzzling mystery side show going on at the same time which appears to have escaped notice and the solution of which is still baffling.

The Philadephia Tory belle, Rebecca Franks, was staying at the time in Flatbush, Long Island, in a "house [which] swarmed with beaux [from the grenadiers] and some very smart ones." So she wrote her sister Abigail on August 10. Then she added, "Mrs. Robert Morris and daughters drank tea here this week. Neither of the girls are married or going to."

How does it happen that the wife and daughters of the Superintendent of Finance (the Secretary of the Treasury) should, at that critical moment, have desired or been permitted, by Sir Henry Clinton or Washington, Morris or the governor of New York, to enter the British lines?

The Continental intelligence had well-grounded respect for the acuteness of their British opposite numbers. They knew how completely innocent and chance remarks by these ladies could be used to fill out a picture. They knew to what adroit questioning they would be subjected.

On the other side, the British intelligence, when the request for a pass was submitted, must have jumped at the chance to issue it, since the Morris ladies could hardly learn anything which, they assumed, Washington did not already know.

Considering again the Continental agreement for the passes, one must remember with what scrupulous regard for public opin-

ion General Stirling's wife and daughter had been refused permits to visit close relatives in New York, Gouverneur Morris to visit his dying mother, and other female relatives of his to leave New York for a visit with relatives in New Jersey. And the almost ostentatious publicity given to returning Mrs. Mortier's gifts to Mrs. Washington.

What was more likely to arouse Joseph Reed and the *Free-man's Journal* than a visit to the British by people of such social and political prominence?

The great Robert Morris collection at San Marino, California, contains no reference to the visit and none other has been found. But Rebecca Franks, knowing the Morrises intimately, could hardly have been mistaken.

On July 17, Count Fersen, after his ride of "220 miles in 36 hours," wrote to Paris: "Nous devons marcher en suite en Virginie avec notre armée joindre à lui [Washington] et chasser les Anglais de cette partie."

It is not unlikely, therefore, that Washington, with his imaginative, unscrupulous secret service skills—the other side of the nature which galloped into the line of fire at Harlem and Trenton—said to himself, "What better indication that we are going to do nothing than to send Mary Morris and her girls into New York to kick up their heels?"

When one considers all the arrangements between two hostile armies which had to be made to make the visit possible, one can be sure it did not come about as the result of a feminine whim.

On August 17, with De Grasse now known to be near the Chesapeake, General Heath was let into the secret of the Yorktown enterprise, being given command of all the troops remaining in this department, the main elements of the New England Line, the Invalid Corps, Sheldon's Horse, and the militia. His "general rule of conduct [was to be] to act on the defensive only, yet it is not meant to prohibit you from striking a blow at the enemy's posts or detachments, should a fair opportunity present

itself. [Your line is to be based north of Croton]." He was to strip his command of traveling forges to go with the main army, a detail which can be appreciated by only a choice few.

The command was a wonderful tribute to character. There was nothing spectacular about Heath but he was as incapable of panic or corruption as his Chief. Again in tribute to similar qualities Lincoln, who had had to surrender Charleston, was made commander of the field.

It must be realized that until they knew, on the fourteenth, that De Grasse was not coming to New York the two plans—Yorktown and New York—with all their intricacies and timing, had to be kept at the cock.

They began to move on August 19—the light infantry under Scammell, with two light companies from the New York and Connecticut Lines, the New Jersey Line, two of the New York Line, Hazen's regiment, one of the Rhode Island Line, and Lamb's field artillery, to be followed on the twenty-sixth by the whole of Rochambeau's army.

The line and schedule of march was:

August			North Castle	14 miles
"	20th	"	King's Ferry	18 miles
"	22nd	all	owing for winds to cross	the Hudson
"	23rd	to	Suffern	16 miles
"	24th	"	Pompton Meeting House	14 miles
"	25th	"	Whipping	15 miles
"	26th	"	Bullion's Tavern	15 miles
"	27th	"	Somerset Court House	14 miles
"	28th	"	Princeton	14 miles
"	29th	"	Trenton	12 miles

It was hoped that as late as "one march more" after August 30 the British, assessing their intelligence reports in New York, would believe Sandy Hook the objective. Even Dearborn, acting assistant quartermaster general, reaching Trenton on the twenty-first, was not sure of the army's destination, so well was the secret kept.

The French troops had not all passed the ferry (of the Hudson) on the twenty-fourth and "150 Americans were sent to aid them, at evening 150 more." One can imagine the ribald Continentals' benevolent jeering as they helped "them poor Frogs" across, the passage being completed on the twenty-sixth.

Good fortune like trouble never coming singly, the French ship, with John Laurens and two and a half million livres in cash, reached Boston and Laurens was off on his three-hundred-mile ride to Philadelphia. He passed through Heath's headquarters on the thirty-first, by which day Washington was at Robert Morris's house in Philadelphia reading Lincoln's dispatch from the Delaware Crossing that "at 5 P.M. the ordnance, ordnance stores, artillery, sappers and Hazen's regiment were loading . . . leaving at 7 . . . the Jersey Line, Van Schaick's [New York Line from the Mohawk] and the light infantry will cross in the morning. . . ."

What a change to have him add that they had plenty of empty wagons, so that even the infantry's packs and blankets were carried for them. Typical of Washington's ability to use men for what they could do best, and to forget their failures at what they were not fitted for, was the fact that Colonel Miles, victim of the British surprises at Long Island and the Brandywine, has assembled the "twenty to thirty sail of river craft perhaps more at Trenton."

On September 2, St. Simon put thirty-two hundred men from De Grasse's fleet ashore at Jamestown, Virginia, and Heath reported "all quiet along the [New York] lines," as Washington, all fire, wrote Lafayette, "Send news I pray you on the spur of speed for I am almost all impatience."

Not until that day did Sir Henry Clinton fully realize that Yorktown was the objective. He wrote Cornwallis by a swift cutter that Admiral Digby's squadron could be expected and that he would make a diversion and endeavor to reinforce Yorktown. Arnold was sent to attack New London.

The American and French armies, dusty, ruddy, and hand-

some, passed through cheering Philadelphia on September 3/4.

Not until the fifth was there any break in the sequence of success. But that day Washington, reaching the Head of Elk, found "a great deficiency of transports" and the contrast between the cheering in Philadelphia and their own arrears of pay was too much for the army.

As to transports, Washington "wrote many letters to gentlemen of influence on the Eastern Shore beseeching them to exert themselves in drawing forth every kind of vessel." He sent word to Robert Morris that the troops must be paid forthwith.

Many days would still be required to pack and move under heavy escort the great treasure brought by Laurens.

Those practical businessmen, Robert Morris and Gouverneur Morris ("on account of his speaking fluently the French language"), rode at three o'clock for Chester, where Rochambeau was halted. From his military chest they borrowed "20,000 hard dollars" to be repaid in October from the Laurens money. Translated into paper money, it was about a month's pay on the average, a pitiful dole to those warriors but one cannot admire too much the quick, practical ingenuity of the "well-organized heads" who arranged it, while other men might have indulged in eloquent lamentation or patriotic appeal. And for their part the gentry of the Eastern Shore responded with boats.

On September 9, Washington wrote in his *Diary*, "I reached my own seat at Mount Vernon." It said in effect what Walter Scott did in dying, fifty years later: "I have seen much but nothing like my ain house." Cornwallis's dispatch to Clinton that Washington was "in the bay" was intercepted that evening.

Washington, Rochambeau, and Sir Henry Clinton all based their "grand plans" on the assumption of naval superiority on the American coast. Briefly these were the fleet movements which made Yorktown possible: Late in August De Barras with a small French fleet was at Newport, Rhode Island, and De Grasse off the Virginia Capes. Graves (British) patrolled from New York to Boston without sufficient ships to make a blockade. Hood

(British) reinforced him with the West Indies fleet. They left New York on August 31 on learning that De Barras had put to sea. On September 5 they were off the Virginia Capes, where they saw De Grasse's fleet to the shoreward.

De Grasse broke off the landing of St. Simon's troops and put to sea in less than forty-five minutes, short eighteen hundred sailors engaged in the landing. There was a sea battle the seventh and eighth, but on the eleventh De Grasse came sailing back to his anchorage and the British fleet headed north for New York.

The next day, as Washington left Mount Vernon for the familiar ride of his prewar days toward Williamsburg, Sir Henry Clinton began to make his alibi with Germain in London: "I must beg leave again to repeat with humble submission . . . I said last year . . . ten thousand men were absolutely necessary exclusive of the recruits of the army . . . [and that] I should have my apprehensions of the worst that can happen."

The Americans and French from the Head of Elk began landing on the north bank of the James River on the twenty-second and were all ashore by the twenty-seventh, moving out of Williamsburg toward the Yorktown lines at 5 A.M. the next day. Barras's squadron had brought the siege artillery from Newport.

Lincoln, with Lafayette's original force added, commanded the right wing, the post of honor. Steuben had the center with the Pennsylvania and Virginia Lines and Rochambeau the left. At noon Cornwallis's pickets were being driven into his works.

There was a mingling of alarm and complacency in different places that day. Cornwallis got Clinton's dispatch of the twenty-fourth that he would sail to his support on October 5. Cornwallis felt sure of his ability to hold. In Philadelphia the Pennsylvania legislature called out the militia, fearing that Clinton would be able to take the city, while Heath's spies told him New York City believed Cornwallis was lost.

Though one sees now how inevitably it was all moving to victory, the anxieties were far from over. De Grasse, apprehensive of the return of the British fleets, wanted to be off to the West

Indies at the earliest possible moment. Cornwallis, having looked "General Washington's whole force in the face," wrote Clinton that he and the army had but one wish, "that the enemy would advance." The too often touchy regimental commanders kept up their jealousies, though it must be said they arose universally from some fear that they would not be the first to fight. Colonel Scammell, angry and sulky at serving under Hazen—forcing Lafayette to put the issue to Washington—was fatally wounded in a gallant action a few days later. John Laurens, not resting on his laurels, was back with the army, and with Alexander Hamilton—allowed to his great joy to be in the line—led the night attack with unloaded rifles on Redoubt Number 10.

On October 6, Washington could congratulate Greene on his victory at Eutaw Springs, saying, "Fortune must have been contrary indeed had she not yielded at last to so persevering a pursuer as you have been," and he added that if Mrs. Greene now wanted to go South she must stop at Mount Vernon where Lucy Knox was awaiting her gunner. It is worth noting in passing that there was a letter also from Gates at Traveller's Rest, his Virginia home. It said he had not known of the enterprise until it passed Alexandria but asked to be used in any way. However, the burden of the letter was to introduce "Mr. Blue who wished to contract for 300 beeves for the army."

By October 8 they were so sure of the result that Colonel White's dragoons and Moylan's Horse were sent off to reinforce Greene, and Lewis Morris, the Signer's son, was given a message "to be destroyed as soon as committed to memory." Its purpose was magnanimously to make clear to Greene that he and he alone was to have "those laurels which from his unparalleled exertions he so richly deserves." Only two things would lead Washington to field command, south of the James River:

- 1. The order of Congress;
- 2. The French Army going there, in which case Rochambeau (a lieutenant general) would command if Washington were not there.

The progress of the siege of Yorktown is too well known to need repetition. The business was done with a mixture of youthful dash and veteran competence.

On the sixteenth Cornwallis, attempting a sortie, was repulsed and that night decided to cross the York River to Gloucester Point as Tarleton made a diversionary attack there. Lauzun and John Francis Mercer, of Lee's staff at Monmouth, beat it back and at ten on the morning of the seventeenth there was a parley, an exchange of letters between the commanders, and the surrender, signed at eleven in the morning of the nineteenth, took place that afternoon. The arms and troops went to Washington, the ships and transports to De Grasse—7073 men, plus those previously taken, against 7000 French, 5500 Continentals, and 3500 militia.

As the surrender ceremony took place, Clinton left New York with thirty-five ships and seven thousand men to relieve Yorktown, turning back on the twenty-ninth.

Lincoln found the town with "many irregularities—the enemy are yet issuing stores and a great number of the men are seen with two muskets each"; and sight-seers and black-marketeers were crowding in, in spite of the smallpox which kept the Continental guards at a distance. Cornwallis wrote home of the particularly "delicate sensibility of our situation" on the part of the French officers, but Lincoln thought the French guards were worse than useless from their ignorance of the language.

The first thing the Tory lady, Anna Rawle, heard in Philadelphia on the twenty-second was "that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered to the French and Americans—intelligence as surprizing as vexatious. . . . However as there is no letter from Washington we flatter ourselves it is not true." On the twenty-fourth she wrote, "It is too true that Cornwallis is taken." Colonel Tilghman had brought Congress news of the surrender on the twenty-third, though Colonel Humphreys with the captured flags was becalmed in the Chesapeake until the twenty-seventh.

Schaukirk, the Moravian in New York City, wrote on the

twenty-fourth, "Yesterday and today considerable firing in the Jerseys which was supposed to be rejoicing and made our people very apprehensive of Cornwallis having been captured."

Aside from the immediate banquets to the allied and then the captured officers, small time was lost in celebration. On the twenty-seventh Heath at New York received the first order of its kind in the war: "There will be no occasion for forwarding on any more beef cattle from the northward for this army."

The next day all troops "belonging to eastward of Pennsylvania" were on their way back to the Hudson and the rest in motion to join Greene in Carolina, where with them he might drive the British forces into Charleston. Rochambeau stayed at Yorktown, and Allan McLane, as so often, patrolled the westerly shore of the Chesapeake against possible landings in darkness if Clinton's transports slipped around the Cape Charles corner.

Even the news from the far Mohawk Valley was good, word coming down that the last Loyalist raid had failed and that Walter Butler was among the slain.

For a hundred and ten days the Continental cause and Washington's personal fortunes had moved under a benign and sunny sky. Halfway through them he had been able for the first time in six years and five months to stay at Mount Vernon, to which he now turned back. On November 5 he reached Colonel Bassett's seat at Eltham. There in unbelievable tragic irony that bright, spoiled, disappointing boy, his stepson Jackie Custis, died of a fever as he arrived.

His half-finished education, his too early marriage, his heedless, headstrong, extravagant way, all about him had been a worry and burden to Washington. But, like so many of his type, he evidently had an endearing charm and above all was his mother's darling. The blow to her—his sister had died eight years before—was very heavy. Vain after-death regrets must have swept over Washington. He must have asked himself, "Should I have been less strict and censorious? Did I fail as a foster father to bring out the best that was in him?" Above all he must have asked himself

what effect it would have on his relations with the boy's mother. Would blame and recriminations come between them just as it looked possible for them at last to have the blessed peace of being together in retirement?

Few triangles are more difficult than that of a man whose wife is the mother of a son whom she adores but knows her husband finds wanting. The man in such a case often lives in an isolation more lonely than the Arctic, the more so if the son is dead. In his wise, sensible way Washington at once did something definite, adopting as his own Jackie's two children. It had nothing to do with money, since a good inheritance was assured, but it was the act of a man who, for all his practicality, knew the significance and value of symbols. It is abundantly clear from all their later life that nothing ever came between him and his Patty.

At the end of November the Washingtons were in Philadelphia in the Chew house. In December Catherine Greene came through, southward-bound, and Washington wrote Greene, "It shall be my endeavor to strew the way over with flowers."

She was off to one of the happiest periods of her life, taking "books, cards and a backgammon table" to a place where she could ride and play with all the adoring young officers, the beau, Wayne, among them, and her equally adoring Nathanael. And there was winter bathing at the Sea Islands after the cold damp of Rhode Island.

Lafayette was off to France from Boston.

It is pleasant to record that the last letter Washington wrote on the last day of 1781 was a certificate reciting the services of Allan McLane, testifying that he "distinguished himself highly as a brave and enterprizing partizan— . . . during the siege of York he was intrusted by the Board of War with the delivery of dispatches of importance to His Excellency, the Count de Grasse, which commission he executed with great celerity and was afterwards very serviceable in reconnoitering and bringing intelligence of the strength and disposition of the British fleet off the Chesapeake."

He would not add, of course, what others said, that McLane was "full of fun and frolic," or that he poured *some* of the rum from prisoners' canteens into his own and his troopers' boots to keep their feet from freezing "on the lines" around Germantown the Valley Forge winter.

McLane was high among the beaux sabreurs of the army but lived, according to one writer, alas, "to become a grave and religious character."

THE SOFT AND PLEASURABLE BED OF VENUS

We have seen the warriors marching from Boston to New York, fighting from the Jerseys and Pennsylvania to the Carolinas, in northern New York and at Quebec, and the inference of histories is that they did so without thought of women, except in the purest terms. The historical romances have gone to the other extreme, so that we wonder how their characters, kissing away kingdoms and provinces, ever got on with the war.

The nature and scarcity of sources have made it difficult to know what really were the "emotional promptings" of the Revolutionary patriots. For one thing, even lovers wrote carefully at a time when every tavern idler could read their letters. For another, their possessing heirs have usually been very pietistic and allowed publication only after careful censoring, or have made the astounding announcement that "matters of purely personal

In two letters, published consecutively, of young Erkuries Beatty the following elisions have been made: "Jinny outruns the other two in beauty yet some think her very . . " "Nancy the prettiest girl in town happened to be illy . . ." But this morbid care for readers' morals is not confined to descendants. The great Wilbur Cross himself in his *Life and Times of Laurence Sterne* said, "Perhaps it would not do to quote from an unpublished letter of [Sterne's] in reply to Mrs. Ferguson [asking] whether he was a married man." And the full journals of that large, delectable, wholesome mother and wife, Fritschen, the Baroness Riedesel, are still considered to have news not fit to print.

It is amusing to think how unnecessary it is to protect "reputation." Is anyone "mad" today at the two English-speaking men of genius, Pepys and Boswell,

who told all?

interest have been omitted." There are, of course, other causes which make it difficult to be sure about the atmosphere of love or sensuality2 in the Revolution. The bitter hardness of frontier life was not conducive to it.3 Men along the Ohio became "confirmed sots" and went to "premature graves" for the lack of "a modest, accomplished female society." All women were sought after as wives, though too frequently the word meant no more than drudge and breeder. Additionally a great part of the country, even in the South aside from the aristocracy, was dominated by dour and loveless Calvinism or other evangelical New Lights, and finally, since the writing of Revolutionary history began, roughly in the thirties of the "virtuous" nineteenth century, it has been imbued with "ideals of connubial felicity" and the belief that the prostitute, "the eternal priestess of humanity," safeguarded homes from lust. "Frail women live in twos and threes along the wharves."

It is interesting to see how these dismal facts and concepts have been applied to Washington. It can safely be said that the accepted versions, adulatory and hostile, of his "emotional" side are these:

- 1. Washington was not interested in the matter at all and was a good if dull husband.
- 2. Washington "had an eye for the ladies" and was bored by Martha, who was jealous.
- 3. Washington's hopeless love for Sally Fairfax, over which he brooded until death, kept him pure.
- 4. There are four known and unpleasant sex scandals in Washington's life.4

²⁴Sensuality is not often mentioned in the diaries or letters of the soldiers although references are not wanting." Bolton in *The Private Soldier Under Washington*.

⁸Yet how revealing is Mary Beard's quotation from Grandmother Brown in Iowa, eighty years later. "Such a way of living is hard, hard, hard. The only thing that can make it endurable for a woman is love and plenty of it."

"This absurdity, persistent though it is, needs nothing more than reference to John C. Fitzpatrick's critical examination and dismissal of it in Scribner's magazine, April 1927.

Certainly no inflammatory material in this, nor the gaiety of even Charles Thomson, at fifty-five, writing that the inhabitants of Calypso's Isle do not excel, in graces and charms, the nymphs of Annapolis, or of the subalterns, writing Anthony Wayne from Albany, "My God, what swarms of fine girls in this town. I wish I had the setting of their tails."

Before attempting to analyze Washington in this general frame—and we shall have to bear in mind that only two of his letters to Martha have survived-let us look at letters of some of the junior officers from the four armies engaged. The young Hessian, Bruno, who came down from Canada with Burgoyne, found all the girls attractive, and it is particularly interesting to note the emphasis he puts on their good teeth and cleanliness. In Canada all the women from "the aged dames of seventy six to the little girls of sixteen voluntarily offered us a kiss." The young ones were "pretty and lively [and] dress very nicely . . . no corsets among them. . . . Aristocrats and poor do their hair in a twist at the back," and at table "the Canadian beauties sing a twist at the back," and at table "the Canadian beauties sing French and Italian chansons." On the long captive march from Albany to Boston he found the girls had "a very white skin and healthy complexion . . . pretty little feet, very solid hands and arms. Their teeth are very white, their lips pretty. . . . They think a good deal of cleanliness, no matter how miserable the hut they live in. . . . Dozens stood by the road and let us pass in review . . . now and then roguishly extended an apple with a curtsey. [Even] daughters of poor peasants were nymphs of perfect beauty, but rarely one of the true graces, that is the gentle, languishing, delicate manner languishing, delicate manner. . . .

"They cost us some good men who would not have deserted their comrades but for the alluring voices of the pretty sirens. .

"Petticoat rule is spread throughout America."

The British officers were of course taken up by the Tory aristocracy in New York and Philadelphia, and the Mischianza, June 1778, is a timeworn tale. There were apparently not enough

Tory belles to go around because there was a "want ad" in a Philadelphia paper the week after Germantown, placed by two young Britishers, for

A young woman to act in the capacity of housekeeper, who can occasionally put her hand to anything. Extravagant wages will be given and no character required.

The romantic experiences of the French and the gallant Pole, Kosciuszko, "Kosci" to his friends, are of course the most amusing. The French were frankly puzzled, not to say occasionally stunned, by the contradictions of behavior. When Marbois came through Hartford, Connecticut, in the fall of '79 on his way to Philadelphia, Joel Barlow was staying there at the Whitmans'. His fiancée, Ruthy Baldwin, was in New Haven "but President Stiles's daughter Betsy" was then visiting Eliza Whitman, Barlow's "other wife" who died so tragically after unwedded childbirth nine years later.

"One of my friends" explained bundling to Marbois and it was doubtless Barlow. "He whispered to me that the same young lady . . . passed every night with him in the same bed under the same curtains and wonderful to a French ear [he] was sufficiently master of himself not to take advantage of the situation and that pure innocence triumphed over love, desires, youth . . . which I until now had thought irresistible." Bundling was not for the French because, Marbois says, "the first French officers who were allowed to practice it behaved themselves with so little reserve."

It was beyond the French to understand. Bundling could be suggested freely to a girl whose modesty was wounded by the words "legs, knees, skirt, garters," yet no one could understand a Frenchwoman riding astride or even how she could dress herself in the presence of her husband.

A French officer at Easton met the very pretty little eighteenyear-old wife of a colonel from Boston. He "was received by her wonderfully . . . at the end of four days we were very familiar indeed. Here a woman will kiss you all day, crush your foot, THE GREAT MAN

make your arm black and blue [but it is all] nothing but curiosity and that she wanted to see how the French go about it when making love."⁵

Kosci was involved in a hilarious imbroglio with some belles at a South Carolina plantation, in '81. He was still incoherent when he wrote Colonel Otho Williams about it but it appears that he "draw their pictures very handsome [whereupon] they immediately apply me with very smiling countenances kissed me half dousen times each and beged I would instantly draw them but hansome. [They] put me almost to extasy and in half hour time made perfectly like them but onlocky for me they drinck more rum in the closete as usuel and found [the picture] to be very ogly . . . they would really kill me if I should not ron away wich was very easy done as they could not follow me one step without fallen down so much rum affected their poor heads."

As young Lieutenant McMichael wrote, "The young ladies are very fond of soldiers but much more so of officers," and they had acquired, Walter Stewart wrote Anthony Wayne, "the art of throwing themselves into the most wanton and amorous postures . . . almost too much for a young soldier to bear."

They could sing, dance, paint, talk French, and "love like Venuses. They are ready to be courted at ten years of age, and taken from school and married at fifteen." John Beatty sent love and a kiss by his brother to the girls even in Moravian Bethlehem. John Cox wrote the young Quakeress, Hannah Pemberton, for "a pair of the very best and most fashionable stays" for a friend of his, saying that Hannah's "sweet little form" would do as a

"This letter, published in *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, Vol. XXXV, is an interesting example of censorship or ignorance. It is of course a translation of the French original. One is startled to read that the lady had "a very pretty figure, white as milk." Obviously the French word figure meaning "face" has been mistranslated, since his privileges could hardly have extended to the sight of her "figure white as milk." The next line is equally startling—"her back is quite round." A round back is not "pretty" and it is obvious the translator has chosen to call her derrière her back. She has "a charming throat which is a rarity in this country." Plainly the word gorge (breast) has piously been made into "throat," for which the French word is cou.

model if she could not "recollect the size of Kitty Lawrence." A Shaw of Boston wrote a Sargent of Boston of a scandal at West Point involving a general officer and another one's wife. It is a story of "a corneted [sic]" husband, "a bottle of wine and near an ounce of love powder" out of the Heptameron, Boccaccio and a thousand years before but still doubtless true. The husband arrived just as the Conqueror was enjoying the fruits of victory, and the latter left "with his cloathes under his arm."

Washington Irving had found that Braddock's officers, twentyodd years before, found the Indian women "not destitute of attraction, for the young squaws resemble gypsies, having seductive forms, small hands and feet [and] the officers are scandalously fond of them," and in Albany, at the outbreak of the Revolution, Tench Tilghman thought the Stockbridge Indian girls so "pretty and extremely clean" that he wanted to make "an acquaintance among them when my fair country women are all gone." In the Carolinas in '82, Wherry, a friend of the Beattys, had "fine times, plenty to eat and drink, plenty of ladies, both fair, black and brown (but by the bye, few fair ones)."

In short, as in Ophelia's song, "the boys would do it, if they come to it," or, like John Marshall, in a lover's daydream, write his and Maria Ambler's name over and over in his notebook, when he entered William and Mary toward the end of the war.

The girls were of familiar variety: the excited schoolgirl, Sally Wister, who tried to "be temperate in my praise [of Colonel Line who is not married]. He is monstrous tall and brown [and] very sensible and agreeable in conversation"; the strange Elizabeth Whitman, writing to Joel Barlow after his marriage to her friend Ruthy Baldwin, "There was a time when no cares would have made you so long unmindful of your dearest, I mean one of your dearest wifes: but we have been married more than a year";

⁶We can imagine Hannah's reaction. "How just like a man. Kitty Lawrence is actually fat!" "The swains are very attentive and call frequently to see me [and indulge in] agreeable and sentimental conversation," Hannah wrote.

Even a Shaw of Boston and Harvard could misspell.

and the lightheaded Rebecca Franks writing the Signer Paca's second wife from occupied Philadelphia, the Valley Forge winter, "Oh, how I wish Mr. P. would let you come in for a week or two . . . you'd have an opportunity of rakeing as much as you choose."

The typical relations between Continental officers and their wives were devoted, bordering at times on the uxorious. There appears to be no instance of man or wife meeting the new person for whom he or she was ready to forsake the old.⁸ They all desired, as Greene wrote his "dear Angel," Caty, "to be able to return to your arms with the same unspotted love and affection as I took to the field."

She had beaux, Anthony Wayne among them, wherever she went and was more devoted to dancing, from New Jersey to North Carolina, than to spelling, which Greene often "gently" spoke of. The general seems to have thought it wise to let a little jealousy simmer in Caty's mind over Colonel Clement Biddle's and Jeremiah Olney's young Rhode Island wives.

The young Blands, Theodorick and "my Patsy"—who was pleased with Washington's "impudence" on a ride at Morristown—teased each other pleasantly about other people. A Mrs. Field insisted on Bland's visiting her when his cavalry was quartered in New Jersey after Germantown, and he wrote his wife "Do you

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Henry and the fertile Lucy Knox, so "equally fat [that] one

⁸Anthony Wayne is the possible exception. His wife, at her marriage, had been the youngest bride of them all, fifteen.

There is this, typical of a certain sex arrogance of the times, in the letter: it is *she* who is not to *fear* that he will be untrue, not what he must fear she would do if he were.

cannot laugh at the other," were "extravagantly fond of each other," and practically all of them, like Tallmadge, "secured me a companion and friend the most desirable in my view. had I been privileged with a choice from the whole sex."

Even the usually dour Timothy Pickering wrote his wife the Valley Forge winter, when he was thirty-three and she twenty-five, "I confess I (yes, even I) am involuntarily led to respect [beauty in woman] whenever I meet it. Be not alarmed, my dearest! That very circumstance contributed to excite and fix my fondness, my unalterable attachment to you. An agreeable form, innocence, simplicity, good sense and a decent education with a disposition gentle, faithful and affectionate, are the only foundation of real happiness in the nuptial state."¹⁰

The New Englanders, in fact, were not so unemotional as one would expect. The wonderfully reliable, never complaining Henry Dearborn married the young widow Dorcas Marble, at Pittston, Maine, when he was twenty-nine, and said, "Venus rose out of the sea, but I thought she came out of the waters of the Kennebec." Colonel Jeduthan Baldwin at forty-five, going home on leave after Germantown, wrote in his brief diary, "To Brookfield. Lodged with Mrs. Baldwin and you may guess for ye rest."

Happy wedlock then may have arisen in part from the felicitous usage of "dearest friend" for either partner. A husband may be nagged, a wife meanly treated, but it is difficult for anyone to be unpleasant to the "dearest friend." When Manasseh Cutler visited Mount Vernon after Washington's death, Martha told him she waited but to join her departed friend.

The obvious extent of marital happiness makes all the more surprising the fact that so many of these otherwise enlightened men could have in effect become their wives' executioners

¹⁰Here, as in all the letters, the requirements for "real happiness" are the masculine ones. There seems to be no listing of the wives' requirements. At the other extreme, Sally Jay wrote her husband delightfully. "Peter Munro paid me 65£s for you which I've been spending at a great rate. Adieu, my dear Mr. Jay."

through excessive childbearing. Is custom, ignorance, religion, the need of increased population, female "duty," or masculine insensitiveness sufficient explanation? Was there in fact planning among the most prominent? Even allowing for the fact that the Washingtons' childlessness was unwanted, is it not significant that the first six Presidents had only seventeen children? The largest families were, with few exceptions, among the second or third line of the patriot leaders.

The more one studies this aspect of family life the clearer it becomes that generalizations are more than usually suspect. The dreadful degree of infant mortality was supposed to have hardened even parents to a child's loss. Yet Esther Reed, writing another woman, says, "I think sometimes of my loss with composure, acknowledging the wisdom, right, even the kindness of the dispensation. Again I find it overcome me and strike to the very bottom of my heart." Husbands, and later writers, comfort themselves that the prospect of death in or after childbirth was accepted as God's will by "a faithful Cristian woman" who thought, as she lay dying, only of her husband and little ones. For many days before her death the mother of George Mason's nine children (who had been married at sixteen) had lost all hope of recovery. It cost her, Mason said, "a hard struggle to reconcile herself." When she had accomplished it, he says, in what unconscious revelation, "though she had always been the tenderest parent, she took little notice of the children."

The banker, Thomas Willing, Robert Morris's partner, writing of his wife's death at thirty-seven, after twenty-one years of marriage and the production of thirteen children, agreed that she "was one of the most deserving of her sex."

The general concept of the woman of the times is that she

[&]quot;Patrick Henry had sixteen, William Livingston and Witherspoon thirteen, but Braxton, Harrison, Hart, and Sherman, with sixty-two among them, are typical of the second raters. Carter Braxton, the father of nineteen, is aptly described in Sanderson's *Lives of the Signers* as "a man of mild and philanthropic disposition . . . attached to domestic life and was never as happy as when associated with his wife. . . ."

ordinarily married at least a year or so before twenty, had many children, and as a result prematurely lost her looks and charms. Too often the last was true, but it was by no means inevitable. Even the most malicious gossips of the time agree on the retention of good looks and charm by such women as Martha Washington, Abigail Adams, Sally Jay, Dolly Madison, and the wives of Rufus King and Robert Morris, to name but a few. In '96 the artist Latrobe saw in Mrs. Washington at sixty-five "strong remains of considerable beauty."

The author of *The World of Paul Revere* says that at thirty-six Sarah Revere was "too old to really dance," a conclusion that would have amazed Kitty Livingston, Nancy Randolph, and Eliza Whitman. While Manasseh Cutler found his sister "so much altered [by the loss of her foreteeth at forty-nine] that I should not have known her," on meeting Lady Temple, a Bowdoin of Boston and a grandmother at forty-four, he thought her "no more than 22."

Among the warriors, Marshall, Knox, Monroe, McHenry, the Pinckneys, and Wayne married girls in their teens but many men, even then, married women older than themselves. Such contrasting figures as Elias Boudinot, Aaron Burr, Manasseh Cutler, Jonathan Dayton, General Heath, Jeremiah Wadsworth, and Washington, by a matter of months, were among them. These seven men had a total of twenty-three children.

Which of these varieties of women was Martha Washington? The fact is that if her name had not been Martha but, more fittingly, Sally, Nancy, Judy, or Kitty, and if she had not had so many portraits in later life, in that large cap, the course of historical writing about her and her husband might well have been different. One forgets under that visible and implied overpropriety that she was first married at seventeen to a man twenty-two years older, widowed eight years later, and three years later married to a great extroverted man of action her own age. One forgets that the picture of her at that time, with her hair parted

on the side, brushed very sleek and smooth, in modern fashion, is of a face often seen in *Vogue* today—an expression of "cold fire," very exciting to men, of enormous self-possession, a little cold, a little hard.

She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won.

The idea that her attraction for a man was her money and reasoning ponderously from the lacunae of two letters to another woman, that she was wooed faute de mieux, and that a dull if amiable wedlock of forty years followed, is absurd, if for no other reason than the evidence of the winters of the war.

The late W. E. Woodward asserted that she "burned all but three or four [of Washington's] letters because they did not show her and her husband in a satisfactory relation to each other." How Mr. Woodward knew this he did not say and there is far more reason to suppose they were burned because in them the inflammable material, in that otherwise great master of himself, had caught fire.

The letter of June 23, 1775, to "My dearest" breathes "an unalterable affection for [her] which neither time nor distance can change." None of his comrades, whatever their age or skill with words, put more tellingly the sorrow of war's separation.

"Mrs. Washington is extremely fond of the general and he of her; they are very happy in each other," Greene wrote Caty from Morristown in the winter of '77.

It is those winter reunions of the Revolution that tell the story. No one of any sense or experience of life can suppose they were not the result, in great measure, of strong physical attraction between them.

If Washington did not greatly desire her to be there, his means of preventing it, as Commander in Chief, were manifold: We are too close to the British lines; my enemies in Congress will take unfair advantage of it; it will be bad for morale; it is impossible with the whole burden of the war on me to have you here; the

accommodations are so inadequate it is out of the question—the food is terrible, we are sleeping a half dozen in a room, firewood is scarce. And if he were the materialist so many would assert, he could say their beloved Mount Vernon required the watchful eye of its mistress, as indeed it did, going into dilapidation and non-productivity.

And on her side? Leave the warmth of Mount Vernon for a long ride on the winter-rutted roads to the austerity of a bleak headquarters, in the all but immediate presence of the enemy, not once but each winter for eight years from Cambridge to Newburgh? Live in a fever- and influenza-infested camp, where privation was so great that proper policing and sanitation could not be maintained? Does a woman, gently reared, do that in the years of her menopause and remain "busy as a bee, cheerful as a cricket"—though she moped a little in the spring at Valley Forge when news of the French alliance left her wholly done—except for love of a man in all its forms? It is most unlikely.

Actually she must have been a delight to have around.¹² The Englishman Hunter, meeting her in '85, said she still spoke in raptures of "the sound of fifes and drums preferring it to any music ever heard." The French officers said she was a little plump (in '79) but very "fresh." She loved, as she said, "the pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper" and the headquarters mail to Mitchell in Philadelphia were full of demands for sugar and quinces and currants for her jellies in amounts sufficient to sweeten a regiment's bread.

There are, in conclusion, two pieces of trivia which throw a lovers' light on this mutual pair and they have to do with miniatures each of the other very secretly acquired. From York on March 3, 1778, Henry Laurens sent to his son at Valley Forge "a miniature of the general" to be delivered privately to Mrs.

¹²It is to be noted that she was never Lady Washington in her husband's letters or those of anyone else of any prominence. The Continental stable master, Jacob Hiltzheimer, in his diary, and the Moravians occasionally call her Lady Washington, otherwise she is simply Mrs. Washington.

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Washington, who had ordered it from Major Rogers. The elder Laurens thought it had a "remarkably dead eye" and that his son was a better limner. As soon as the lady saw it she had John Laurens write to see if Rogers was still at York as "the visage [was] too long and old age too strongly marked." That was that, but on May 6, 1779, Rogers wrote "My much Honoured General" at Middlebrook, sending him a miniature of Martha which he had ordered. Rogers says he has "gone back in fancy two hundred years for a dress for Mrs. Washington" and that he fears it is not so good a likeness as of the general. "My talents have been rather cramped in being obliged to reduce it to a ring size." He hopes Washington will not think it too large as it is "by no means of an immoderate or improper size for a gentleman."

It is altogether pleasing to think that a finger of the hand which was writing the orders for the Sullivan expedition, and "the fictitious questions and answers for a spy," had on it the likeness of the Commander's sweetheart. And that when she went through Bethlehem, homeward bound, in June he had it to look at.

WHAT CHARMS KEEP THEM TOGETHER

(1782)

THE GREATEST dangers to the American cause after Yorktown were that the victory might be thrown away by complacency, that there would be a complete letdown in national morale, or that the army would refuse to fight.

It was Washington's duty not to throw away men's lives in a war already won but equally not to let it be lost. A good deal has been made by some writers of his copybook-maxim morals, as an example of his uncreative mind. He was certainly not above quoting and using their often sage advice. At the end of '81 he wrote James McHenry, who had served continuously since '75, that he approved his resigning and entering the Maryland Senate, where a veteran's presence was most desirable. He told him above all to remember the old maxim, "To make a good peace you ought to be well prepared to carry on the war." He said he was going to Philadelphia to support the War, Finance, and Foreign Affairs Departments, and the French minister, to that end with Congress.

Above all he saw that the army must preserve the spirit of offense. It must itself be eager to attack New York, whatever the planners decided.

As to that, assuming the British-Continental strength to be about equal—eleven to twelve thousand men—could twenty-four thousand militia be raised to provide the necessary three-to-one superiority? If not, "whether a less number and what number the

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siege [in the sense of unceasing progressive attack] may be undertaken with."

There is no evidence that the army, rank or file, was not ready to attack. John Laurens in South Carolina, William S. Smith and Matthew Clarkson in the North—typical of the young officers—wanted "active service" elsewhere, as they found the fronts they were on "too quiet." Smith and Clarkson asked and were given permission to join the French in the expedition against Jamaica (British West Indies), only to learn after their credentials had been sent that there was "no active service [likely] in the West Indies."

On the whole there were remarkably few who submitted their resignations. Glover, James Clinton, and St. Clair were all in their late forties, had served continuously from the outbreak of the war, and were all badly in need of money. It must be remembered that officers and men were still many months in arrears on their pay. Still the army did not press every officer to stick it.

"Thomas Davis is unable to march with the army from lack of money. Requests leave of absence to procure some." The application is endorsed in Trumbull's hand, "Granted and not to return."

The mass of military trivia to be dealt with was still enormous and some of it amusing. Here is a small catalogue of some of the problems referred to headquarters.

Shall a soldier who killed a sailor at the Head of Elk be turned over to the civil authorities? The Iroquois insist on being paid for snowshoes they made in 1780. The tailors at West Point are sulky about their pay. General Heath says there is an "uneasiness" among the troops at the retention of kidney suet by the army contractors; the contractors say it is "trifling and untrue"; what should be done? (The suet boiled up into a cause célèbre.) Governor Harrison of Virginia says it is impolitic if not impossible to take from the people the horses captured at Yorktown; what is Washington's view? How are British deserters, who previously deserted from the American forces, to be treated? An-

swer: pardon them to encourage others. Colonel Varick must have money to pay the clerks who are indexing the Headquarters Papers and will Washington cause a search to be made in Philadelphia for missing minutes? General Knox says the "battering cannon" taken at Yorktown must be got away from the Virginia authorities. The army must have salt and borax. The watermen at Fishkill will not re-enlist. Robert Morris's notes are refused by New England's suppliers and the paymaster general's by the Virginia Line. What solution is suggested? There is a lack of oars on the Hudson. There is the customary "shortage of dishes" at headquarters and will Colonel Miles please expedite. Miles is sorry but Rendon and Luzerne (the Spanish and French envoys in Philadelphia) are using them. The Maryland Line is begging its way home from Greene's army and that army is "starving and naked"-"What charms keep them together?" Greene asks-as food pours in to the beleaguered British in Charleston from Carolinians who will not sell it for Continental currency. Pickering, the Q.M.G., is unable to quit Philadelphia for camp because he is unable to pay the suppliers he has contracted with. And in that city Allan McLane is sued for seizures of horses and food made "on the lines" around it the winter of Valley Forge.

Amidst such things it required a rare quality of mind to emphasize again such orders as "Every express will hold himself in constant readiness by night and day . . . endorse on every despatch time received and delivered . . . secure the signature of two witnesses of those received in bad condition" and for six long months to urge Rochambeau to come north from Williamsburg and attack New York.

"I have not ventured more than fifteen miles from this place lest your summons should arrive here in my absence," Washington wrote him from Newburgh in June. When Rochambeau did move a month later it was to go back to France. Even the British were puzzled as to the French intentions. Van Schaick, the New York Loyalist refugee in London, wrote, "It is said that it is manifest the French mean to have a footing in America—of which they will not be dispossessed-by their holding York-town."

While Oliver Pollock was urging Washington to secure free navigation of the Mississippi from the Spanish in New Orleans, important Americans in Kentucky and Tennessee were in the Spanish pay, and to complicate it further John Jay in Paris was suggesting to the British that they repossess "Florida" to the Father of Waters, which would close it to his country. The motive of this usually wise man was to get British troops out of the United States, so unlikely did it seem to him that Washington or Greene could drive them out.

Perhaps it was as well that communication was long and difficult and that there was no cable, no "scrambled" telephone, no teletype from Paris to garble relations further with the French. As it was, news on May 13 of the birth of a Dauphin united all freedom-loving American hearts in an outburst of sycophancy seldom equaled. "The evidence of affectionate attachment to our Ally," as Madison put it, led to Te Deums, fireworks, banquets, and round robins to the French minister from the officers of the line. One might have supposed that all the procreant patriots had long been familiar with the difficulties of the sixteenth Louis.

So monarchical was the atmosphere that poor Colonel Lewis Nicola, sixty-five, commanding the Invalid Corps, can hardly be blamed for his famous letter to Washington proposing a monarchy, as a solution of our troubles, with the Commander in Chief as King.

His letter of May 22, nine days after the news of the Dauphin, was written, received, and answered at Fishkill in a matter of hours.

Washington replied,

With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment I have read the sentiments. . . . I must view [them] with abhorrence and reprehend [them] with severity. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which seems to me big with the greatest mischief that can befall my coun-

try. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes were more disagreeable. . . .

There are those who like to believe that Washington actually was not averse to such a scheme. Poor old Nicola was never one of them. He wrote every other day for a week, admitting his mistake, accepting the censure, further trying to remove an unfavorable impression, "in great agitation" that his meaning had been misapprehended.

Washington made no further reply. He had heard from Culper through Tallmadge that the British in New York were selling their wagons and horses and he was privately sure they were through there and at Charleston.

Though chagrined at the British seizure of Oswego, one hundred twenty miles east of Fort Niagara, he was in a carefree mood by midsummer. Tench Tilghman, a bachelor of thirty-eight, wrote from Chestertown, Maryland, that he had been married while on his overstayed leave. "We have had various conjectures about you," Washington replied, "some thought you were dead, others that you were married." He sends congratulations, adds a little raillery, and tells him to take his own time about returning, and concludes—as some would believe he would only to Lafayette—"at the same time permit me to assure you that you have no friend that wishes more to see you than I do."

The same week another Marylander, McHenry, wrote asking that a Hessian band be paroled to play in the Baltimore Theatre. Washington replied the day he got the letter that the Secretary of War would have to approve but that he was urging him to do so.

"If the ladies," he writes, "should derive as much additional pleasure from the attainment of this band, as I wish them, they will soon be at the summit of happiness."

A month later, having had no reply from "dear Mac," he

remonstrated with him for "leaving my imagination on the rack," and then, in pleasant worldliness, he says, "Do not, my dear Doctor, tease your mistress in this manner, much less your wife when you get one. The first will pout—and the other may scold."

Altogether he was in a bantering mood with everyone except the unfortunate Colonel Miles and those mysterious dishes. With pained patience he informs Miles that he

Wanted		Received
2	tureens	2 tureens
2	sallid dishes	8 dishes
29	dishes of different sizes	o
5	dozen and 7 plates shallow	2 dozen and 10 plates shallow
2	dozen and 10 soup dishes	3 dozen and 7 soup dishes
8	salts	6 salts

Meantime, since the first retention of the kidney suet by the army contractors in March, there had been mounting protests by the army over the quality of food supplied by the New York group, composed of Comfort Sands, Walter Livingston, William Duer, and Daniel Parker. In May that issue was complicated by the fact that there was nothing but paper money with which to pay them. The contract called for specie. The group said they would not deliver except for hard money and proposed to arbitrate the questions of quality and other details in dispute. The quality claims, they said, arose from "captious" officers and "ungenerous" inspectors.

Such a situation, of course, is not unfamiliar today. But in 1782 the present means of dealing with it did not exist and there existed what might be called a "biological balance" with which it was dangerous to interfere. Even present-day contract methods, performance bonds, and the police power of a strong central government do not prevent either fraud or faulty deliveries. To put it briefly, in 1782 the Confederation lacked the power to be a judge in its own case, and whatever the idealist may believe, it needed—

since there was no alternative—the entrepreneurs, the profiteers like the group around Comfort Sands. Whatever their avarice, they had business know-how. People like Tom Paine or James Madison, then in Congress, would have been helpless in such a matter.

One may be sure that some descendant of each of the four suppliers has at some time made an address or written a pietistic brochure telling how their ancestor "during the Revolution supplied Washington's army with food." It would be quite true, though nothing would be said of the price he received.

Although the money so made may have been "tainted," the fact was that the country needed to have capital accumulated. This was a bad way to do it but the venture capital with which the country was developed came in many cases from such operations, nor were the Hudson Valley group the only offenders.

There is no evidence that the army officers felt the method was morally wrong—though kidneys should come with suet—but did feel very strongly that they should also have a chance to make money.

The whole question of where Continental officers and many members of Congress were to get money for their families to live on has been beclouded by moral and unrealistic observers and writers at the time and since.

There was, of course, gross and improper enrichment by men like Benedict Arnold and probably Silas Deane. Robert Morris, FitzSimons, and Thomas Willing managed to interweave their own and their country's interests to a remarkable degree. But it was very easy for the enormously rich Charles Carroll of Carrollton to hope piously that "Gouverneur Morris is not in trade but I fear he is." Part of Carroll's income came from mills making cloth for the army.

While no grouping accurately classifies the patriot leaders, civil and military, there were the very rich like Hancock, Carroll, Laurens, and the Middletons, and McHenry of the staff. There

were members of Congress of rare attendance, like John Adams, who carried on a lucrative law practice, and there were the men like Robert Morris, Willing, Sands, and Duer whose established businesses were of great value to the country in spite of the profits to the partners.

Men in the army or Congress outside those groups did not receive pay of sufficient amount or regularity to live on. They were forced to borrow, to accumulate debt, to get leaves of absence to "attend to their affairs," or to be "in trade" to live.

Washington himself in June 1775 stipulated that he should receive no salary but should be reimbursed for his expenses. The two views about this are both extreme: the idolaters regard it as an act of sacrificial patriotism; the cynics say it was a shrewd and typical example of his selfish greed. Actually it was very good sense, not of course devoid of self-interest or a sense for what is now called "public relations."

Consideration of the alternatives will bear this out: first, any sufficient salary would have raised a storm of criticism; but if to the burdens and responsibility of the war had been added the necessitous absence from the army to care for "personal affairs," the war might well have collapsed. No one in his right mind would advocate an arrangement whereby the Commander in Chief, to the derogation of his great position, had to get a dole, like so many, from Robert Morris. The Mount Vernon estate was not sufficiently productive to maintain the Commander in Chief. Even the sale of slaves, which Washington so abhorred, would have been only a palliative. As it was, the value of Mount Vernon shrank during the war and Washington was repeatedly forced to give time notes for its obligations.

Washington's return for the arrangement included: a scrupulous accounting of all moneys received; a headquarters establishment of remarkable austerity; and a hundred and three months of unbroken service either at camp or in Congress. Of course the result was that at the end of the war he was better off than most men, but would it have been to the advantage of the country to

have him bankrupt, pleading for shabby favors or justifying his share in the profits of a privateer or an army contract?

The situation of the Continental officers was described by Benjamin Tallmadge in 1778: "Some of us young lads who were just beginning in the world are spending our time and exposing our lives and healths for but a paltry consideration in the pecuniary way. I am determined to try my luck at privateering [i.e., buying a share in a privateer]."

These ventures, in which many invested, brought gains and losses but in general were profitable. Without some such business on the side the army, in the circumstances, could not have been held together.

In addition to the Hudson Valley and the Philadelphia groups, Connecticut had its money-makers around the astute and valuable Jerry Wadsworth and the Trumbulls.

Of the "free enterprise" of such arrangements Washington expressed no disapproval, and for only two of the men engaged in them does he seem to have expressed contempt. One was Silas Deane. The other was Comfort Sands. Of the latter, he expressly says he does not disapprove Sands's desire to make a profit, provided he lives up to the rest of the contract. What he has no use for are the qualities of Sands as a man.

His letter to Robert Morris about him says a great deal about Sands and Washington:

It is an easy matter to perceive you have imbibed an opinion that the officers of this army are captious. . . You have heard from Mr. Sands of whom, without doing him an injustice, it may be said he is extremely plausible, extremely narrow-minded, disingenuous, and little abounding in a temper to conciliate the good will of the army.

Mr. Sands, sir, if I have not formed a very erroneous opinion of him is determined to make all the money he can by the contract [if he lives up to it. I do not blame him but he is] a man who yielding nothing himself requires everything of others.

He goes on as to particulars of how an arbitration should be handled and concludes:

All between ourselves, except I never say anything of a man that I have the smallest scruple of saying to him, I would not be understood to mean by this being ourselves that any part of it that respects Mr. Sands should be hid from him!

The settlement and arbitration dragged—with Egbert Benson and Melancton Smith, two names famous in New York State politics, demurring at acting as referees—and in October Wadsworth and his partner Carter were called in from Hartford to take over the contract.

On August 12, Greene at Ashley Hill in South Carolina sent word he was sure the British evacuation of Charleston was approaching and asked for orders as to the number of troops to be left in Georgia. Then on the twenty-ninth he had to report one of the great personal losses of the war.

"John Laurens is fallen in a paltry little skirmish." All who knew him were stricken by the tragic irony of the news. At twenty-eight, he was conspicuously one of the great young men of the future, gallant and gifted and, to his immortal glory, an Abolitionist.

John Marshall, writing long afterward, said: "No small addition to the regrets occasioned by his loss was derived from the reflection that he fell unnecessarily [in a foraging party skirmish] in the last moments of the war, when his rash exposure to the danger which proved fatal to him could no longer be useful to his country."

Greene and those like Washington who knew him best were sure "his father [a prisoner in London] will hardly survive it" and their own grief was very heavy.

The news reached the North almost simultaneously with word that Charles Lee had died in Philadelphia, and in one of those strange frequent coincidences of historical research the Calendar of the Papers of Otho Williams, Laurens's close friend, lists as consecutive entries Greene's letter to Williams of September 12 that Laurens is fallen and Charles Pettit's letter to him of October 15 that Charles Lee died on the second.

The whole record of Laurens's life and letters is in the high sense of those abused words, "patriotic" and "democratic." Everything about him is sunny, generous, and charming. Even Charles Lee, after he fell from his shot, said, "I could have hugged the noble boy, he pleased me so." It is wonderful to consider that the worst deceit he would ever have had to explain was that to Washington in challenging his detractor.

How unlike he was to a devious, misled man like Joseph Reed, who, as word of Laurens's death came north, three weeks before Lee's death, asked Washington to let him have the portion of the '76 correspondence favorable to Reed, written before Reed's famous, faithless letter to Lee.

Washington replied rather curtly on September 15 but, as almost always, with his wonderful forgive-and-forget philosophy: "It is rather a disagreeable circumstance to have private and confidential letters hastily written as all mine of that class are . . . produced as evidence in a matter of public discussion. [But go ahead] should you think them absolutely necessary to your justification."

The next day Rochambeau came through Haverstraw, reached Hartford October 30, Providence November 9, and by November 22 was ready to leave.

October 4, Greene sent word he was now sure of imminent evacuation of Charleston, though it was still seventy days off, but the army and the Carolinians were in tearing spirits about it.

"On our entering Charleston," Greene wrote Otho Williams, "I expect a great frolic and to terminate with a fine ball. The governor acts with dignity, spirit and gallantry. Mrs. Greene has set her heart upon it. You know I am not much in that way."

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Washington, with his inflammable impatience for news, ordered the garrison at Nyack to get every New York paper "giving accounts of his actual evacuation of Charleston."

On December 10 the express relays were riding north with dispatches from Greene that the evacuation of Charleston was definitely only two days away, and on the twelfth Wayne led the Pennsylvania Line into the city too close on the heels of the British, marching to their ships, for the latter's pleasure.

By December 18 the British and the French were all but gone

By December 18 the British and the French were all but gone from the thirteen states and for once all that was wanted at the headquarters mess was "a few bottles of mustard." But a sense of "greatness going off" and being dispersed after the incredible events, and perhaps the feeling that such things would never be again, overcame Washington. In his own hand, almost in apology for the control he had shown, he wrote De Chastelleux: "I felt too much to express anything the day I parted with you . . . a sense of your public service . . . gratitude for your private friendship, quite overcame me. I can truly say that never in my life did I part with a man to whom my soul clave more sincerely than it did to you."

On the nineteenth a last and characteristic letter came to him from a man of no brilliance, a man of some defects, among which meanness, cowardice, and disloyalty were conspicuously absent, and a man who, like the elite few, took it as a matter of course that he should fight for his country from the day of Lexington to the very end—and his superiors, not he, should be the judge of what was the end.

Lord Stirling wrote him from Albany about the bearskins Washington had ordered. He said they were "now dressing at Saratoga" but that he knew "how little dependence is to be placed on that quarter" and that he was trying to get "four of the very best from Skenecteda." If they all came, no matter, he would keep a set. He was glad Mrs. Washington had arrived "to cheer the gloom of the Highlands" and when "good sleying

comes" they would all make a jaunt to Claremont, the Livingston seat, in the hope of a reunion, and meanwhile "a cheerfull and merry Christmas."

Over the year's end Stirling died and Washington, writing Lady Stirling "of her unspeakable loss," said all the general officers had gone into mourning for their comrade.

CONSIDER THAT EUROPE IS LOOKING UPON ME (LAFAYETTE AND STEUBEN)

NE OF the most sacred stories of American history is that of the beautiful father-son relationship between Washington and Lafayette which began at the very moment of their meeting. "Never during the Revolution was there so speedy and complete a conquest of the heart of Washington," writes Dr. Freeman. To doubt that this was the case is of course grave heresy.

Yet to suppose that Washington, of all men, was so emotional that he could in an instant fix his paternal affection for the rest of his life on a young and awkward Frenchman seems strangely at variance with his character. There is no evidence that his own lack of sons was more than a normal regret and none of a morbid hunger for fatherhood. His relations with the young men around him were friendly and affectionate and continued to be so after the marquis's arrival. Certainly none of the many sensitive officers ever complained that Lafayette was now the favorite.

The more the evidence is studied the more apparent it becomes that Washington had only a normal liking for a young volunteer who was often a nuisance, and at times so flown with self-importance as to be a menace. Naturally Washington felt gratitude and gradually friendship for him, and showed him the deference which his position in France made appropriate, but

"the father," "the son" were the work of either Lafayette's imagination or his calculations. For one thing the word "affectionately" was then more loosely used than now. Charles Lee signed a letter to Washington "Yours most affectionately" while a prisoner in New York. Washington was more reserved in its use, but the "affection" occasionally expressed in his letters occurs in signatures to Robert Harrison, Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, and others.

It is plain from the letters of Gouverneur Morris to Washington about Lafayette at the onset of the French Revolution that Washington shared his view that the marquis was an excitable and politically inept fellow for whom in private life they had high regard.

The father symbol in all this seems to have started with Franklin, who was in Paris, and when Pulaski arrived with Franklin's introduction, Washington read it and told the count he would be pleased to have him confide in him as a friend and father, which was nothing more than a nice thing to say to a young foreigner who had come out to fight for America. So with Lafayette, Franklin asked Washington "to favor the youthful Frenchman with his counsel." Silas Deane asked Robert Morris to act toward him "as a father," and both the American agents stressed his political importance and his brilliant family connections.

Without mention of Lafayette, whom he had met two weeks

Without mention of Lafayette, whom he had met two weeks before, Washington wrote Franklin that he realized "it is a delicate and perplexing task to refuse applications of persons patronized (as I suppose often happens) by some of the first characters in the kingdom and whose favor it is often important to conciliate." Had there been this instant attachment, he might well have said he found the marquis in delightful contrast to Du Portail, Coudray, and Preudhomme de Borre, who had just tried and executed a Tory at Boundbrook. To him Washington had written, "There is none of our Articles of War that will justify your inflicting a capital punishment even on a soldier, much less

a citizen. . . . The temper of the Americans and the principles on which the present contest turn will not countenance proceedings of this nature."

De Borre resigned. Six months later Lafayette, who had ordered the famous young McMichael court-martialed, had to be told, "None can appoint a court martial but the Commander-in-Chief or general officers commanding in a particular state."

On August 19, 1777, Lafayette arrived at camp as a major general. He was eighteen days less than twenty years old, and on the twenty-first he signed the minutes of the Council of War ahead of such warriors as Wayne, Maxwell, and Knox. Is this an honorary commission or is he to have a division as he thinks he should? Washington asked Congress. "I know not. I beg to be instructed." He also wrote to Benjamin Harrison, saying that while Lafayette "has said he was young and inexperienced [he had] at the same time always accompanied it with a hint that so soon as I [his italics] shall think him [sic] fit for the command of a division he shall be ready [and] has asked for commissions for his two A.D.C.s." Harrison replied that the commission was "to give him an éclat at home."

It is certainly obvious that Washington was not swept away by this stripling who a few days later looked with such contempt on the Continentals parading through Philadelphia.

Rather fortunately for the marquis, he was slightly wounded in the Brandywine action and wrote his wife that Washington had sent his surgeon to treat him "as if I were his son." Whether those were Washington's words or not is not known, but if they were they were normal enough in the circumstances.

From Bethlehem hospital, on October 14, Lafayette wrote Washington as impudently offensive a letter as can well be imagined. He must have command of a division and says, "Consider, if you please, that Europe and particularly France is looking upon me. . . . [I am] making those sacrifices which have appeared so surprising, some say so foolish. By only the right of

my birth [I] should get in my country without any difficulty a body of troops as numerous as is here a division. . . . I do not tell all that to my general but to my father and friend. For Congress, I will tell never nothing to them."

Congress gave him a division December 1 and two weeks later

Congress gave him a division December 1 and two weeks later he presumed to demand the prompt exchange of the Baron St. Ouary, just captured. Washington refused: "a proposal calculated for the peculiar benefit of the baron would be illy received by our unhappy officers who have been much longer in confinement, whose sufferings are far greater than his . . ."

On the thirtieth of December Lafayette wrote, "I went yesterday morning to headquarters with an intent of speaking to Your Excellency but you were too buzy"—so long letters followed then and through January. "In my country" is the motif of the letters: "pretty great advantages schould be proposed [to French N.C.O.'s deigning to serve in America]"; General Knox should have orders "of making them good propositions"; this is how courts-martial are run "in my country." He then has the effrontery to announce he is "very glad that Colonel Pickering is in the Board of War because he is an honest man." Thereupon, with the sickening archness he so often employed, he asked, "Is it not very importunate and even very impertinent to lay before you my young and inexperienced ideas?"

Much has been made of his devotion to Washington in the Conway matter and no doubt the marquis was not such a fool as to prefer Gates or Conway to Washington, but a letter of his to Washington of January 20, 1778, shows his motives were not wholly filial. "They will laugh in France when they'll hear [Conway] is chosen upon such a command out of the same army as me."

As we know, Congress thereupon agreed that Lafayette should lead an expedition against Canada, against Washington's protests. It was called off for obvious military reasons at the peak of the Valley Forge winter. From the marquis's reaction one would suppose the War of Independence was fought for his benefit.

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"My being appointed to the command of the expedition is known throughout the continent: it will soon be known in Europe. . . . I am afraid [calling it off] will reflect on my reputation and I schall be laughed at," he protested on February 19 and four days later was in a tantrum "after having written in Europe by the desire of the members of Congress so many fine things about my command of an army."

To this his "father" replied curtly that his "fears are excited only by an uncommon degree of sensibility."

In August '78 he was naturally sent to the French camp in Rhode Island, where we have heard Greene's adverse views of his general wrongheadedness. That they were sound is illustrated by Lafayette's letter of August 25 from Newport: "And me, yes, myself¹ the friend of America, the friend of General Washington I am more upon a warlike footing [treated as a foe] in the American lines than when I come near the British . . . remember, my dear General, that I don't speak to the Commander in Chief but to my friend."

In October, Lafayette had the preposterous idea of forcing Lord Carlisle, the British peace commissioner, to fight a duel with him because of an attack on France in a letter of Carlisle to Congress. The "honor" of France had already been served by Gouverneur Morris's motion, unanimously carried, not to hear the letter. The challenge was a great nuisance to Washington. He had to write several times to D'Estaing to restrain the marquis, pointing out that this "spirit of chivalry" had been "exploded by the rest of the world," that Carlisle could ridicule it and that if they did meet "chance more than bravery or justice would decide." And then with all the business on his desk he had to write Lafayette: "I would not therefore have your life, by the remotest possibility, exposed when it may be reserved for so many greater occasions. His Excellency, the admiral, I flatter myself will be in sentiment with me."

¹As who should proclaim, "Nous, roi d'Egypte."

Washington hoped his first letter to D'Estaing would have sufficed to restrain "our amiable young friend" but he had to follow it, asking "pardon for an ill-placed uneasiness [but I must] require you, as chief of the French, to hinder an individual to take upon himself a concern [of national importance]."

A month later Lafayette was ill at Fishkill and sure he was going to die to a nation's lamentations. However, he recovered and sailed for home in December. Although he did not receive a letter from Washington during the year he was gone he wrote him the gush of a lovesick girl with inferences of far greater familiarity and proximity than existed. He said he "had taken such a habit of being inseparable from you," which must have puzzled Washington, considering their separation while Lafayette was in hospital after Brandywine, February to April '78, while he was in Albany, and the fall while he was in Rhode Island and Boston.

The marquis bewailed that "not a single line arrived from you" while continuing such embarrassing remarks as "There never was a friend so much, so tenderly beloved as I do love and respect you . . . the minutest detail [about you] will be infinitely interesting. Don't forget anything concerning yourself. . . . Don't forget me, be ever as affectionate for me as you have been. These sentiments I deserve by the ardent ones which fill my heart. . . . I remember in those little separations where I was but some days from you, the most friendly letters, the most minuted account of your circumstances were kindly written to me [certainly not by Washington] . . . with such an affection as is above all expression any language may furnish." He attributes Washington's apparent negligence "to winds, accidents and deficiency of opportunities for I dare flatter myself General Washington would not lose that of making his friend happy."

It is not likely that Washington made a point of not writing. He had "long since dropped all private correspondence with my friends in Virginia finding it incompatible with my public business" but it does raise a question about the father-son story.

Lafayette came back in '80 and announced pompously to

Joseph Reed, "It is from me, on the moment of their arrival, that the French generals expect intelligence." With Rochambeau in Rhode Island, he continued his letters to the Commander in Chief. They varied from the fact that "the French court have often complained to me of the inactivity of that American Army. They have often told me your friends leave us now to fight theyr battles" (the French had as yet not fired a shot on land)—to the incredible pettiness of reporting that Colonel Pickering said he had only three boats in readiness when Lafayette saw five "with my own eyes."

His letter of October 28, however, was a triumph of clear exposition: "If I have properly understood your letter you had not an immediate occasion for me and the matters you wanted to talk of with me are not to be so soon put in execution as to require my going this day to headquarters." Six weeks later the fatherless boy complained, "I have not yet received your answer to any of my letters."

It must of course be said that Lafayette's command in Virginia in '81 did him great credit, but on the eve of Yorktown he displayed the pettiness, conceit, and ingratiation of which he was so largely compounded.

General Lincoln had been given command of the American Army at Yorktown. He was then forty-eight, exactly twice as old as Lafayette. He not only deserved it on his record but it was a wise move, vis-à-vis the Continentals and the foe, that the man who had been forced to surrender Charleston² should receive the surrender at Yorktown.

Lafayette wrote:

You were pleased to tell me, my dear General, that you took General Lincoln with you because you could not help it³—I knew it had

²⁴The Charleston affair has brought our armies into contempt," Lafayette had magnanimously written Washington. Comforting words when the chief city of the South had fallen, with Lincoln, Moultrie, John Laurens, Charles C. Pinckney, and three Signers of the Declaration of Independence prisoners of war.

³It is impossible that Washington could have said this in the sense implied.

been the case and I am too much used to the most delicate marks of your attachment not to be certain that had it been possible to take either General Howe or General McDougall you would not have liked to have me superseded in the command of the American troops. You remember, my dear General, that since I returned from France I never had anybody between you and me. But now from being the commander of the army against Cornwallis I become one of General Lincoln's officers. Don't think that I am in any way dissatisfied [!] . . . I know your heart is disposed to favor any arrangement that may be to my advantage.

He concludes somewhat unnecessarily, "I request this may be a secret between us."

On December 21 he was off for France and there is no record of a sense of paternal mourning at headquarters. On March 30, in his schoolgirl way, he wrote, ". . . since I left America I had one letter from you." In June there had been no letter "this age." In October "not a line from you." In December Washington wrote De Chastellux a very moving letter of farewell.

However, in February '83, Washington had the benefit of

However, in February '83, Washington had the benefit of Lafayette's views on the Republic. Lafayette wrote, "Your influence cannot be better employed than in inducing the people of America to strengthen their federal union. It is a work in which it behoves you to be concerned. I look upon it as a necessary measure"!

Perhaps it was not a coincidence that shortly after its receipt Washington wrote Robert Livingston, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, in regard to a request of Lafayette: "However great the merits of the marquis, however important his services to this country, and however strong my friendship for him, and inclination to serve him, it is never my intention . . . to promote his wishes at the expense of internal policy or the dignity of our national character."

Lafayette came back in '84 and was a welcome guest at Mount Vernon, with scores of others. Reunion of veterans is a pleasant

pastime. Unquestionably Washington was sorry to see him go pastime. Unquestionably Washington was sorry to see him go but there is nothing in his correspondence to suggest, as Lafayette wrote him from Paris, that Lafayette was "your adoptive son." The marquis refers to his son, the general's namesake, as "your son," perhaps a pleasant touch, though George Washington Greene, George Washington Reed, George Washington Knox, and others did not go so far.

In '86 it was "a heartfelt mortification for [the marquis] to hear so seldom from my beloved and respected friend," and so it goes on through '87 and '88, when "your letters become more and more distant"

and more distant."

The French Revolution came and Lafayette very finely sent Washington the keys of the Bastille. Washington wrote of his anxiety "for your personal safety . . . but I have the consolation of believing that, if you should fall it will be in defense of that cause which your heart tells you is just. . . . Hamilton, Knox, Jay and Jefferson, are well and remember you with affection." Then followed Lafayette's escape and capture by the Austrians, and the five years of imprisonment. In no state affair was Washington more meticulous in seeking advice than as to what, as President he could properly do for Lafayette.

as President, he could properly do for Lafayette.

The young namesake came out a refugee and to him Washington did say, "I am determined to stand in the place of a father and friend to you [because of] my sincere and affectionate attachment to your unfortunate father, my friend and compatriot in arms." But even so, "in place of a father" had no unique significance but was an expression any responsible man of good will would have used.

It is impossible sensibly to regard the Washington-Lafayette relation as more on Washington's part than is usual among comrades in arms, particularly when they are men of different nationalities. On the part of the marquis, it seems abundantly clear that he constantly tried to blow it up into something unique. After Washington's death, in the atmosphere of Anglo-American tension under Jefferson and Madison, this was quite easy. And

Lafayette's tours in America were ready-made for him to embroider the past.

When in 1801 he heard that Bushrod Washington was planning to write his uncle's life, Lafayette wrote James McHenry, "Great use will be made of my correspondence with the general—his character will receive new luster from those confidential communications." This is a piece of distasteful egocentricity in itself but it concludes even more objectionably: "You remember that on the exertions and manoeuvres of the small army which I commanded, the fate of the Southern states and the grand stroke of the war of 1781 did entirely depend."

Even if this had been true, can one imagine Washington or a true son of his writing thus of "the marvels of the war"?

One does not need to be an ungrateful chauvinist to feel some doubt that Von Steuben "made" the Continental Army or that "the grand stroke of the war" depended on him. Sacred story has also gathered around his head: "the cup of coffee and a single pipe" and out before sunrise drilling "dese badauts [boobies]" at Valley Forge.

He arrived there, forty-eight years old, and "had the fortune to please uncommonly for a stranger at first sight," so John Laurens wrote his father, adding that Congress had mistaken his rank (of lieutenant general) in Prussia, where in fact he had been a colonel. There was nothing but praise for his devotion, and "the good effects of his labors [were] evident." Aside from his professional skill, the Continentals no doubt found it fun to work with a "type" like him. Perhaps even more valuable was his completion the following spring of a concise issue of Military Regulations. At the demobilization his services were very valuable. This and much more being greatly to his credit, it is still a fact that his presence was not always a blessing to the cause.

He was perhaps alone in thinking that at Monmouth his "command of the left wing of the first line" served "to bring the day's

 $^{^4}$ A phrase of Washington to Greene in his letter of awe and humility at the victory, February 6, 1783.

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decision in our favour." The command offended so many that Washington was forced to ask him to return to desk work. Even Greene, in '80, protested, on behalf of his subordinates, a command for Steuben and asked angrily, "Is our army always to be convulsed by extraordinary claims and special appointments?" Early in '81 he was in command at Richmond, Virginia, and Greene told Washington that Steuben had so offended the legislature of Virginia as to end his usefulness. Lafayette, a month later, said, "... every man, woman and child in Virginia is roused against him" and the Continentals and militia alike "are so much exasperated and cover him with so many ridicules."

The fact was that Steuben was not effective except in a drill yard or at a desk. Nonetheless, the country probably owed him more than he received. His postwar situation was close to poverty, though no more so than that of scores of other officers. Rufus King, a generous man, had little sympathy for him, writing Elbridge Gerry, "... notwithstanding his affected philanthropy and artificial gentleness [he is an adventurer who] in Europe received little money and less flattery."

In '85 he was given seven thousand dollars plus his back pay and an annuity of two thousand dollars with interest compounded, but in '90 more was claimed. It is interesting to see in John Adams's support of Steuben his usual contempt for the Continental Army. "[He] had imported the arts and principles of war, learned by him in the only school in the world where they were taught." Washington did not go so far, though he was particularly anxious that no foreign officer should be able to charge this country with ingratitude.

Steuben died at Lake Oneida in '94, a lonely man in straitened circumstances, but it is hard to see where he was unjustly or ungenerously treated, and certainly impossible to believe that if he had never come over, to better himself, the army would have ceased to exist.

A MIND WHICH HAS BEEN ON THE STRETCH FOR MORE THAN EIGHT YEARS

(1783)

S
EVENTEEN EIGHTY-THREE was a year of glory and splendor—the Peace of Victory signed in Paris on January 20, the swift disavowal of the Newburgh Addresses by the Continental officers, the fitting ceremonial of the demobilization, the Farewell Addresses, and in December the British going down to their ships in New York Harbor. Even finer, though, was the way men whose minds had been on the stretch for eight years turned to the things of ordinary life. There seem to have been no neuroses among the warriors.

Of course many immediate problems presented themselves—the occupation of the Northwest Posts being perhaps the most difficult—and the evacuation of New York was exasperatingly delayed. But somehow things were taken in their turn and few tried to cross bridges until they came to them. There is something typical of the whole matter-of-fact, common-sense progress in Pickering's recommendation in August that "the rusty chain at Newburgh," which had helped close the Hudson, be sold. Typical also was Washington's determination that the army, which had not disintegrated in retreat or defeat, should not do so in victory and armistice. He was never more active in personal inspections and reviews than that winter, and now did not

hesitate to praise or blame the lines of the different states by name, using the splendid Marylanders most frequently as the example of soldierly excellence.

They were sure in London, Peter van Schaick wrote, that he was "soon to be Lord Protector of America by name and office. . . . [He] is to be the Cromwell of America. . . . [He] acts in concert with France and when the British troops are withdrawn, a body of French will probably land as auxiliaries to him."

January 8, three days after Van Schaick's prophecy, Washington wrote to Pierce in Philadelphia for a statement of all advances made to him since the beginning of the war. On the tenth he wrote Colonel Tilghman there to get him some glasses with which to study it. How little of the Lord Protector there is in that and the letter to Hamilton, then in Congress:

I have often thought (but suppose I thought wrongly as it did not accord with the practice of Congress) that the public interest might be benefitted if the Commander in Chief of the army was let more into the political and pecuniary state of our affairs than he is . . . so far was I from conceiving that our finance was in so deplorable a state at this time that I had imbibed ideas from some source or another that with the prospect of a loan from Holland we should be able to rub along. . . .

The predicament in which I stand as citizen and soldier is as critical and delicate as can well be conceived. It has been the subject of many contemplative hours [relative to the question of how the army's arrears were to be paid if Congress was not able to levy and collect taxes].

And how little of Cromwell there is in the controlled anger of the January letter to Robert Morris:

I confess I felt myself hurt by the interest of other departments (without telling me) in limiting the proportion of women to men in the army. [True, the New York Line had its families. The cries and sufferings of the children obliged me to give provision to these women and if I had not I should have lost by desertion, perhaps to the enemy, some of the oldest and best soldiers in the service. I will

co-operate with Congress], but if from misconception, misinformation or a partial investigation the interest of my business is taken up by others at the distance of 150 miles it is easy to conceive the confusion and bad consequences which must ensue.

And as to his abetting the mutinous anger growing at Newburgh, Madison noted that Hamilton said, "General Washington would sooner suffer himself to be cut to pieces [than yield to any dishonorable or disloyal plan]."

The incident of the Anonymous Addresses took place at Newburgh between the tenth and eighteenth of March. Grave unrest among the officers from there to Charleston had been rising. They were currently unpaid, there were large arrears, and the promised bonus provision, five years' pay or half pay for life, was in abeyance.

On March 10 the first Address called for a meeting of general and field officers to agree on means of redress. Washington disapproved the meeting and his general officers postponed it, but on the twelfth the second Address, written in inflammatory words of revolt, was circulated: "If peace takes place, never sheath your swords until you have obtained full and ample justice . . .!" There were two days of ominous silence until the memorable moment on the fifteenth when Washington addressed the officers. At stake was the whole principle of the supremacy of civil over military power, whatever the former's deficiencies. It was possible in that moment for the army to sink to the level of the legions marching on Rome or for America to become something no better than the later republics of South America.

Washington came in and took out the glasses Rittenhouse had sent him, which "shew those objects very distinct which at first appeared like a mist blended together and confused." All present were moved by the greatness of the moment. Major Shaw heard Washington say something about growing gray and now going blind as he reached for his spectacles, and wrote that there was

"something so natural, so unaffected in this appeal it forced its way into every heart." He read through the "never sheath your swords" passage. "My God," he asked them, "what can this writer have in view by recommending such measures? Can he be a friend to the army?"

When he was done, there was unanimous signature to a disavowal of the Anonymous Address and John Armstrong, Gates's A.D.C., admitted its authorship. The whole business was over. Presumably Gates had nothing to do with it, though it is strangely fitting that Armstrong, whose court-martial Washington had set aside, should be the author—and for that matter that one of Charles Lee's last letters to Gates had sent his love to Mrs. Gates, Bob, and to "that excellent young man, Major Armstrong," adding characteristically, "whose father the general, I am sorry to say it, I saw the other night with a mulatto girl in the streets."

The suppression of the Address in this wonderfully open manner, without the use of informers or intelligence agents, did not mean, of course, that Washington had any sympathy for the feckless Congress. "Let me assure you, my dear Colonel Hamilton," he wrote, "that it would not be more difficult to still the raging billows in a tempest gale than to convince the officers of this army of the justice or policy of paying them in civil offices full wages when they cannot obtain one sixtieth of their dues."

And in the last days of his second administration he wrote, at Armstrong's request, "I do hereby declare I did not regard you as author [before you announced it] . . . and the object of the author was just, honorable and friendly to the country, tho' the means was certainly liable to much misunderstanding and abuse."

A week later official word of the signing of the peace reached Newburgh. The outlying commanders were advised and Tallmadge instructed to get word of the feeling in New York City about it. He was already on Long Island and before receiving his orders reported that peace was believed certain and asked to be one of the first to enter the city to protect his agents. The army was ordered to have its arms and clothing in perfect order for the entry. Almost all believed the British evacuation would be a matter of days all the way from Detroit, whose command Colonel W. S. Smith at once solicited, to New York. But it took until April 10 for the armies to agree on a "suspension of all acts and hostilities," and Sir Guy Carleton objected to "people crowding into New York" and made evident that his withdrawal was a long way off. The entrepreneurs, William Duer and Daniel Parker, advanced three months' pay to the army.

Then on the anniversary of Lexington and Concord came the General Order to the army. It might easily have been one of gloating and vainglory but it spoke with noble humility of "the stupendous fabrick of freedom and empire on the broad basis of independency" which had been woven, and even "those gallant and persevering men who had resolved to defend the rights of their invaded country so long as the war should continue" were adjured to realize that "nothing now remains but the actors of this mighty scene to preserve a perfect, unvarying consistency of character through the very last act; to close the drama with applause. . . . "

The case of Duché, the Philadelphia clerygman who begged Washington to give up in '77, and himself turned to the British side, is an illustration of this consistency of character. From Lambeth, England, in April, Duché wrote a cringing letter to Washington: "I never intentionally sought to give you a moment's pain ... pardon this error of judgment ... [do not keep me] from the arms of a dear, aged father and the embraces of a numerous circle of valued and long-loved friends . . . [let me come home]." To which Washington replied, "Personal enmity I bear none to any man. . . . Should [the decision of Pennsylvania] be agreeable to your wishes it cannot fail to meet with my entire approval."

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But the Commander was too sensible a man to try to live constantly on an exalted plane, and he had his new glasses and he had a French dentist come out to headquarters. He then went, it might be said, on a buying spree for several months. True, what he bought were necessities or luxuries long denied but there can be no doubt it was an indulgence of his love of possessions.

It started April 20, when Daniel Parker sent out from New York razors, an oilcloth coat, a new hat and a spyglass. A month later Colonel W. S. Smith sent from three to five volumes of Moore's Travels, two volumes of Young's Tour Thro' Ireland, Robinson's History of America, Voltaire's Letters, and Lewis 15th, in four volumes, and a life of Charles XII of Sweden. These were all fine and heavy reading, but with them Smith included a thin book of twenty pages in a much lighter vein.¹

It was just the tonic for the mind on the stretch for eight years, as Washington had described his "listless" one to Lafayette. It was a copy of The Trial between Sir Richard Worsley and George Maurice Bissett and must have been one of the first copies to reach this country. Sir Richard, aged thirty, had sued Bissett for twenty thousand pounds, alleging that "on November 19, 1781 and on others and divers days and times [Bissett] had with force and arms made an assault on Seymour [Lady Worsley] and then and there debauched, deflowered, lay with and carnally knew her." Bissett pleaded not guilty, and Seymour stood by him.

"To save her last favorite," Horace Walpole wrote the Countess of Ossory, "she summoned thirty four young men of the first quality to depose as to having received her favours.... The number was reduced to twenty seven and but few were examined and they blushed for her. A better defence was the connivance of the husband who was proved to have carried one

¹Which of course is not in the Atheneum's collection or catalogue of Washington's library.

of the troop to the house-top to view his fair spouse naked in the bath."

The transcript of the testimony which Smith sent the Commander is hilariously funny. It all started when the lovers met at Captain Leversage's at tea in Lewes and stayed on for supper, with Worsley at home. Lady Worsley "was for breaking up early" and at one-fifteen in the morning Bissett took her to her door. There they decided to get a chaise and drive to the Royal Hotel in Pall Mall, where they had a drawing room and bedroom and, as a waiter, Thomas Bowing, testified, "stayed four or five days as man and wife."

LORD MANSFIELD: "Had they only one bed?"

Bowing: "No, only one bed."

Though Worsley had gone to Leversage's house to look for his wife at 4 A.M., he did not come to the hotel, but thoughtfully sent his wife's maid to her. Bissett agreed that Worsley was entitled to a verdict but without damages, as he "not only acquiesced but was excited and encouraged it," and said that he had stood "on Worsley's shoulders at Maidstone to view his naked wife," with Worsley saying, "Seymour, Seymour, Bissett is looking at you," and later "they all went off together in a hearty laugh."

Lord Deerhurst, a witness, said Worsley gave him permission "to try my chance with Seymour," which he "took first in laughter," though at four in the morning Worsley found him with her. Deerhurst was then asked: "Had your lordship any particular intimacy with her that night?"

Answer: "Be so kind as to put that question again."

QUESTION: "Was you particularly connected with her that night?"

Answer: "With your lordship's [Mansfield, the justice], permission I decline that."

LORD MANSFIELD: "Certainly, you have no right to be asked that."

While Lord Peterborough said he "should rather think not, as

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to her being a good wife," the Marquis of Graham said "she was gay, lively and free in her behavior [but] there was no absolute inpropriety in her conduct."

In summing up, Lord Mansfield said, "This woman for three or four years has been prostituted with a variety of people, that is extremely clear and extremely plain." And so after an hour's debate the jury agreed without damages.²

As Washington and the staff read the *Trial*, for it is not easy to lay it down, the facile, untroubled merriment of all its lewdness must have made them wonder what caused the difference between New York and London. It is a striking comment on the contrast in morals to take the persons in the case and try to substitute Americans of the period. It is quite unthinkable and yet one would like to know whether the impossibility is real or part of the taboos of piety and patriotism.

In any event "a silk waistcoat pattern" for Washington arrived from Caty Greene and Smith sent out soldier reading: lives of Peter the Great and Gustavus Adolphus; Sully's Memoirs, Goldsmith's Natural History, The Campaigns of Turenne, Locke On the Human Understanding, and eight volumes of the Dictionary of Arts and Sciences "bound for more convenience in four." Two hundred five pieces of blue and white china for Mount Vernon were ordered from Parker, and "several tea and china services, casters, salts, and bottle sliders with the Washington arms" engraved on them from Lafayette. The order was then canceled, as Parker found them in New York.

The buying ended temporarily in October when, "very contrary to my inclination," Washington had to ask Robert Morris "if Mrs. Washington could be furnished with about \$1,500 for furniture and stores for Mount Vernon."

²Sir Richard Worsley, Winchester and Oxford, British Resident at Venice, Verdurer of the New Forest, Comptroller of His Majesty's Household, Fellow of the Royal Society, Governor of the Isle of Wight, is in the Dictionary of National Biography, as an antiquary and traveler.

By then Washington had indulged another of his personal interests, seeing the land. He wrote Schuyler in July, "I have always entertained a great desire to see the northern part [of New York] before I returned to the southward... to see the most remarkable posts and the fertility of the Mohawk." In June he had sent to Congress the petition of Rufus Putnam, Humphreys, Trumbull, Dayton, and 284 others officers for land grants between Lake Erie and the Ohio. Steuben had been sent to Sorel, Canada, to confer with Haldimand on the Northwest Posts. Unknown to the Americans at the moment, Haldimand had told Steuben he had "no orders for making the least arrangement for the evacuation of a single post [but only to cease hostilities]." The visit was premature and Steuben might not even see the Posts.

The result was that Washington never saw Niagara Falls. "I did not choose," he wrote later, "to make the trip upon courtesy, nor to place myself in a situation whether either a denial or any indignity might be offered." How differently a smaller man might have reacted, either disturbing the peace or compromising his country. But, significantly, when he got back he asked Pickering, "How many boats are fit for service on the Western Waters?"

Knox at West Point pointed out that in any event it was impractical to try to occupy the Posts in the depleted state of supplies and money. The army was insufficient to guard many of the outlying magazines and depots as it was, and there was growing fear of violence and anarchy in New York City as Carleton delayed the evacuation.

Even Culper's final statement of expenses could not be paid until December.

In mid-September the Greenes, homeward bound from Charleston, dined on the way at Mount Vernon with Lund Washington. Washington went to Colonel Cox's house at Trenton to meet them. From there the two men took the never-to-be-

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forgotten road to Princeton together. No place could have been more suitable for their reunion. Of all the unrecorded private conversations of the war, that is perhaps the one we should most like to know. Neither left any record of it. As they rode, Tom Paine from nearby Bordentown was writing Washington, "I am hurt by the neglect of the collective, ostensible body of America in a way in which it is probable they do not perceive my feelings." The tortured sentence meant he wanted money, as did a Ruthy Jones of Belfont, Georgia. Ruthy, a not unfamiliar type, had been convinced for eight years that she and the Commander in Chief were related and that she was entitled to "aid." As long ago as 1776 she had sent a plea through the British, which Sir William Howe was of course delighted to forward. It set forth an elaborate genealogical surmise of kinship by various intermarriages. Fishburn, an aide of Wayne's, who had been in Georgia, was with Greene and delivered her new claim.

Washington was much annoyed. In his own hand he took up and disposed of each piece of descent she alleged. "I do this," he said, "to prove to you beyond a possibility of doubt that I am not related to you in the degree you suppose nor in any other that I can have the smallest conception of." A dislike of inaccuracy, more than family pride, seems to have animated him.

There began to be a good deal of urging by the French that he visit France and, with his love of travel and his curiosity about the world, it is surprising that he never went. He wrote Rochambeau in October, "Your nation is entitled to all my gratitude, your Sovereign has a claim to my highest admiration and respect and veneration and those individuals of [France] who have been my compatriots in war to my friendship and love." It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have an ardent desire to visit France. But his "deranged private affairs" prevent it. They were "deranged," it is true, but not, it would seem, to that degree. It seems certain that he saw clearly that if he went to France he would be involved in Lafayette's Anglophobia, that what he said

would be at the mercy of interpreters, and that in intangible ways the great interests of his country would be compromised if not damaged. Efforts would be made to make him commit himself. Few if any would understand the sort of government that existed in America or the slow process by which it would have to develop. No wiser refusal has ever been made.

On November 2 the matchless Farewell Order to the Army was written to "those he holds most dear." It says: "... the unparalleled perserverance of the Army of the United States through almost every possible suffering and discouragement... was little short of a standing miracle... Who that was not a witness could imagine that men... from the different parts of the continent strongly disposed by the habits of education to despise and quarrel with each other would instantly become one patriot band of brothers?"

It admonishes these men to "carry with them into civil society the most conciliating disposition. . . . Very much of the future happiness of the officers and men will depend upon the wise and manly conduct which shall be adopted by them when they are mingled with the great body of the community. . . ."

Pickering, in his biting way, said that zealous devotees would declare the words "proceeded from the immediate inspiration of heaven." Certainly, in Justice Holmes's phrase, they spoke of ideas which prevail in the City of God.

Two days later all troops in Pennsylvania and to the southward, except at Fort Pitt, were discharged, and Carleton was asked for "the certain day" of his sailing. Parker had written Washington that Carleton would remain as ambassador. If the government of Britain had had the vision to make this arrangement spontaneously then and there—instead of grudgingly with a second-rater ten years later—the ancient grudge might well have been forgotten, the Napoleonic Wars shortened, and the War of 1812 avoided.

On the ninth, while waiting for Carleton's reply, Washington's papers were started south. In spite of the presence of Virginia and Maryland regiments, Pickering, with a War Department's uncanny skill in moving men the greatest possible distance, chose Captain Bezaleel Howe of the New Hampshire Line to command the escort with his company. Presumably it gave them a chance to see the country. Washington himself set the route: Newburgh-Philadelphia-Wilmington-Head of Elk-Baltimore-Bladensburg-Georgetown-Alexandria-Mount Vernon, and they were not to cross the Potomac or Susquehanna ferries in a high wind.

Carleton's timetable of evacuation was brought out by Beckwith on November 12. It must have stirred them at headquarters as they read the place names from which they had been routed seven years before. It was all but the day Fort Washington had fallen.

[I plan to] relinquish the posts at Kingsbridge and as far as McGowan's Pass on the 21st... Herrick's and Hampstead with all the eastward on Long Island the same day, and, if possible to give up this city with Brooklyn on the day following.... Your Excellency will see the necessity of my making a reservation respecting the city of New York that if any of our ships should happen to want repairs after the town is evacuated we shall still have a free and uninterrupted use of the shipyard....

By the nineteenth, though, the bridgehead had been narrowed to Staten Island and New Utrecht on Long Island, and on the twenty-fourth the Americans came into the city and Washington sent his good wishes for "a safe and pleasant passage" for Carleton and his troops.

The farewell to the officers at Fraunces Tavern is well known and in this case time and sacred story have not exaggerated its somber splendor. Tallmadge wrote his fiancée, "Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed and hope I may never be called upon to witness again."

So it was at Annapolis when the Commander gave up his commission and surrendered "the interests of his dearest country to Almighty God." McHenry wrote his fiancée how Washington's voice "faltered and sank. The events of the Revolution just accomplished—the new situation into which it had thrown the world—the great man who had borne so conspicuous a figure in it—the past, the present, the future—the manner, the occasion were inexpressibly solemn and effecting." It was December 23. On Christmas Eve, in the snowy dusk, Washington rode through the gates of Mount Vernon.

PEACE AFTER WAR DOTH GREATLY PLEASE

(1784 - 86)

Leace after war doth greatly please and Home keeping hearts are happiest. There is no one to whom these aphorisms better apply than to the master of Mount Vernon in the years 1784–86. His grumblings, complaints, and philosophizings are those of the happy man, released from great affairs to the delightful busy tedium of tidying up his papers, his house, his fields and gardens, his ledgers and his lawsuits, responsible at last to no one but himself and his own.

The ideas that "though not fifty five he had passed the meridian of his strength. In the years remaining a physical and nervous change was to grow on him intermittently"; that in deep melancholy he wrote Lafayette of his short-lived family and his own brief expectation of life—these are libels except as the first applies to all men and the second is a passage of eighteenth-century convention. Particularly absurd is the idea that his health was not abundant. During the war he had been sick a few days with influenza. Almost everyone else, civil and military, had to go home for reasons of health.

In October '85 he wrote John Trumbull, "My principal pursuits are of a rural nature in which I have great delight especially as I am blessed with the enjoyment of good health."

The Englishman, John Hunter, saw him, the following month at Mount Vernon, "perfectly straight and well-made; rather in-

clined to be lusty, eyes full and blue . . . teeth are yet good . . . cheeks indicating perfect health." Hunter saw no melancholy but much merriment over champagne. Mrs. Washington was not very well at the time and, like a very good husband, Washington wrote Trumbull in Paris to get her "a gold watch, the hour and minute hands set with diamonds."

No group of important men has ever been freer than the patriot leaders from what Bertrand Russell calls the "infinite desires [and] vices" of rivalry, acquisitiveness, vanity, and love of power. General Greene spoke for practically all of them when he wrote Caty in '81, "I should be extremely happy if the war had an honorable close, and I on a farm with my little family about me." Nothing would have pleased them better than to have the loose Confederation suffice for a government, Europe to leave them alone, and they to till the soil and make the rivers navigable to the Western Waters.

"I wish to see the sons and daughters of the world in peace," Washington wrote Lafayette, "and busily employed in the more agreeable amusement of fulfilling the first and great commandment, Increase and Multiply; as an encouragement to which we have opened the fertile plains of the Ohio to the poor, the needy and the oppressed of the earth. Anyone who is heavy laden may repair hither and abound, as in the Land of Promise with milk and honey." This was the too easy hope of most of them but one which arose from their amazing vigor and confidence. Give a man a life's partner, some land, a plow, and a rifle and leave the rest to him. Three years later it had become evident that their hopes had deceived them: the world was too complex for anarchy, in the sense of absence of government, and with their amazing versatility they went to Philadelphia to change an "alliance of perpetual friendship" into a central government.

Washington briefly achieved the simple but full and balanced life they wanted: before seven-thirty reading the mail; a fine big breakfast at that hour; superintending and riding over the estate until dinner at two-thirty; writing until dark, supper followed by

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whist, letter writing, or reading until bedtime. He had to go to Annapolis in December '84, and while there Maryland made Lafayette and his male heirs citizens and gave Washington the papers to send him. In sending them he said he had as "little expected to cross the Potomac again this winter or even to be fifteen miles from home before the 1st of April as I did to make you a visit in an air balloon."

Within that fifteen-mile radius there was an everyday life which supplied all his requirements. He wrote the famous English husbandman, Arthur Young, that "agriculture has ever been among the most favorite of my amusements," adding deprecatingly, "though I have never possessed much skill in the art." To it in its various branches he gave his greatest attention, as most of them did. They could differ violently on policy or patriotism, morals or manners, be pro-French or pro-English and still achieve a working harmony, but indifference to or ignorance of the land and its fruits, its flowers or its farming would have been sin against the Holy Ghost.

Governor George Clinton of New York might be the strongest opponent of Washington's political views but when Washington wrote him for pine-tree and evergreen seeds—"a thimble full extracted from the cone and put in sand"—they were closer than brothers. His letter to Colonel Tilghman, now a special partner of Robert Morris, asking him to get a description of Mrs. Charles Carroll's greenhouse, is in far clearer detail than the order of battle for Germantown. The instructions to the London bankers, Wakelin, Welch and Company, to pay for, pack, and ship plows, seeds, etc., from Arthur Young could not have been more careful if Washington had been purchasing the crown jewels. The diary entries of the winter of '85 are as lovely and simple as great poetry:

In laying out my Serpentine Road and shrubberies . . . I saw several young holly trees. . . . I rode to search for trees. . . .

I moved lilacs to the north garden gate and dogwoods and red bud.

. . . Planted the scarlet honeysuckle and the Gilder rose and Persian jessamine. . . . grafted May heart cherries. . . . Began to right my trees and sowed the semi-circle north of the front gate with holly berries. . . .

Then there was the snowy February day by the fire when he signed eighty-three diplomas of the Cincinnati, and sent a special badge to each of the A.D.C.'s. Humphreys, getting his, wanted more. He asked McHenry whether there had not been "something in agitation respecting presenting miniature likenesses of General Washington to the gentlemen who composed his family at the close of the war."

The best of them all had a wholesome, attractive sentimentalism. When Washington had finished with the Cincinnati diplomas he wrote Congress at Annapolis, "If my commission [as Commander in Chief] is not necessary for the files of Congress I should be glad to have it deposited among my own papers. It may serve my grandchildren fifty or a hundred years hence." Charles Thomson replied that it would be sent in a gold box.

Of course there were many family problems with nephews, nieces, and relations but the idea, often advanced, that these were a heavy or unexpected burden to Washington is absurd. No man of his maturity and position could have expected anything else and only a person inexperienced in life would suppose that appeals for advice or aid were not part of a full life. Unhappy men like Tom Paine, or happy bachelors like Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, missed all that.

His stepson's widow, Eleanor Calvert Custis, wanted to marry David Stuart but hesitated to broach what could be a delicate matter, after only two years of widowhood. She asked Lund Washington to open the matter with the head of the family. Back came the healthy-minded answer that Washington never expected she would spend the residue of her days in widowhood. He hoped, however, that she would carefully consider the "family and connexions of the man, his fortune which is not the

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most [his italics] essential in my eye, the line of conduct he has observed and the frame of his mind [and would he be] kind and affectionate to you." He was evidently the latter, as her Custis daughter wrote Charles Cotesworth Pinckney's second wife in 1802: "My dear mother has just had her twentieth child." She was then forty-four.

When his brother John Augustine needed money Washington wrote George Mason, asking him to make the loan at interest and with George's endorsement. The letter illustrates how even the greatest of men are shaken when they come to borrow money. Like the most timorous applicant for a loan, the Great Man says "four, five or six hundred pounds" is wanted. He must have known that in Mason's position he himself would certainly, like anyone, have said, "Well, I can manage four hundred pounds but six hundred pounds is out of the question," yet it is humorous and not unlikable to see him with the timidity of the rest of mankind. After Mason's agreement there came the equally familiar afterthought. A hundred pounds more was needed and if the paper could still be changed could it be increased accordingly?

As to a job for John Augustine's son Corbin, he was on less uncertain ground. He found himself a little doubtful about Corbin's going with William Constable and Company in New York. Tench Tilghman had opened a similar merchant-banker business in Baltimore, and would, he was sure, do anything Washington asked. "If I should upon enquiry find he is not in a piddling way (which can scarcely be presumed from his connection with Mr. [Robert] Morris)," he would prefer him to Constable. So it was fixed.

The matter had some less immediate aspects. Gouverneur Morris was a Constable partner and the firm for the next twenty years was enormously successful and of unquestioned credit. But, in 1778–79, Constable had been what is now called a collaborator with the British in Philadelphia and had done well financially. While the whole business is not clear, he was not simon-pure that time, but except for the buying up of loan certificates like all the

capitalists before the assumption, his record thereafter was of the best, and had young Corbin Washington, twenty, joined him, he would have become a very rich man.

On the other hand, though Washington did not realize it, Robert Morris was already over the hill, though his final ruin was over ten years away, and his ship the *Empress* was on the way for the first time to Canton, China. His fall pulled many men down with it. Such might well have been Tilghman's fate except for his early death in April 1786.

At the moment Tilghman's prospects were bright, as were Hamilton's, practicing law in New York. But Colonel Humphreys and Colonel W. S. Smith of the staff needed jobs. Would Humphreys accept the post either of Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs at eight hundred dollars a year or of deputy secretary of Congress at a thousand? Jacob Read asked Washington. Neither paid enough but Read "had the happiness to succeed in my endeavors to send Colonel Smith as secretary" to Adams's legation in London, where he married young Abigail, the minister's daughter. This was the usual creating of opportunity for young men. There were two older men who needed help: Tom Paine, old at forty-eight, and Steuben, now fifty-four.

On the former's behalf Washington wrote on the same day to Madison, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee, "Can nothing be done in our Assembly [Virginia] for poor Paine? Must the merits and service of Common Sense continue to glide down the stream of time unregarded by this country . . . a decent independency [is all he asks]." There is much ground for thought in this letter. From December 1776, when he wrote the ringing words, until his death it is hard for the ordinary man to find much in Paine's life to his credit. Even when Washington wrote these letters Paine had not done too badly for himself in the matter of money. He was most befriended by the people who most disliked him personally. A little more than ten years after this intercession he turned his vicious pen on Washington but the pen had once served the patriot cause more mightily than a sword and it is an

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evidence of the capacities of Washington's extroverted mind that he recognized it.

When writers feel called upon to dwell on Washington's "avarice" or "acquisitiveness" or "land hunger," they appear to overlook the other side of his nature and the dire swiftness, in the economics of the time, with which financial ruin overwhelmed so many men he knew. There is no question that he wanted and enjoyed what money could provide, and was aware that even honorable poverty is an illusion and a destroyer of men's dignity. He was utterly callous toward people ruined by profligacy or indolence, but extraordinarily sympathetic to others. "Be lenient to my tenants [on the Western Waters] unable to pay by the act of God, but I will not be put off by others."

In the case both of Paine and Steuben he probably felt a special aristocratic, American obligation to see that two foreigners did not suffer after what they had done for the country. The letter to Hamilton about Steuben, for all its measured words, is that of a sensitive but sensible man who goes about something in the right way: "I am concerned that the baron is again in straitened circumstances. I am much disinclined to ask favors of Congress but if I knew what the objects of his wishes are, I should have much pleasure in rendering him any service in my power with such members of that body as I now and then correspond with."

Of such matters the first winter and spring of retirement were largely made up, while with the zest of a schoolboy he began to think about a trip to the Ohio. It was marvelous to think that thirty years had not impaired his ability to walk the wilderness or embark on the Western Waters. He told his nephew Bushrod he could come along with Dr. Craik and him, bringing only "a servant and a blanket or two and a gun for his own amusement." He told Craik two months in advance that he would leave home on September 1, and stay at Warm Springs until the seventh. Craik would need only a servant and bedding (he himself would bring a marquee, utensils, stores), a few medicines and hooks and lines.

The ostensible reason for the trip was to check the titles to his

lands, the settlements on them, and the rentals due him. He was particularly worried about his lands in the confluence of the little Kanawha and the Ohio where the crafty old Indian fighter, Michael Cresap, "appears to have had pretensions of some kind or another to every good spot in the country. He has [also] arrested my survey [on the Ohio a little above a creek called Capteeny] for no better reason that I could ever learn than because it was a good bottom and convenient for him to possess it."

Cresap and other squatters enraged him—"those lands in the vicinity of Fort Pitt (for which I have had patents for more than ten years) I found in the possession of people who set me at defiance under the claim of preoccupancy. Another year and I may find the rest seized under the like pretext but as the land cannot be removed . . ."—but at the same time one gets the impression he had the time of his life wrangling and disputing with them and that it was all part of the fun. Seen against the looming and enormous issues of the Northwest Territory and the navigation of the Mississippi, it is as though he said to himself, "This is the last chance I shall ever have to act in a private capacity."

On October 4, 1784, "notwithstanding a good deal of rain fell in the night and the continuance of it this morn (which lasted till about 10 o'clock) I breakfasted by candlelight and mounted my horse soon after daybreak [on the way to the Ohio]."

Seven months before, Monroe, Jefferson, and Henry Lee had delivered to the United States Virginia's deed of claims in the Northwest Territory. Jefferson had proposed the formation of ten trans-Allegheny states out of it with names, as the historian Paxson says, "which show how erratic a sensible man like Jefferson could sometimes be: Sylvania, Michigania, Assenisippia, Illinsia, Polypotamia, Cherronesus, Metropotamia, Saratoga, Pelisipia and Washington." It is in contrast to the old names in Washington's diary—"French Creek down which I have myself come to Venango."

He saw the development of the Middle West not only as within the seaboard states' capacities but as the thing most ad-

vantageous to them. This door to the westward should be opened, he told David Humphreys, "before we make any stir about the navigation of the Mississippi." He asked Lafayette if he did not know people in France who would become adventurers (investors) in the Potomac Company, and he urged investment on Robert Morris in a mixture of salesmanship and lyricism about the Great Kanawha, the James, and the Shenandoah. And by May '85 there were two locks in the Potomac Canal so that wheat boats from Cumberland could reach Georgetown. Forty thousand pounds' capital had been paid in and fifty shares of the Potomac and a hundred of the James River companies were set aside for Washington as a bonus or "a mode of adding something substantial to the many honorary rewards bestowed on him."

"The earnestness with which he espouses the undertaking," Madison wrote admiringly to Jefferson in Paris, "is hardly to be described and shews that a mind like his capable of great views, and which has long been occupied with them, cannot bear a vacancy."

Washington refused the bonus even when it was suggested that the stock stand in his name and the dividends be applied to patriotic purposes. He was a very acquisitive man but he had imposed an iron law on himself against "acceptance of reward in any shape." This was very fine but the really attractive side of it was a certain embarrassed modesty in not being holier-than-thou. He told Madison that while he could not accept "he disliked the appearance of ostentatious disinterestedness." Perhaps as an answer to the suggestion of using the dividends for patriotic purposes, he gave a thousand pounds privately to the academy in Alexandria for an endowment.

Meanwhile there was a Congress making its mendicant way from Annapolis to Philadelphia to Trenton to New York. In London the refugee Van Schaick had "very direct intelligence that New York is depopulated, that you walk the streets for hours without meeting a living creature, except now and then a half-starved poor devil . . . who like a mushroom has popped out of the dunghill."

The "poor devil" was doubtless one of the few members of Congress still in attendance and out of funds. John Marshall wrote James Monroe, desperately short of cash, ". . . the exertions of the [Virginia] Treasury and your other friends have been ineffective. There is not a shilling in the Treasury." A dole, raised privately, was sent to tide him over. William Samuel Johnson was in the same position, as were Gerry and Samuel Osgood, yet the latter wrote, ". . . our liberties will receive the first and probably last wound [if a Continental Treasury with taxing powers is established]." Elbridge Gerry, then forty, solved his difficulties shortly by marrying the rich seventeen-year-old Miss Tompkins of New York.

Courtship and marriage were in the minds of many. In his letter to Monroe about money, Marshall said the young men and maidens were getting tired of lying alone and were fast uniting. Washington wrote Barbé-Marbois, the French chargé, that his marriage to Miss Moore of Moore Hall, the council house at Valley Forge, was the "great and tender [one] of many proofs of your predilection and attachment to this country." Otto, coming out for the long stretch as Marbois's successor, paid court promptly to Nancy Shippen and, when refused, married Eliza Livingston, niece of the governor of New Jersey and the New York Signer.

Just before leaving for France, Jefferson wrote Madison that Henry Lee was "courting Miss Sprig a young girl of seventeen and 30,000 pounds expectations." The matter is of more than passing interest. The commander of the light horse was in very needy circumstances but, aside from that, surely a man to win any girl's heart. In Congress with him was another young man with an excellent war record and finances in an even worse state—John Francis Mercer, Charles Lee's A.D.C. at Monmouth, still in his mid-twenties and the object of unusual pressure from his creditor, Washington.

Of all the people who owed him money, Washington proceeded most relentlessly against Mercer and Michael Cresap and his heirs. The debts in both cases were pre-Revolutionary—inherited in Mercer's case. Strong personal dislike—tinged, it is always possible, by Mercer's evidence for Lee after Monmouth—seems to have been at the root of it, arising from repeated failures to meet, or even mention, due dates extended to him. Yet it is curious to see how many of these people, once on the wrong side, stay on it. Mercer was on Lee's side. He was strongly against the Constitution, an anti-Federalist and subsequent supporter of Jefferson. Yet when Jefferson had Burr arrested for treason, Mercer was as ardent for him as he had been for Lee and became one with that strange pair, Edmund Randolph and the drunkard Luther Martin, as Burr's counsel (which is not to say Burr was not entitled to counsel)—a curious record of unstable convictions.

It is interesting to see what Jefferson thought of Mercer in Congress in '84. "Mercer is acting a very extraordinary part," he wrote Madison. "He is a candidate for the Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs, tho' he will not get the vote of one state. [He has been trying to defeat all treaties to force Europe to send ministers here and give him the honor of fabricating the whole business.]"

One year later Monroe wrote Jefferson, then in Paris, "Mercer hath been absent since we left Trenton and hath married Miss Sprigg"! Thus Charles Lee's staff triumphed for once over Washington's Light Horse.

Monroe, lonely in New York, without a Virginia colleague, and, with John Jay, deaf to the roar of the Western Waters, married Eliza Kortright. Jefferson wrote him he hoped she would "soon have on her hands domestic cares of the dearest kind sufficient to fill her time and ensure her against the tedium vitae." Business, bustle, office, and rambling are nothing, he adds, to quiet retirement.

The rich New York merchants continued to do well by poor congressmen as the handsome Rufus King married the rich and beautiful Miss Alsop. John Jay, writing Adams after his transfer in London to congratulate him on the young Abigail's marriage to Colonel William S. Smith, said he was very pleased with these various unions. "They tend to assimilate the states."

It is agreeable to see the Founding Fathers in these aspects of life, since one might suppose from many books that they never took their great minds off the vast issues of government or the ideas of making men free. It cannot be stated too often that they were of all sorts—aggressive and opinionated yet magnanimous like Gouverneur Morris; atrabilious, critical, and suspicious like Monroe.

On December 18, 1784, Monroe wrote to Madison in Virginia, "[Richard Henry] Lee earnestly advocates the appointment of Jefferson to Spain only in my opinion to open Great Britain and France to himself and his friends [R. R.] Livingston and Arthur Lee."

Monroe was speaking here for the considerable group who felt there was something republicanly wrong and extravagant in America's having legations abroad, though he was also among those who felt most strongly that Spain must agree to open the Mississippi. In effect they insisted not only that Spain do so but, unilaterally, send an envoy here to tell us so.

The day after Christmas R. H. Lee wrote Washington, "Spain seems determined to possess the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi which . . . will oblige Congress to send an able minister to Madrid. And one also to London." The letter was more than a piece of news. Obviously it was intended to suggest to Washington that he support it with the people who passed constantly through Mount Vernon. The following day Lee wrote also to Madison—recognizing the great influence this brilliant, studious man also possessed, and doubtless also aware that Monroe had written. He said, "[There are] Such momentous concerns [as the Mississippi and the Northwest Posts] with the two courts of Madrid and London that we shall be obliged to send special ministers to each."

The following February he succeeded in having John Adams

transferred to London from the Hague, the banking center of Europe, but Madrid was left to the third-rater Carmichael, simply an agent, and when William Livingston and John Rutledge declined the Hague post no one else suitable could be found.

There was some excuse at the time for economy in money, however pennywise, and there was an idea that America needed all her brain power at home—but the opposition, long continued, to legations abroad, per se, was provincial, naïve, and harmful to our interests. It became a constitutional issue in Washington's Administration, Congress asserting against him that the "advice and consent" clause, as to diplomatic appointments, covered their right to say whether any at all should be made.

In spite of their weaknesses Congress, in March 1785, passed the resolution of Rufus King that there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the Northwest Territory, against the votes of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. This was a thrilling thing and its glory is not diminished by observations, such as that of Professor Gabriel of Yale, that "slavery was so economically inefficient that the ordinance was hardly needed." Who can compare the records of the Northwest Territory with the Southwest and not see the difference slavery made? The complete abolition of slavery at the time was beyond the wisdom of men, but to permit it, west of the Blue Ridge in the new lands south of the Ohio, was inexcusable and seldom have high-minded men been more at variance with their professions.

Twelve days after the resolution had passed, Gerry wrote Rufus King from Boston, "I find officers of the army are calling a meeting to petition Congress for a location of their lands." It took them a year to complete the articles of agreement for the Scioto Company in Ohio but Rufus Putnam, Manasseh Cutler, and their associates were already busy on it.

But a month later R. H. Lee wrote Washington that it had been impossible to get Congress to vote a garrison of more than seven hundred men "for all the posts to be fixed in the transAlleghania country from north to south." Rufus King wrote that the Secretary of War could not get a thousand dollars to send ammunition to the West and Monroe supported both economies because "it might be the commencement of an establishment which might last for years."

The economies, Jefferson wrote Monroe, were wrong. "There will never be money in the Treasury till the Confederation shews its teeth; the states must see the rod; perhaps it must be felt by some of them." But he balanced this insight by the most farfetched philosophizing about the size of the new Western states. Can people be happy if the ultramontane states are large? he asked. "They will end by separating and becoming the enemies [of the Confederation]."

It is extraordinary to see how two of the greatest men of their time hoped that somehow the country could get along without them. Washington was out with his French hounds "on a good scenting morning" in December, moving his honeysuckle in March, reading A Course of Gallantries from the French of D. M. Duclor, buying a pocket French dictionary, happily immersed in his lands and his lawsuits, and the engagement of Tobias Lear as tutor for the grandchildren at two hundred dollars a year. Jefferson, in Paris, hoped to come home shortly to more or less the same thing. He hoped that Monroe, on leaving Congress, would settle in Albemarle. "Short [secretary at the legation] will establish himself there and perhaps Madison may be tempted to do so. This will be society enough and it will be the great sweetness of our lives."

Neither seemed to have any idea that such an orderly, delightful life on their estates was not possible, though Charles Pettit warned Franklin, "A total abolition of all debts both public and private and even a general distribution of property are not without advocates [with fiat money as legal tender to pay debts the only alternative]."

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On March 16, 1786, John Jay wrote a careful letter to Mount Vernon which implies the feeling that Washington has had enough of a holiday and left responsibility for the country to others long enough. Jay briefly suggests the possibility of a Federal Convention to make a Constitution; and says, "I am fervent in my wishes that it may comport with the line of life you have marked out for yourself to favour your country with your counsels. . . . I suggest this merely as a hint for consideration."

One must wonder whether a tragedy for the country which occurred three months later was not the turning point in Washington's "line of life." Certainly from the moment he heard of it he turned his mind back to national affairs, from which he was never free again.

On June 19, 1786, Nathanael Greene died of a sunstroke in Georgia at forty-four. He was on a farm with his little family beside him as he had hoped, after Yorktown, would be the case. Anthony Wayne was there. No one in the whole country was needed more than this competent, balanced, resolute, undiscourageable man. The possibilities that lay before him were enormous. No other man of action of his ability was in his age group. The thinkers-Madison, Hamilton, Edmund Randolph-were ten years younger, the Signers most of them twenty years older. No one, except Washington himself, could have brought such broad ability to the Federalist Administration. With his death came word of General McDougall's, "a brave soldier and a disinterested patriot," as Washington wrote Jefferson, and then of Colonel Tench Tilghman's, at forty-two, leaving "as fair a reputation as ever belonged to a human character." Greene and Tilghman were each fitted to Cabinet positions. "Thus some of the pillars of the Revolution fall," Washington ended his letter to Jefferson, and there can be no question of the reality of its sorrow and melancholy.

It is significant that on that same day he wrote another letter to

John Jay which was marked by a complete return to his Revolutionary vigor and fire: "The fear of investing Congress with ample authority for national purposes appears to me the very climax of popular absurdity and madness. . . . Requisitions [on the states] are a perfect nihility where thirteen sovereign, independent, disunited states are in the habit of discussing and refusing compliance with them at their option."

Thus the leader in him was aroused, but the friend of plain

Thus the leader in him was aroused, but the friend of plain-spoken, practical generosity was unaffected. He wrote to Jeremiah Wadsworth that if there was not a handsome competence for Catherine Greene, and if Wadsworth, Rutledge, and she thought it right "to entrust my namesake [George Washington Greene] to my care I will give him as good an education as this country affords and will bring him up to either of the genteel professions that his friends may chose or his own inclination shall lead him to pursue at my own cost and expense."

Part of the Spanish conspiracy—which is to say the dark story of thirty years' bribery, intrigue, and treason in the Mississippi Valley—has a bawdy stableyard comedy in it written by none other than Washington himself. Let us see the situation, as they say, in perspective.

In May 1784, John Jay, who had represented the Continental Congress in Madrid, became Secretary of Foreign Affairs in New York. Shortly afterward Gardoqui, whom Jay had known in Madrid, came out as Spanish minister and his instructions were, in effect, to secure American agreement to leave the Mississippi to Spain. Jay believed that to do so for at least twenty-five years was in the interest of America. To this, of course, Monroe, as spokesman of "the men of the Western Waters," was strongly opposed. Washington himself was in general agreement with Jay. Although Jay was an incorruptible patriot, Professor Bemis's

Although Jay was an incorruptible patriot, Professor Bemis's examination of Gardoqui's expense accounts and dispatches has made it clear that he spent a great deal of money entertaining the Secretary and through such social attentions to Mrs. Jay strength-

ened his influence with her devoted husband. In Madrid five years before, Gardoqui had written, "This woman whom he loves blindly dominates him and nothing is done without her consent . . . a few timely gifts will secure the friendship of both." In New York he said, "notwithstanding my age," he made a great point of taking the lovely Sally to dances. And like a present-day lobbyist, Gardoqui had a fund from which he could make loans to friends in need like Light Horse Harry Lee, to whom, among others, five thousand dollars was loaned.

On March 2, 1786, Henry Lee wrote Washington, "An Arab stud horse has arrived in [New York] and has been announced in the gazettes as a present to you from his Catholic Majesty."

This was not true. The stallion was a present to Jay, who had already secured the permission of Congress to accept it. However, Washington had already learned from Lafayette (who supported the Spanish Mississippi policy) that the "King of Spain was sending [Washington] two Jacks of the first race in his kingdom." One had died on the voyage but the other, Royal Gift, arrived with the stallion and proceeded to Mount Vernon to take up his pleasant duties. Or so it was hoped. There were immediate difficulties.

On April 13, Washington wrote his nephew Bushrod, "If Royal Gift will administer he shall be at the service of your mares but at present he seems too full of Royalty to have anything to do with a plebeian race: perhaps his stomach may come to him, if not I shall wish he had never come from His Most Catholic Majesty's stable."

To Lafayette he wrote, "The Jack finally appeared but his late Royal Master, tho' past his grand climacteric, cannot be less moved by female allurements than he is, or, when prompted can proceed with more deliberation or majestic solemnity to the work of procreation."

Throughout May it was hoped that Royal Gift would respond to spring in the New World, but on the fifteenth Washington had to admit to William Fitzhugh that his mares could only be served "when my Jack is in the humour [or] becomes a little better acquainted with republican enjoyments."

By June 5, Royal Gift had favored one of Fitzhugh's mares with a cover, "which with three others is the sum total of his performance to date," and Mount Vernon was in a quandary as to what to do with this pure-minded animal. Who could imagine that he was a countryman of Don Juan who, as Madariaga says, "seems to spring from the earth and to pass from one nation to the other with the suddenness and vivacity of fire . . . tense with yearnings unsatisfied."

They came to the conclusion, Washington says, that "Jack was strange with mares," but by introducing "the excitements of a female ass" he was led to "evidence desires to which he [had] seemed almost a stranger."

It was five years before Royal Gift disappeared into history. In February '91, Washington had to caution a planter, desirous of his service, that "he is still given to slothful humors." Nonetheless his fame spread far and wide. Jeremiah Wadsworth, away in Connecticut, wanted to buy him that July and in declining the bid Washington told him that the whole South had been clamoring for the sight if not the service of this aloof, high-principled animal.

The lusty humor of the letters about Royal Gift, of which the above are but a portion, are a small part of the evidence that the pre-presidential years at Mount Vernon were not spent "past the grand climacteric," brooding on the brevity of life or grieving for the absent Lafayette.

Henry Lee and his brother officer, Brooke, found Washington "hilarious" with his friends when he came into George Weedon's tavern at Fredericksburg, a place where there was good company, "a good, warm fireside, a tankard of cider, brown toast and nutmeg," as Theodorick Bland put it. Highborn ladies, cloaked to the eyes, may have slipped upstairs with a cavalier.

Something of the sort happened to Colonel Bland in August of

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'86 which he thought amusing enough for Washington to hear. Bland was a gay, attractive fellow, as scraps of letters to his wife elsewhere quoted show. Washington wrote him:

By Colonel Fitzhugh [who perhaps had come about Royal Gift] I had the satisfaction to receive the humorous account you were pleased to give me of your nocturnal journey to Fredericksburg. I recollect very well the lady whom you mention to have had for a fellow-traveller and if you should chance to be in her company again I should be much obliged by your presenting my compliments to her. The even tenor of my life (in which I can expect to meet with few exterior adventures) as well as my long seclusion in a great measure from the exhilirating scenes of mixed society must be an apology for my not attempting (with such provocation to gaiety) to say some more sprightly things in reply to the brilliancy of her dialogue . . . or the vivacity with which you have repeated it.

And then he concludes with a sentence of cheery tolerance, characteristically at variance with the humorless, cold-blooded figure of the portraits, "I commend you for passing the time in as merry a manner as you possibly could; it is assuredly better to go laughing than crying thro' the rough journey of life."

This is in private life. It is interesting to see the equally characteristic austerity in public life. Colonel Bland died four years

This is in private life. It is interesting to see the equally characteristic austerity in public life. Colonel Bland died four years later and Mrs. Bland, going through his papers, found what she believed to be a valid and unpaid claim of her husband's against Thomas Mifflin, when Mifflin was Q.M.G. She sent it to Washington, asking his help in securing payment. Her husband had been a friend, neighbor, and favorite of his. Washington himself, as she had said, had flirted impudently with her the winter of '77 at Morristown. Mifflin, for his part in the Conway incident, and other reasons, was presumably persona non grata to the President—all reasons for the exercise of "influence."

Washington replied:

Whatever may have been Colonel Bland's motives during his life for withholding his claim yet, as he was engaged in public business and constantly in the way of gaining information . . . it is not at all probable that anything can be recovered from this source after his death.

It would have been peculiarly pleasing to me to have rendered you such service in this business as would have been commensurate with your wishes, but your good sense will readily point out to you the necessity of confining myself to my private character in this matter as any interference in my public capacity would be deemed improper.

Cold words, perhaps, but how easy it would have been to "do a favor for an old friend" and how many official consciences have done so. This was in August 1790. In February of the following year Mrs. Bland wrote on another matter.

Even across the years it is horrible to read the matter-of-fact words of this letter, though they say no more against Mrs. Bland than against thousands of others:

... I have a valuable slave in Philadelphia of the name of Alexander Asbury who poses for a free man. . . . [His recovery] has been attempted but the Quakers interfered and he returned to his own house.

I am told for that my best mode of recovering him will be to apply to you. It will oblige me very much if you will use your authority. I should rather he be sold he offered 100 Pounds for himself through the Quakers. . . . I will be satisfied with that or less. These are trifles to plague you with and I hope you will excuse it. Present me, if you please to Mrs. Washington with great affection . . .

Washington replied that he had given the letter to Edmund Randolph, who said there was nothing the President could do.

FOR THE UNCERTAIN FUTURE HAS YET TO COME, WITH EVERY POSSIBLE VARIETY OF FORTUNE

(1787)

LN CALLING the Constitutional Convention, few had believed that much could be accomplished. Colonel Grayson had written William Short in Paris, ". . . either the associates will not agree or if they do the states will not ratify"—and the powers granted "the associates" were to amend the Articles of Confederation, not to write a new federal Constitution. They were, it seemed, to be only another debating society and for many weeks that was all they were.

As Washington listened, all the hot summer of 1787, to the delegates arguing the great issues of governing men—how the checks and balances were to be made effective, how there was to be liberty without anarchy, what were the powers not delegated to the nation by the states—he must have wondered whether these men or any human beings had the practical capacity to achieve this great, new thing. It had not appeared so during the Revolution, when few men in Congress were the equals of the pick of the army. Only twenty-one of the men now before him had seen action in the Revolution.

During the whole session Washington spoke only once and

then at the end. This has been variously attributed to the paucity of his ideas and to his lack of ability to speak readily in public. There was more to it than this, but exactly what, it is difficult to say. Yet the impression is that he felt sure a strong central government would result, that he would be called on to head it, and that it was the part of wisdom and patriotism to have so inconspicuous a share in its origin that no one could later say it was his creation and he not its servant.

On May 8 he had written in his diary that he would give "a concise account of my journey to Philadelphia and the manner of spending my time there . . . after which I shall return to the details of plantation occurrance." That is all the diary is during the whole summer except for the magnificently somber sentence after the signing, when he "retired to meditate on the momentous work."

He arrived in Philadelphia on May 13 and went fittingly first to call on the eighty-one-year-old Franklin, the oldest delegate there as he had been at the signing of the Declaration. It had been thirty-two years since they had met with Braddock at Frederick, Maryland, almost twenty since Franklin had given a dinner in London in honor of foreign officers who had served in America, with both Gates and Charles Lee present.

Robert Morris asked Washington to stay at his house, which he did, and in June borrowed £325 from Morris to pay a final balance due Governor George Clinton. This was not borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, since Morris had a banking business and the debt to Clinton arose from a joint private land venture. It seems likely that Washington knew that Clinton would strongly oppose the Constitution—as he did with his Cato letters in September—and saw it would be unfitting and restrictive to have a private debt open between them.

His leisure hours before and after sessions of the Convention were a mixture of sociability and aloofness. Jacob Hiltzheimer saw him riding before breakfast, only a groom with him. He drove later to Valley Forge to fish with Gouverneur Morris. He

left Morris alone while he himself rode over the old cantonment. He wrote almost no letters all summer, except about plowing at Mount Vernon, and those of the other delegates say little about him.

From the presiding chair he looked on an extraordinary set of men for whom all degrees of honor and dishonor, fame and ill fame, riches and poverty, and great or grievous things were waiting. He knew most of them, probably all but one or two. Eight of them were older than he, two there his own age, fifty-five. Eleven were between forty-five and fifty, eighteen between forty and forty-five, and then the most remarkable group, fourteen of them in their early thirties: Madison, Morris, Hamilton, and Randolph, with Spaight, twenty-nine, John Francis Mercer, twenty-eight, and Jonathan Dayton, twenty-seven, the youngest. As a group the delegates would live to an average age of sixty-five, Washington two years longer, and among them, as with the Signers of the Declaration, there would be an extraordinary longevity—fifteen septuagenarians, eight octogenarians, and William Samuel Johnson, who lived to be ninety-two.

Endless details about most of them must have been recalled by Washington's capacious mind, and if he had had the power of clairvoyance he would have seen strange things about many—though perhaps the strangest was that hardly one came to an end which was not already evident in his character.

There were the Georgians, Baldwin, Few, William Pierce, and Houston. If only Greene could have lived to be one of them or, better still, to have brought his native Rhode Island to the Convention.

Baldwin he knew. He was born a Connecticut Yankee, and two years before on his way south had called at Mount Vernon "but would not stay to dinner." His brother-in-law was that queer fellow Joel Barlow, so very briefly a chaplain with the army. Some arrangement was afoot for Barlow to go to France and take Greene's son along to live with Lafayette. Horatio

Gates's second wife would leave the general's papers to Barlow, and Barlow would die trying to find Napoleon on the retreat from Moscow.

Pierce would live only until '89, importuning everyone for an

appointment and dying bankrupt.

South Carolina had sent four men of property, prototypes of the class by whom Washington felt the country was best served and on whom equally the heaviest obligation to serve it rested: Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, forty-one, a graduate of Christ Church, Oxford, colonel of the South Carolina Line, temporary A.D.C. at Brandywine and Germantown, a staunch Federalist to be, though declining two Cabinet posts, but succeeding Monroe as minister to France, and in '98 in the Hamilton-Knox row over precedence in the army command, when war with France seemed likely, saying, "Let us first dispose of our enemies. We shall then have time to settle the question of precedence." Beside him was his handsome cousin Charles, thirty, who had an almost identical career before him, with marriage, the following year, to John Laurens's sister Mary.

Pierce Butler was a Pinckney kinsman, as was John Rutledge. Perhaps only the Livingstons compared with the Pinckneys in the brilliance of their men and their marital alliances. Washington would appoint Rutledge to the Supreme Bench and name him then to be Chief Justice, just before Rutledge died, his brilliant mind tragically clouded. The secretary of the Convention, Colonel William Jackson, twenty-eight, had been a second lieutenant in the South Carolina Line in May '76. He was captured in Lincoln's surrender of Charleston in '80 and had served under him later as Assistant Secretary of War in the Confederation "Cabinet." A personable, handsome fellow, Washington would have him as a private secretary until '91, and in '95 Jackson would have the good judgment and good fortune to marry the daughter of the rich Thomas Willing.

The five North Carolinians had all been Continentals. Spaight,

only a year younger than Hamilton, would, like him, be killed in a duel arising from Federalist politics.

William Blount would have the stormiest career of them all. Washington would appoint him first governor of "the territory south of the Ohio" and Blount would be a senator, from which body he would be expelled by a vote of 27–1 for a strange plot to deliver New Orleans to the British. He would be accused of bringing the Indian chiefs, Joseph Brant and Corn Planter, into it. Ten years after the Convention, Washington would condemn him for seeking "private emolument at the expense of public peace . . . perhaps at the expense of many innocent lives . . . a crime of so deep a dye . . ." He would die in 1800 at fifty-one, a broken man.

In happy contrast there was another future governor, Davie of North Carolina, thirty-one, who enlisted at the outbreak of the war, after graduating from Princeton at the head of his class, fought through it, was wounded at Charleston, married his commanding officer's daughter, had six fine children, would be responsible for the founding of the University of North Carolina and die rich! And Alexander Martin, also Princeton, wounded at Germantown, later a senator and state governor. The oldest of them was Dr. Hugh Williamson, then fifty-two. He would marry first at the time of the first inauguration. "No grey-headed man," Maclay would write, "ever was fuller of future arrangements for a numerous progeny. He has begotten another child." He would live to fall from his saddle while riding on a hot day at seventy-four, "sink into a deliquium," and die.

Stout fellows, these men from the old North State.

The five Marylanders Washington of course knew well. One was James McHenry from his army "family," another the sixty-four-year-old bachelor, Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, and Daniel Carroll, a kinsman of Charles, a Catholic and a Mason—and then John Francis Mercer and Luther Martin.

No one had a better war record than McHenry, who served at the front from the first to the last, and it is doubtful if anyone had a better time. He was financially able to serve without pay. He was not brilliant like his friend Hamilton, but the certainty is he was a comfortable, valuable man to have around. He had a sunny, outward-looking nature, he attended to business and was wholly free of the Narcissism of Hamilton. Later when Washington appointed him to succeed Pickering as Secretary of War, it was said to be "Hobson's choice." He did not do very well. Hamilton said he was "wholly insufficient for the place" but doubtless after Jefferson, Hamilton, and Randolph his loyal mediocrity was a relief to Washington.

McHenry's diary at the Convention is vivid and often amusing.

The lives and affairs of Mercer and Luther Martin are a fascinating study not only as they interlock privately with Washington's but in their opposition to Federalism and all Washington stood for. How does it happen that Mercer, the son of an old friend, should have been as devoted to Charles Lee as John Laurens was to Washington? Why was he in such close alliance with the brilliant sot, Luther Martin, on every political issue? By what curious chance did Martin, on Christmas Day, '83, marry Maria Cresap, eldest daughter of Michael Cresap? Martin died in 1826, a drunken, penniless paralytic at seventy-eight, in Burr's house and, like Hamilton, is buried in Trinity Churchyard, New York.

Time and again it is obvious that among Washington's adherents, whatever their other failings, there was never that almost congenital wrongheadedness and general ill-balance of such adversaries as Martin, Mercer, Mifflin, and the rest. It is a small matter, but not without significance, that when Washington was trying to serve papers on Luther Martin, as attorney for the Cresap heirs, he had young John Marshall as his attorney.

The old Ohio Company had Washingtons, Mercers, Cresap, George Mason, and Richard Henry Lee as its founders. Oddly

¹A phrase used about him at the time.

enough, all these men or their heirs, except Washington, opposed the Constitution and even George Mason became Washington's "former friend."

Of the six other men in his own Virginia delegation, Washington ultimately broke not only with Mason but with Madison and Randolph. Of the other three, George Wythe, the mentor of so many of them, left Philadelphia shortly after the opening and "has never returned to us. His lady died sometime after he got home." He lived almost twenty lonely years longer, dying, murdered by poison, at eighty. John Blair, just Washington's age, was appointed by him to the Supreme Court, outliving him by only a few months, and James McClung, who was there because of Patrick Henry's refusal, had an uneventful life, although when Monroe was recalled from France, it was so difficult to find a successor that Washington asked his Attorney General if "Would Mc Clung go . . . does he possess fit abilities if he would." It was decided not.

The break with Mason, because of the closeness of past ties, must have been the most painful. How charming is his letter, of years before, asking Washington to "Get me two pairs of gold snaps at Williamsburg for my little girls. They are small rings with a joint in them to wear in the ears instead of ear-rings." Early in the war he had said he could take no part in it because of his family of nine "little orphans." Yet it had been he, in seclusion at Gunston Hall, who with two other quiet men gave George Rogers Clark the orders and money for the audacious march to Kaskaskia. Though he could send other men on what was hardly even a desperate hope, we have seen, in his letter to Greene, that he did not intend his own son should take a post of danger and honor.

The war, he wrote Edmund Randolph, cost him sixty thousand pounds and if Virginia could not defray his expenses to Philadelphia he could not attend. Virginia advænced him sixty pounds against a six-dollar per diem, and he asked that fifty pounds of it be "in good notes on Robert Morris."

Unlike Washington, he could write so great a thing as the Bill of Rights and yet utter sweeping absurdities about the tyranny of the well-born, or that "Hamilton [in '92] did us more injury than Great Britain and all her fleets and armies," but there is a letter written to his son from Philadelphia during the Convention which reads exactly like one of Washington's.

He needed to refer to a Virginia Land Tax Plan which he had written and he asks his son to look "Among the loose papers on the right hand division of the second drawer in my desk and the bookcase in the little parlor. . . . Where it is, I don't remember; [also another paper which] lay among the loose papers in one of the dining room windows which a little before I left home I tied up in a bundle and I believe put into one of the pigeon-holes in the book-case in the dining room but am not certain. Pray desire him in looking over the papers, not to dissort them but make them up again together."

What a shock it would have been to Washington, in those first days, as he heard Randolph, thirty-four, present the Virginia Plan, could he have known that Randolph would be chief counsel for Burr at his trial. Randolph would be his first Attorney General and then his Secretary of State, and then resign under grave charges of wrongdoing. Yet would it have been a surprise or, looking back, would he have said, "I should have known there was something unstable in him. He was on my staff at Cambridge in '75 when we were overwhelmed with paper work, at which he was so proficient, and in November he went coolly off for good because his Uncle Peyton was dead." And he never could manage his financial affairs, borrowing even from Hamilton and so "embarrassed with the merchants and shopkeepers [that] his character of independence [was affected]," as Jefferson said.

Madison, who lived to be the oldest living delegate to the Convention, dying at eighty-five, believed at twenty-four that he had an "epileptiform hysteria," which in military service might be fatal. During the war he served in the Virginia legislature and in the Continental Congress from 1779.

For five years before the Federal Convention Washington and he had been in constant correspondence on matters of government. Much of the Virginia Plan, presented at Philadelphia, was Madison's work and he had brought with him twenty-two pages of "notes on past confederacies" alone. He was a brilliant and wonderfully dependable man.

If Hamilton and Gouverneur Morris knew as much as he did of "past confederacies," the range of his intellectual curiosity and interests was even wider than theirs. This spring Lafayette had asked Washington for samples of Cherokee and Choctaw dialects, which "the Empress of Russia has requested me to have filled up with Indian names [for an universal dictionary]." Washington sent the request to Madison, who wrote practically a dictionary to be sent to Catherine. All through his first Administration Washington turned constantly to Madison—though then in the opposition—for advice, even as to the method of announcing his reluctance to serve a second term. It is one of the misfortunes of American history that these two men, so wonderfully complementary to each other, should have drifted apart.

With the four Delawarians Bassett, Bedford, Dickinson and Read there were fewer ties and less unhappy fates—but as delegates from the smallest state they were the most difficult in their resistance to what they considered the attempt of the larger ones to swallow them.

The Pennsylvania delegation, with four of its seven members—Clymer, Franklin, Wilson, and Robert Morris—Signers, was a notable one, and not least in the person of the New Yorker, Gouverneur Morris. No member of the Continental Congress had been closer or more valuable to Washington. A year younger than Madison, big and handsome, in spite of his wooden leg and wasted arm, almost equally erudite, more "brilliant," of proven administrative ability, with only his "foibles" to worry his friends. No one attracted women as Morris did, or enjoyed the results more. It was only a year after he had lost his leg in the runaway accident, after the Plater story, that he drove up to

William Bingham's, in a one-seated sulky, and the exquisite Mrs. Bingham, then but seventeen, climbed in and sat in his lap while he drove off under the frown of her husband and the shocked surprise of Otto, the French chargé.

Yet who was wiser in counsel, more competent in action—though making his employment difficult by his often reckless tongue? All this, within a few years, Washington would have to weigh when he made him a special agent in London and then minister to France.

Washington's host, Robert Morris, fifty-three, sat as silent in the Convention as Franklin and Washington himself. He was already the target of fierce criticisms for his alleged use of public office for private advantage, and the evidence was strong, not of misappropriation, but of an uncanny ability to mingle his country's interests with his own. Yet in difficulty he was the man people turned to. Fifteen years before the Revolution he had posted bond for Charles Lee "to keep the peace." Foreign and Continental officers had been carried on his books. Breezy, shrewd, and confident, his services to his country were even greater in the day-to-day details than in the "pledging of his private credit" of which so much is made. He did that but so did others, Washington writing him New Year's Eve, 1776, "I wish to push our success to keep up the panic. . . . Borrow money where it can be done. We are doing it upon our private credit. Every man of interest, every lover of his country must strain his credit upon such an occasion." It was his practical knack that mattered most, the canvas bags of secret service money after Trenton, the quick, complicated borrowing of twenty thousand dollars from Rochambeau on the way to Yorktown, such things, and the absence of philosophic reflections on the war and the future when he was asked for blankets or wagons.

Jail for debt lay before him and many men would be brought down with him. He can hardly not already have been haunted by it, so rickety was the structure of his wealth. Yet to a degree it was enrichment by acquiring more and more land that obsessed

him, as it did the worst and best of them all, Washington conspicuously among them.

There is, however, in men who can carry such loads as he did, something so deceivingly sanguine that even so shrewd a judge as Washington evidently had no inkling of the thin, thin line between wealth and bankruptcy which Morris was walking. He may have guessed it when Morris declined to be Secretary of the Treasury in his Cabinet.

Beside Morris was another banker, Thomas FitzSimons, fortysix, married to a sister of Washington's A.D.C., Richard Meade, one of the men Robert Morris would bring down with him.

And there also was Thomas Mifflin, forty-three, if anyone the leader of the Cabal against him, and a man on the whole in whose record there seems little to admire. But if Washington had kept any animosity toward him it is not apparent. Mifflin had a house on the Schuylkill at Matson's Ford, a place thronging with memories of ten years before. One Sunday morning Washington was up at five to ride there and stay till Monday night—a pleasant thing to remember about both of them.

Mifflin died bankrupt very shortly after Washington, when he was only fifty-six, and there are two small pieces of evidence about him that make one wonder how much private sorrow may have had to do with his career. He had graduated from Pennsylvania at sixteen. In 1767, at twenty-three, he married Sarah Morris,² a girl of twenty. By '75, when he was an A.D.C. to Washington at Boston, they had had no children who survived, and Abigail Adams wondered about Mifflin's "delicate lady" and what made Philadelphia women unfertile. Subsequently they had one child. In the late eighties and early nineties Jacob Hiltzheimer dined frequently with the Mifflins. They were very lonely and he speaks of Mifflin's concern for her health. In 1790, when they were respectively forty-six and forty-three, Hiltzheimer thought they were both seventy. Perhaps there was a long invalidism of sorrow and anxiety over which Mifflin could not prevail. But, on

²Not related to Robert or Gouverneur.

the other hand, as governor of Pennsylvania in '93, he supported Genêt more openly and vigorously than he had even the ambitions of Gates. The fact apparently is that a man who is wrongheaded at thirty-three remains so the rest of his life.

Half of the New Jersey delegation, Brearly, Houston, and Livingston, would be dead before the new government was well under way. Brearly had been the state's chief justice during the war. Washington had to ask him in '80 for the date of that appointment, to determine seniority among officers of the Jersey Line "who took rank from that time," and he remembered Brearly sending him his compliments on the conduct of Harry Lee's dragoons toward civilians. Both he and Houston died in their early forties.

Beside him was William Paterson, forty-two, who would sit in the new Senate and then on the Supreme Bench.

Most conspicuous in it was Governor Livingston, now sixty-four, of that incredible clan of brilliant men—nine of them famous in one generation—and beautiful women married to husbands almost as much so—John Jay, Richard Montgomery, Morgan Lewis, Lord Stirling, William Duer, John Cleves Symmes, and Otto, the French chargé.

How curious the story of Elizabeth Town was. Powder sent from there by Governor Livingston was the first to reach Cambridge in '75, after the discovery of the dreadful miscalculation. Yet during the war, as Livingston had said, it was inhabited by "unknown, unrecommended strangers, guilty-looking Tories and very knavish whigs." Hamilton and Burr both lived there before the Revolution and the precise but valuable Elias Boudinot came from there.

From there John Cleves Symmes, married to Susan Livingston, would shortly set out to settle southwestern Ohio. He would name his principal town for the Cincinnati. One of his daughters by a previous marriage would marry William Henry Harrison, who would be the ninth President. Another would marry Peyton

Short, with whom Rachel Jackson's first husband would seek a duel because of her.

With Symmes's company Jonathan Dayton, twenty-seven, the youngest man in the Convention, would be associated and would go on to worse company, that of his fellow townsman, Aaron Burr.

Lansing and Yates of the New York delegation went home at once, leaving Alexander Hamilton alone. Of all the delegates, Washington must have thought most about him. He was possessed of almost every talent, yet lacked the balance of mind which recognizes that men must reconcile their differences by compromise and persuasion, that "principle" can become a shibboleth, that even the wisest of men may on occasion be wrong. "How," Washington must have wondered as he listened to Hamilton's extremest views on aristocratic government, "will it be possible for the nation to use his great gifts of learning, energy, and tirelessness? Will the very greatness of the thing we are attempting to set up instill some sense of humility and accommodation? Will he ever, in the phrase of the time, be sensible, as Gouverneur Morris is for all his equal brilliance and greater foibles? Will he be able to understand and allow for the variety of the nation, and see that each of its parts has its rights, and that 'the ancient, rustic, manly homebred sense of the country' must be respected?"

He would hardly reach Mount Vernon after the Convention before word came of a political dispute between Governor Clinton and Hamilton. He wrote, "For both of you I have the highest esteem and regard"—the very words he would use later to Hamilton and to Jefferson.

There were four sturdy men from Connecticut—Oliver Ellsworth, forty-two, a senator, a diplomat, and a Chief Justice of the United States to be; Jared Ingersoll, thirty-eight, married to a daughter of Charles Pettit, Greene's deputy; William Samuel Johnson, like the other two a graduate of Yale but to be president of Columbia. There were some strange stories about his Tory

affiliations during the war and he had had to give a parole not to correspond with the enemy. He had done so, though, and denied any disloyalty. And last Roger Sherman, a blacksmith, not a Yale man but its treasurer, a Signer of the Declaration, father of fifteen children and next oldest to Franklin. Wadsworth said he was "cunning as the devil," and "trying to take him in" was as hard as catching an eel by the tail. He was a salt who had not lost his savor, cantankerous and contemptuous of men like the Morrises, stubborn, righteous, and bigoted. But he had been on the right side in the Continental Congress and no one questioned his integrity.

There remained the five men from Massachusetts and New Hampshire. It was strange those should be the only states to send no Continental. Rufus King, thirty-two, handsome and healthy, was hardly a Continental though he had gone briefly on the Rhode Island expedition. Still, he was strong for the Constitution and the shortcomings of all men but one—"the traitor, Arnold"—must be forgotten. Ahead of King lay invaluable services to his country as senator and as Thomas Pinckney's successor at the legation in London.

There was Elbridge Gerry, a Signer—could he be only forty-three? He seemed a little old man—perhaps because of his new bride, who had to have breakfast with him at five-thirty. Gerry would go to France with John Marshall and Pinckney to see Talleyrand and the X.Y.Z. Papers would result, and he would refuse to leave with Marshall and Pinckney, and Pickering would write Rufus King, perhaps unkindly, though with a vision of the future, on what a recalled diplomat can do: "If they would then guillotine Mr. Gerry they would do a favor to this country; but they will keep him alive to write, à la Monroe, a book which will equally express his misconduct."

In that extraordinary week in mid-July when the Convention achieved the compromise of equal representation for all states in the Senate, and the Northwest Ordinance was ratified in New

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York, one of the most remarkable men of the time arrived at the Indian Queen in Philadelphia, where he encountered the delegates "Strong, Gorham, Madison, Mason and son, Alexander Martin, Hugh Williamson, John Rutledge, Mr. Pinckney and Hamilton." Washington doubtless met him, for he had a special interest in what the man was about.

He was the Reverend Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, forty-five, a graduate of Yale. As a scientist he was second in America to Franklin, second to none of them in his skill as a negotiator for the "wild lands," about which almost all of them thought so much. His face was attractive, with a wide-awake look and an expression of smiling vigor. He had come down from New York, where he had put before various congressmen³ "The greatest private contract ever made in America."

The contract had come out of the promised land bounty for the Continentals, and looked, Cutler said, to "the large and immediate settlement [in Ohio] of the most robust and industrious people in America."⁴

The operation of the Ohio Company, filling the space from Symmes's settlement, in western Ohio, almost to Pittsburgh, was one of the great and most enduring of American private achievements. It stands over the years in superb contrast to the Southern Territory, south of the Cumberland, from the Blue Ridge to the Mississippi, where all the treasons and "trading" with Spain are not untangled to this day. But in its start there was sinister use of public credit and of "deals," only too familiar today, and because of them William Duer, secretary to the Board of Treasury,

*Cutler said, "... in order to get at some [of my opposers in Congress] we in some instances engaged one person who engaged a second and he a third and so on to a fourth before we could effect our purpose."

"Three days after Cutler's arrival in Philadelphia, Abigail Adams wrote her sister, "This, I presume, is Commencement Day [at Harvard College, where John Quincy Adams was graduating].... Can [the young men] get their bread in Massachusetts? But 'the world is all before them.'..." Many of them chose the world of the Western Reserve.

at whose wedding Washington had given the bride away, went from his princely house to his ruin, dying in a debtors' prison. And there are ugly pages in its history of dealings with the French families lured there by Joel Barlow.

All but perhaps a half dozen of the surviving patriot leaders were thus in Philadelphia that summer, in close and constant contact. Can anyone believe that if they had been subjected to the harassments of television and modern journalism they could have achieved the great compromises they did? Can anyone doubt the benefits of their rule of secrecy, so marvelously respected by them all? Can anyone reviewing their varied careers believe they were anything but ordinary men, not demigods, not Founding Fathers—all but one with counterparts in political life today?

The unique figure of Washington surely defies explanation. What was there about him that made all agree he was primus in-

The unique figure of Washington surely defies explanation. What was there about him that made all agree he was primus inter pares? Less learned than most, as acquisitive as any, there seems still to have been a fortunate moderation in his make-up, so that his shortcomings were never conspicuous and his virtues never oppressive. With the superb balance of mind which might have left him merely judicious there was also something inflammable. But the core of his greatness seems to have been an almost uncanny ability to perceive what was the right thing and then to do it.

ONE GENERAL SUPERINTENDING AUTHORITY WHICH CAN
CONTEMPLATE AND
CONTROL

(1788 - 89)

T SEEMS worth repeating that if the country could have lived and prospered under anarchy, in its benign sense, the leaders, with the probable exception of Hamilton, would have been content to remain at their "seats" or in their countinghouses. It is true there was a complete absence of thirst for political power or of fervor for "causes."

This seems to have arisen for various reasons. The strain of eight years of war and six years of uncertainty had taken its toll of men's energies. Country life—crops, herds, and the beautification of houses and gardens—to the exclusion of all other activities had almost a *mystique* for eighteenth-century gentlemen. Almost all owned wild lands from which wealth seemed certain to flow.

If town or county government could have preserved national law and order, most of the patriot leaders, as well as the people, would have been content, and Washington most of all.

Since this was not the case, it is evident that he recognized, with natural self-esteem, that he was indispensable. And there was too much inflammable material in him—pride, energy, the habit of command—for him not to be pleased that he was in-

dispensable, in spite of his disclaimers. The country had Madison, Jay, and Hamilton to write the philosophy of government. It would be a mistake to suppose that Washington did not understand what they wrote or recognize its great importance. Or that he could not think deeply and express himself with force and clarity. He had the wonderful gift of never meddling in something being well done. As he read the Federalist Papers, he must have thought that these three brilliant men, on the average twenty-one years his juniors, had proposed a government which "tho" not perfect is one of the best in the world, I have no doubt." Could they conduct it to advantage? The way to do that was to have system, "deliberate maturely but execute promptly and vigorously."

His political outlook may have been limited to "six miles beyond the limits of my own farms" but it was extraordinarily clear and confident. He foresaw no disasters and no problems beyond the reach of intelligence and good will. None of the things the prophets of gloom predicted ever occurred. "Tyranny or civil war" did not result nor was there "a coalition of monarchy men, military men, aristocrats and drones" to provoke them, as Richard Henry Lee wrote the receptive George Mason.

Can one imagine Washington as the writer of an involved letter like Jefferson's to William S. Smith (February 2, 1788, from Paris)?

"Were I in America I would advocate [adoption of the Constitution] warmly till 9 [states] should have adopted it and then as warmly take the other side to convince the remaining four that they ought not to come into it till the declaration of rights is annexed to it." By the packet which brought it, Lafayette gave Washington the benefit of his badly furnished mind. Washington replied: "I had never supposed perfection could be the result of accommodation and mutual concession. . . [and] I confess I

¹The best of the patriot leaders did not suppose accommodation and mutual concession were un-American activities or evidences of weakness. Of the ratification by Massachusetts, Rufus King wrote Madison, "... the minority are

differ widely from Mr. Jefferson and you as to the necessity or expediency of rotation [in the presidency]. . . . When a people shall have become incapable of governing themselves and fit for a master it is of little consequence from what quarter he comes." The letter with its last great truth was written, it may be noted, in his own hand and without the help of the ghost writers he is so erroneously supposed to have required.

On June 27, 1788, Madison wrote Washington that the Virginia legislature had ratified the Constitution the day before against the opposition of Benjamin Harrison, George Mason, Patrick Henry, William Grayson, and of course James Monroe.

Within a month, as though they had been waiting for Virginia to act, Manasseh Cutler was driving to the Ohio country in a sulky, John Cleves Symmes and his company were settling at Cincinnati, and St. Clair made his first speech as governor of the Northwest Territory.

In August, Hamilton reported New York's ratification to Washington, saying that he took it for granted that Washington would comply with the general call of the country. The reply² made then—and in the like situation toward the end of the first term—is a very careful one, "sensible" and self-conscious in the best sense of that word. There was no precedent for the situation, though some have tried to find it in Roman history. The sense of fitness and common sense of the reply is perhaps best appre-

in good temper. They have the magnanimity to declare that they will devote their lives and property to support the government." Of Virginia's ratification, Madison wrote King that it came "with due decorum and solemnity and an acquiescence of the minority can not be in the least doubted."

^{*}Its first paragraph illustrates how old and callous is the habit of acquiring war souvenirs. "I will forward your letter to General [Daniel] Morgan by the first conveyance and add my particular wishes that he would comply with the request contained in it—altho' I can scarcely imagine how the watch of a British officer killed within our lines should have fallen into his hands (who was many miles from the scene of action) yet, if it so happened, I flatter myself there will be no reluctance or delay in restoring it to the family." It is easier to understand Morgan's having it than how years later, across the ocean, it was traced to him.

ciated if one considers how heedless, grotesque, or conspiratorial it might have been:

On the delicate subject with which you conclude your letter, I can say nothing, because the event alluded to may never happen; and because, in case it should occur, it would be a point of prudence to defer forming one's ultimate irrevocable decision, so long as new data might be afforded for one to act with the greatest wisdom and propriety.

By September many besides Hamilton had written—Harry Lee and Gouverneur Morris among them—and in October Washington wrote again to Hamilton one of his letters of long sentences and many words from which at the end, however, the meaning is so clear:

I could hardly bring the question into the slightest discussion or ask an opinion even in the most confidential manner without betraying, in my judgment, some impropriety of conduct or without feeling an apprehension that a premature disposition of anxiety might be construed into a vainglorious desire of pushing myself into notice as a candidate. . . . I am earnestly desirous of searching out the truth and of knowing whether there does not exist a probability that the government would be just as happily and effectively carried into execution without my aid as with it. . . .

Then in a human touch he adds that the pending decision sheds "a kind of gloom upon my mind." This is not the fore-boding melancholy of Lincoln's farewell to his townsmen but the gloom of a happy, healthy man who must leave his fields and streams, his trees and hedgerows, the comfort and amenities of Mount Vernon for a hired and crowded house in a city of thirty thousand people. "My God," he must have thought to himself, "suppose I become like the members of Congress who used to come out to Morristown, with their 'extravagant self-importance.'"

⁸"Others recall [Adams's] cabal during the war against General Washington and his extravagant self-importance." Madison to Jefferson, October 17, 1788.

As the weeks passed and it became evident the Electoral College would all vote for Washington, it is interesting to note that no one, even the opponents of the Constitution, felt it necessary for him to "declare himself" on the national questions. It cannot be said issues did not already exist; navigation of the Mississippi, financial claims against Britain, possession of the Northwest Posts, assumption, trade and tariffs, federal taxes already divided men. But for the moment it seemed to be taken for granted that a man of character, competence, and experience would hold views on them that were in the public interest after he had heard all shades of opinion. Perfectibility was the main tenet of eight-eenth-century enlightenment but the most zealous of its apostles did not suppose it would be achieved by fiat or law.

It is a commonplace for people to speak of Washington as an aloof aristocrat—a great man but without the common touch. On March 4, 1789, as he prepared to go to his inaugural he had to do something which should go far to endear him to many and make him comprehensible to all. He borrowed five hundred pounds from Richard Conway "to discharge what I owe in Alexandria and leave the state." The loan was at six per cent and secured. Two days later he had his invariable experience of finding "after going over the accounts with Lear" that he needed a hundred pounds more for his expenses to New York. Thus we see he was a man tried in all ways as we are. A further homely detail was that, after reading an advertisement in a Boston paper, he wrote to Benjamin Lincoln there to send him yardage of the American broadcloth advertised for a suit for himself and enough in "London Smoke" for a riding habit for his lady.

He left Mount Vernon on April 16 with Charles Thomson, who had come down to notify him of his election, and Colonel Humphreys, who had invited himself, servant, and horses there for a long stay. He wanted to go quietly if he could "with any degree of propriety or delicacy," but the progress was of course attended by delirious acclaim. He was met at the outskirts of

Philadelphia by the mayor and his suite. The mayor was the Colonel Miles of Long Island and the Brandywine. He lunched with William Livingston at Liberty Hall in Elizabeth Town. One of the coastwise traders in New York Harbor, dressed in his honor, was commanded by Philip Freneau. In a little over a year Governor Livingston would be dead and Jefferson would have installed Freneau in the State Department as an interpreter, while on the side he edited an anti-Administration gazette stuffed "with scurrility and nonsense."

At the moment all heaped "extravagant and undue praises" on Washington but he was well aware it was for the moment. He assumed the management of the great new enterprise with enormous and effective energy. The first problem, a two-edged one, was to man the new government.

While, as has been said, it was difficult to persuade many of the most useful to leave their private affairs, there were many others who from ill luck, personal sacrifice in the Revolution, unfitness for commercial life looked to the new government for a livelihood. Many of them were valuable public servants and some of the most famous names are among the applicants. It might be said that the well-to-do regarded public office as a sacrifice they were loath to make, while the poor looked on it as a just reward for past services.

As early as November 1, 1788, William Pierce, a Georgia delegate to the Federal Convention and a Continental, wrote asking to be collector of the port at Savannah, as soon as it was in Washington's power.⁵ By March 1789 the Continentals Caleb Gibbs, Walter Stewart, Major Generals Heath and Lincoln had

'Perhaps in an effort to humanize or endear him, his biographers, Stephenson and Dunn, speak of him as "a tired man" at this time and "a shrewd old man" three years later. This seems to the present writer an absurd description, about as sensible as Jefferson's statement, when he was seventy-five, that "General Washington's memory was already sensibly impaired by age, the firm tone of mind for which he had been remarkable was beginning to relax."

⁸There is pathos about this. Pierce, about whose private life little is known, must already have been desperate for money.

written similarly, as well as men like George Plater and Francis Hopkinson.

To them all Washington wrote that he was determined to "go into the chair of government free from all possible engagements of every nature whatsoever." Elsewhere he made clear that the greatest bars to appointment were "influences of amity or blood," indolence, or addiction to drink. He wrote curtly to his nephew Bushrod, "Your standing at the bar would not justify my nomination of you as attorney for the Federal District." On the positive side, he said he would consider fitness first and that, while he would give due weight to claims "from former merits and sufferings," there must be a general equality of distribution of officers among the states.

Still the applications came in, those of Continentals making much of their war records: from General Sullivan to be judge of the district court because he had served in the war and Livermore had not; from Jeremiah Olney to be collector at Providence; from S. Blatchley Webb, who "has served long in the army and desires an office to enable him to live decently in the state of life to which he is accustomed." What, though, could have been more appropriate than for John Glover to be "collector of impost at Marblehead," as he asked? Caleb Gibbs of the Headquarters Guard asked first for "an appointment under the new government," then to be deputy collector at Boston, and as late as '93 "for any appointment in his necessitous circumstances." William Littlefield, brother of Catherine Greene, asked for a place in the Treasury and she wrote saying he would assist her and her children "in their distress."

Another Continental, General Hand, wrote not on his own but his home town's behalf, urging that Lancaster, Pennsylvania, be-

[&]quot;In odd coincidence, as Jeremiah Wadsworth wrote favoring the Littlefield appointment, Joel Barlow sailed for France, taking the oldest Greene boy to live with Lafayette, and Pierpont Edwards, son of the great theologian, wrote David Humphreys to ask Washington to make him a district judge in Connecticut. Elizabeth Whitman's dead child was almost certainly the son of Wadsworth or Barlow or Edwards.

come the capital: "Our lands are remarkably fertile and in a high state of cultivation." (The county in the 1930s ranked seventh among 3073 counties in the United States on product per acre basis.) It had seven places of worship besides a synagogue, silversmiths, clock and watch makers, and three breweries, abundant firewood, rock shad and salmon from the Susquehanna. As Washington read the advertisement he must have grimly wondered why so little of such abundance had come down to Valley Forge.

In April such great civil figures as the Signers James Wilson, Thomas McKean, and George Walton asked for jobs in the familiar words of the unemployed. It is interesting to note from Paul Revere's request for a post in the excise that Washington and he had never met, but he referred the President to Knox, Lincoln, John Adams, and Elbridge Gerry.

To the demigod, whom he had wanted to rap over the knuckles, James Lovell wrote asking to be collector at Boston. He was well fitted for it, of course, but its modesty must have given Washington a smile as he thought of the Cabal and the adroitly artless letter about John Roberts and the Journals of Congress. In his methodical way he doubtless counted the number of applications from the great Livingston family. There were thirteen of them.

All this is not to say there was anything improper in these requests. A large number of new offices had been created and were hard to fill. It helped to know who was "available." Nominations in many cases had to be sent to the Senate without consulting the nominee.

The selection of the Cabinet and the first Chief Justice was of course the most urgent business. It has often been pointed out that the country was rich in legal talents and very poor in administrative ones. The whole Confederation record bore this out. The fundamentals for good administration, as Washington saw and so often set them down, were system and energy. He did

not make the mistake of supposing they were all that were required for good government. He perceived that in a republic the opinions of all men mattered and must be solicited and weighed —and to the greatest degree possible brought into harmony before the fact. He saw clearly that one man could not know or do it all. He had the great executive's knack of getting and using the opinions of the experts while aware—as dozens of his private letters show—that unless those opinions conformed in general with public opinion, that of the farmer and the man in the street, they were valueless. He was faced with great new issues and with a flood of trivial ones, such as protocol and titles. The fact-finding on the great and small he left to advisers, voluntary or solicited. He kept, one may say, the recesses of his mind cleared for final judgment and action. One can well imagine the Polonius preciseness with which John Adams would have dealt with these matters or the vague if often, though not always, noble unrealities of Jefferson.

For thirty-five years everything had failed, John Marshall said of the moment, "for want of one general superintending authority . . . which could contemplate and control the different parts of the system and direct them with effect towards the attainment of the object pursued." Such dignity and authority Washington believed his oath of office required him to exercise. He did so without personal arrogance. With what charming simplicity, having asked repeated advice of Madison, he writes him, "I am very troublesome but you must excuse me. Ascribe it to friendship and confidence."

As to the Cabinet, Foreign Affairs and War were still under Jay and Knox as caretakers from the Confederation. Those posts and the new ones of the Treasury and the Attorney General were to be filled. The Postmaster General was not yet a Cabinet post but about the department the master of Mount Vernon asked as he did his own factor. He had read the department report. Why was there a decrease in the Post Office profits? And had they been lodged in the Treasury?

There were at least three reasons for not asking Jay, for whom Washington had the highest regard, to stay on as Secretary of State: Hamilton and he were both New Yorkers, he was wanted as Chief Justice, and his alleged appeasement of Spain as to Mississippi navigation had made him many enemies. Adams, Jefferson, then minister to France, and he had had the widest diplomatic experience of any of the leaders, except Franklin, now eighty-three years old. Adams was Vice-President. Washington sent Jefferson's name to the Senate and he was confirmed on September 25.

On the surface no better choice could have been made. As a practical matter Monroe and Madison were his apostles and all the men of the Western Waters revered him. In a sense it was coalition government at its best, although political parties were not yet fully defined. Jefferson did not return from France until November and assumed office only after much persuasion in March 1790. In general the reasons assigned for his reluctance were personal—the desire after a long absence to be at Monticello and a dislike of the burdens of office. It did not then appear that he foresaw the differences he would have with Hamilton.

Washington assumed—naïvely, some say—that men of good will could forget personalities and parties and work in harness with those who differed from them. With his experience of men, it is more likely that he only hoped this would be the case and that if it were so only briefly it would be greatly to the nation's advantage. It is extremely difficult to be objective about men like Washington and Jefferson. Making all allowance for the exasperating encroachments on foreign affairs which Hamilton practiced, Jefferson in that period appears too often touchy, scheming, indolent, and petty. His three "sons," Madison, Monroe, and William Short, were respectively thirty-seven, thirty-one, and thirty. He was accustomed to the greatest deference from men of that age. Hamilton was thirty-two, and to be treated by someone that age as though he were not the final depository of political wisdom—in fact not very bright at all—must have been

extremely trying. A man of greater balance, without what at times seem the qualities of the tattletale, would have had less trouble. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Washington's great balance of mind was never tested, after June 1775, by the limitations of a subordinate position. Perhaps he would not have fitted into Jefferson's Cabinet had the choice gone otherwise.

As to Hamilton, there are some who believe he "hated Washington" and more who believe the President was only the awkward unintelligent instrument of his brilliant plans. The first view is of course based on Hamilton's bitter comments when he resigned from the staff in '81 at the age of twenty-four. Washington and Hamilton both appear to have quickly forgotten them. When Hamilton resigned from the Treasury in '95, Washington's letter to him ends "Your affectionate," a signature very rarely used, as indeed is the "Always and affectionately yours" in the letter when he got back to Philadelphia from the Whiskey Rebellion and wrote Hamilton at once in his own hand, "Mrs. Hamilton and your family were very well yesterday afternoon."

There were undoubtedly times when Hamilton was irked by Washington's insistence on deliberation before decision but there is certainly no occasion on which Hamilton felt the President neither grasped nor had failed to foresee the issues with which they were dealing. Hamilton had already written that a President, though a man of talents, "may often assist his judgment by a comparison and collision of ideas." He continues, as though describing himself, ". . . the greatest genius hurried away by the rapidity of its own conceptions will occasionally overlook obstacles which ordinary and more phlegmatic men will discover." Federal assumption and funding of the debt as policy were as clear to Washington as to Hamilton. For the methods Washington turned to Hamilton for advice as indeed Hamilton turned to Gouverneur Morris on the handling of gold balances between banks.

People are constantly "discovering" that a paper of Washing-

ton's was the work of Hamilton. Very naturally so. Talleyrand came to this country as a refugee, bringing a letter of introduction from Lord Lansdowne. Washington did not need to be told he ought not, as President, receive a man proscribed by a friendly government. But he asked Hamilton to draft the form of words in which to tell Lansdowne so. Of course many letters, state papers, and messages to Congress are Hamilton's work in whole or part. But the heart of the matter is Washington's and it may be added that the vigor, cohesion, and often the particularly apt or felicitous phrase of the holograph letters do not suffer by comparison with those in which Hamilton and others had a share.

be added that the vigor, cohesion, and often the particularly apt or felicitous phrase of the holograph letters do not suffer by comparison with those in which Hamilton and others had a share.

There were many qualities in which Washington and Hamilton were close kin. They each had an enormous capacity for work. Their work habits were orderly and methodic. Elbridge Gerry felt there must be a board instead of a Secretary of the Treasury as "innumerable opportunities [would exist] for defrauding the revenue without check or control." The most violent critics of the Administration were unable to point to an instance of fraud or a place where accounting and audit had not been vigorously carried out. "Keep an account book and enter therein every farthing of receipt and expenditure," Washington wrote his stepgrandson, "not because I want to know how you spend your money."

Much is made of Hamilton's being an aristocrat if not indeed a monarchist. Although in '87 he had proposed manhood suffrage at twenty-one without property qualification," he did not, like Jefferson, believe country people more virtuous than city people and to him the worst form of government, except tyranny, was a decentralized agrarian one such as Jefferson wanted.

With his wonderful talents—superior to almost all of them—and the unity in which he worked with Washington, it must have lacerated his heart that he was not recognized as the heir appar-

Professor Conklin points out that in 1830 Monroe and Madison still opposed the abolition of property qualifications for electors in Virginia.

ent. Yet he himself felt there was something "exotic" about him.⁸ Some have ascribed this to a complex over alien birth and alleged illegitimacy. He was alien to almost all the rest in the one aspect which bound the bitterest adversaries together: he was not a farmer and lacked their obsessive love of the land itself and its crops and herds. Oddly enough, Aaron Burr was one of the very few like him in that regard.

There was no difficulty in persuading Henry Knox to remain in the War Office. The Cabinet thus was from New England, New York, and Virginia and there were two Cincinnati and one civilian. Adams as Vice-President and Jay as Chief Justice raised New England and New York to two, and there remained the Attorney General. The post was not a full-time one—the incumbent was in effect a legal adviser with half the salary of the others and free to take private cases. The choice fell on Edmund Randolph of Virginia. Washington was fifty-seven, Adams fifty-four, Jefferson forty-six, Jay forty-four, Knox thirty-nine, Randolph thirty-six, and Hamilton thirty-two—one of the youngest, and most brilliant in sheer intellectual capacity, governing groups there has ever been.

The differences from today are many. There is one small one which illustrates, as Gouverneur Morris said at the Constitutional Convention, the impossibility of being wise for all time. On taking office today such men would dispose of corporation stocks they held and put their money into government bonds. Before any of the first Cabinet was confirmed, Congress passed an act prohibiting all persons holding federal office from being concerned in the purchase or disposal of any public security of any state or of the United States.

It was plainly of himself he was thinking when he wrote that Gouverneur Morris was an exotic.

TEMPERATENESS AND MUTUAL FORBEARANCE ARE REQUIRED

(1789 - 91)

To one, of course, had to advise Washington to ask the holdover secretaries, the Board of Treasury, and the Postmaster General for "a full, precise and distinct general idea of the affairs of the United States." Nor what to do with the reports when they were made. But as to the social customs the presidency should adhere to, he was uncertain, an uncertainty which has a fine masculine attractiveness about it. He did not propose "to be run down by a crowd of visitants" but "to be seen only in public on stated times like an Eastern Lama would be equally offensive."

Much has been adversely made of the Republican Court, his black velvet clothes, the High Mightiness title, so quickly disposed of, and the relative elevations of the French minister's chair and his. At a time when the world's most powerful governments were royal, when to deal on an equality with them prestige and at least sensible proprieties were necessary in the small new nation, it is to be doubted that the country's interests would have been served by a President dressed with the slovenliness of Jefferson or Tom Paine or an executive mansion such as Jackson converted the White House into.

The formal state dinners and receptions, which many criticized but thronged to, must have been a sacrificial burden on the man who said at Mount Vernon that his guests and he should be free to do as each desired and where men of many countries and every class—Asbury, the Methodist bishop, Latrobe, the architect, among them—testify to the charm and simplicity of the hospitality.

His own views on the ceremonial are acerb and witty—"What point there is in all this I am unable to discover. Perhaps it consists in not sitting." Still he saw it as a necessity but "if it is supposed that ostentation or the fashions of the courts gave rise to this custom, I will boldly affirm that no supposition was ever more erroneous." Certainly it was not a monarch or a lama who sent a note around to John Jay one December Sunday morning: "If Mr. Jay proposes going to church, the President would be obliged to him for a seat in his carriage."

The total war debt of the nation was approximately seventy-five million dollars, of which roughly twelve million, with interest unpaid for from four to six years, was owed abroad, forty million by the Confederation and the balance by the several states. The Administration's proposal that the federal government assume and fund the entire amount at face value was opposed more in detail than in principle, the opposition pointing out that speculators who had bought up loan certificates at a discount from weak holders would be improperly enriched and most of the original patriotic lenders in effect defrauded. The opposition in no case favored repudiation but believed justice and policy indicated the debt should be scaled down.

The Administration held that the complexities and injustices of reduction would be greater, that the total debt was well within the manageable resources of the nation, and that its full assumption would put American credit first "on exchange at Amstel [Amsterdam, Holland]."

While the President and the Cabinet members themselves could not by the law of September 2, 1789, deal in securities, it is true that many of their most powerful supporters in Congress—

Robert Morris and Jeremiah Wadsworth conspicuously among them—were doing so. Scholars, even Charles Beard himself, have been unable to decide how much men were actuated by public or private interest. Beard's statistical analysis of the voting is as fascinating as it is inconclusive. The Senate vote to assume was 14–12. While ten of the fourteen ayes were security holders, so were five of the noes. The House vote was 36–13 for.

At the end Jefferson, against the wishes of Madison and Monroe, swung the votes necessary for assumption in a deal with Hamilton whereby the new capital should be on the Potomac instead of the Delaware, where Robert Morris expected to sell ten square miles for sufficient to repair his crumbling fortune. Jefferson wrote Monroe, "I see the necessity of yielding for this time to the cries of the creditors . . . for the sake of the union and to save us from the greatest of all calamities the total extinction of our credit in Europe," adding shortly afterward, "Whatever enables us to go to war secures our peace."

The French attaché, Otto, reported, "All the rich and peaceful men align themselves on the side of government; all the ardent and ambitious ones throw themselves into the opposition." Jefferson divided them into "the weakly and nerveless, the rich and corrupt [Federalist]; the healthy, firm and vigorous [opposition]."

Such broad and inaccurate generalizing of men is something Washington seldom if ever indulged in. He did not suppose "all" the opposition was dishonest or misguided. He was contemptuous of the indolent and the drink-addicted among "the friends of government." He supposed all men had their own "foibles" and that not all were fitted for the same tasks. "Both parties and all the circumstances must be fully heard," he wrote David Stuart, "and to accommodate differences, temperateness and mutual forbearance are required."

Jefferson, as we have seen, landed in November but did not take office until March 21, 1790, when he called on the President, and spent an hour with him the next day.

Jefferson had deferred accepting until a month previous when Washington learned of it from a letter to Madison which Madison had sent him. In returning it, Washington wrote Madison he was "sorry it is so repugnant to [Jefferson's] own inclination." One cannot but feel that Jefferson in accepting had already prepared the way, and himself, to be difficult and grudging in his co-operation. Hamilton had of course had six months' start of him—though it need have been only two—and with his octopus genius drawn many powers to himself. But not by ambition alone, since he was without power except as Congress saw fit to accept his measures. In selecting Jefferson there can be no question that Washington expected and desired that he would be successful. What prevented it more than any deep difference of political opinions was most probably the fact that there was an unconscious antipathy between two men who were hard and efficient workers and one who did not enjoy work. "[Jefferson's] clothes seem too small for him. He sits in a lounging manner on one hip commonly," Maclay said in his diary. It is a small matter but to Washington and Hamilton, with their taste for appearance, bearing, and alertness of manner, it must have become a great annoyance at Cabinet meetings.

"For God's sake," one can imagine Washington wanting to say, "will the Secretary of State sit up in his chair and wipe that 'rambling, vacant look' off his face?"

Of course Jefferson was not a do-nothing. Within the week of his incumbency he had written effectively to Carmichael in Madrid to reopen the Mississippi matter, "an object we are determined in the end, to obtain at any risk," and that week Wilkinson, already in Spanish pay, told the Spanish governor, "I am satisfied [President Washington] must have a spy in New Orleans."²

¹Maclay again. His vignettes are wonderful: John Adams "sniffling up his nose, sniggering with Otis"; Robert Morris paying "himself some compliments on his manner and conduct of life, his disregard of money"; and Washington "with something of sunshine about him."

²Sixteen years later Jefferson chose Wilkinson as governor of Louisiana as against Andrew Jackson.

On May 9, Washington was taken seriously ill with an abscessed leg and Maclay on the fifteenth said his life was despaired of. There was great alarm throughout the country and in Europe as soon as the news reached there. Almost the last person Washington saw before he was stricken was Rufus Putnam, who was going out to the Northwest Territory. Characteristically he asked him to send a full report on "the waters of the Ohio" and "the temper of the people" whom Manasseh Cutler and John Cleves Symmes were settling there. He was already ill when Hamilton brought word that Georgia was treating directly with the Creek Indians, a prerogative now solely of the federal government. The brief entry in Washington's diary (which might well have been the last) tells for itself why these extraordinary men were so able to govern other men. They decided on how to undo "in a manner least hurtful to the feelings of it, the impolitic act of the legislature."

In July, when he had recovered, he went on a large picnic with the Adamses, John, Abigail, and John Quincy, Jefferson, all the gentlemen of the family—Lear, Jackson, Nelson—Mrs. Lear, then but twenty and with only three years to live, and her two children. There was also Hamilton and his Betsy and Henry Knox and his Lucy. The place was "the old position at Fort Washington" where four of them had watched the flag come down fourteen years before. They must have wished above all that Nathanael Greene could have lived to be there with them. Doubtless the Vice-President had forgotten his letter to General Parsons's that month in '76: "Flight was unknown to the Romans. I wish it was to Americans. . . . I will certainly give my voice for devoting to the infernal Gods every man, high or low, who shall be convicted of bashfulness on the day of battle."

In August, just before leaving for Mount Vernon, Washington asked the Cabinet, the Chief Justice, and the Vice-President for their views on the matter of allowing transit through Ameri-

⁸General Parsons had been drowned, November '89, coming back from the Ohio where he had intended to settle.

can territory to British troops, should they wish to attack the Spanish in Louisiana and Florida. All but Adams agreed with Jefferson to "permit the passage," the majority obviously feeling the Mississippi would be more quickly opened to them by their former enemies than by their former allies, while Adams was unable to erase the memory of ancient wrongs. It would appear that, in spite of personal disharmonies, Hamilton and Jefferson could have agreed on American policies, had the mounting events of the French Revolution not so divided them.

On August 30, Washington left for home. When Congress reconvened in December it would be in Philadelphia and Washington's last act on leaving New York was to send twenty guineas for the relief of debtors in prison.

As the first federal Administration approached the end of its second year it had demonstrated its ability to do what had been most in doubt-govern the whole nation with the consent of the governed and to their general advantage. Whatever faultfinding there was, no state wished to secede or to return to a loose confederation. The debt had been assumed and funded, and public credit was on the way to being established. A national bank was needed. Trade and diplomatic relations with Great Britain and her evacuation of the Northwest Posts were under negotiation. The size of the peacetime army and navy was undecided, and how to clear the Indians from the frontiers or pacify them there was yet to be solved. Carmichael and David Ĥumphreys, seeking to negotiate on the Mississippi in Madrid, found it a police state with "Spies and checks upon free intercourse [destroying even] the sociability which was heretofore to be found in private circles." The Queen's amours with the minister, Godoy, paralyzed diplomacy in Madrid and when, in February '91, Humphreys went to Lisbon as Minister and Jefferson instructed him to "procure us all the information possible as to the strength, riches, resources, lights [lighthouses], and dispositions of Brazil," he found the Portuguese Prince of Brazil playing cards with the nobility, who considered it an honor to be "obliged to do it by remaining the whole time on their knees." Perhaps it was no wonder poor Carmichael took to drink.

The constitutionality of a national bank was the main business of the third session of the First Congress. The House began on it February 1. Jefferson and Randolph were opposed to it, and Madison, on whose judgment Washington so greatly relied, told him it was "condemned by the silence of the Constitution [in regard to it] and not evidently and necessarily involved in an express power." To this Hamilton answered that it was plainly within the implied powers. Aside from the constitutional question, Jefferson, Madison, and the agrarian element in general saw it as providing a power which would be open to grave abuse. Like most extravagant fears, time proved them largely groundless. On the twenty-fifth Washington signed the bill. He wrote Humphreys that "the line between eastern and southern interest appeared more strongly marked than could have been wished ... but the debates were conducted with temperateness and candour." It is evident that he did not foresee how wide the party split had become. Abigail Adams said he was "more than usually social" that week, pulling sugar plums from a cake for Master John. The fact may have been that he was going on a Southern tour and with his own delight in travel felt the reunions and the receptions and all the girls-whose numbers he so accurately recorded in his diary to the elimination of most other detail-would solve any hurt feelings.

Jefferson had a number of ideas in mind, one of them being the appointment of Madison's classmate, Freneau, to a sinecure in the State Department where he could also edit a "Republican" gazette. He urged Madison to move to his lodgings to pre-

'He saw Hobkirk's Hill at Camden, the scene of Gates's rout ten years before, and wrote in his diary: "Had General Gates been a half-mile farther advanced, an impenetrable swamp would have prevented the attack which was made on him by the British Army and afforded him time to have formed his own plans; but having no information of Lord Cornwallis's designs and perhaps not being apprised of this advantage it was not seized by him."

vent Beckwith, the British diplomatic agent, doing so. He was annoyed, not without cause, by the intimacy between Hamilton and Beckwith, which dated back to October '89.5

Washington slept the first night of his tour "aground one mile from Annapolis in great coat and boots in a bunk not long enough and much cramped." He left the Cabinet with wide powers where their unanimous opinion felt action necessary. "Should they determine that measures, relevant to the case, may be legally and properly pursued without the immediate agency of the President, I will approve and ratify the measures which may be conformed to such determination."

One wonders whether the incident which so shortly followed —and to a degree made irreparable the Hamilton-Jefferson feud —would have occurred had Washington been in Philadelphia and talked to the two men. On April 16, Eveleigh, the comptroller of the Treasury, died and the next day Jefferson, without word to Hamilton, wrote the President, urging the appointment of Tench Coxe, to whom he also wrote in the most complimentary terms what he had done. Not only was the way of doing it an affront to Hamilton but the appointment would have been a poor one. Hamilton asked for the promotion of Oliver Wolcott, Jr., then the auditor. It is easy to understand how Jefferson would have felt if Hamilton, without a word to him, had been able to persuade the President to make, let us say, Gouverneur Morris Jefferson's deputy. Wolcott was promoted and succeeded

It is interesting to realize that George Beckwith, then thirty-eight, had been a captain in one of Howe's regiments in '77 and a major at Clinton's head-quarters after André's execution. Both before and after that he had handled a great deal of the secret service work, among others with the traitor-informer Wallis, a Quaker at "his stone house on west branch of the Susquehanna." No one knew about Wallis until Carl van Doren's Secret History of the Revolution. There is an entry in Maclay's diary about him, however, in January '91. Wallis was then a fellow townsman of Maclay's at Harrisburg. He had promised Maclay to bring him letters from home but did not do so and "not handsomely either," Maclay said, adding that "somebody else will do him a dirty trick." Trivial as the incident is, how well it fits his tricky life, as indeed does the circumstance of his death: of yellow fever, bankrupt in Philadelphia.

Hamilton as Secretary in '95. Jefferson's hope was to undermine Hamilton and divide the Treasury in that way. And, it must be remembered, with an inferior civil servant.

In July, as soon as Jefferson heard that Osgood, the Postmaster General, was resigning he proposed to Madison that Tom Paine succeed him and that Randolph be persuaded to suggest it. Both agreed. None of the three could possibly have supposed such an appointment to be in the public interest and a worse nominee than Paine for a post requiring so much administrative and financial integrity cannot be imagined. Hamilton suggested Timothy Pickering, an efficient and incorruptible man, free of indolence or addiction to drink. Washington appointed him.

It is interesting also to contrast July-August letters of Washington and Jefferson on the Indian question. The situation had grown critical in the Northwest Territory and was blowing up for St. Clair's terrible defeat in November. The United States was actually engaged in one of those "colonial wars" of "pacification" now so deplored in others. As the whites poured westward they were all caught in one of those niagaras where right and wrong are inextricably mixed.

Jefferson wrote airily to Monroe, "I hope we shall drub the Indians well this sumer⁶ and then change our plan from war to bribery. We must do as the Spanish and English do, keep their peace by liberal and constant presents."

To David Humphreys in Lisbon Washington wrote simultaneously, "I cannot see much prospect of living in tranquillity with [the Indains] so long as . . . our frontier settlers entertain

the opinion that there is not the same crime (or indeed no crime at all) in killing an Indian as much as a white man."

In November, George Hammond came out at last as British minister and Jefferson's adherents, led by Monroe, fought against such appointments as Gouverneur Morris to be minister to France and Wayne to command the army.

⁶No one knows how the idea that Washington was the only patriot leader who spelled carelessly got started. They all did, except the meticulous Hamilton.

Whatever the divisions and dissensions, the country, as a whole, was wonderfully united and served by the Administration. While the executive power and responsibility were insisted upon, enormous care was taken to respect the prerogatives and the feelings of Congress. The general smoothness with which the Administration functioned is often attributed to America's long pre-Revolutionary experience in local self-government. This was something entirely different. A Cabinet of five, a diplomatic corps of half a dozen, functioned with the skill and experience in world affairs of the oldest governments on earth. A hundred senators and representatives produced a galaxy of talents, a tradition of responsibility, and an absence of corruption which England could not equal and beside which the makers of the French Revolution were tragic absurdities. Up till then none had pretended to be more than a sensible man.

HE HAS SHOWN HIMSELF CONSTANTLY AS THE MODERATOR

(1792 - 93)

WITH his sixtieth birthday falling in the last year of his first term, there can be no doubt that Washington wished, more deeply than he ever had, to return to "his delicious retirement" at Mount Vernon, as Adams had called it almost twenty years before. He had done more than any man could be expected to for his country. If Hamilton wished he were the heir apparent, the wish must have been small beside Washington's that Hamilton were fitted to be. How easy then to hand over, but however much he might side with Hamilton, he recognized that the parts were greater than the whole and that he could not command the confidence of the country. Alternatively there appeared to be only Adams, Jay, or Jefferson. Jay would have been acceptable to him morally and competently but the country would not accept him on vague grounds of favoring England, resisting Western expansion, and being an aristocrat.

The subtle growth of opposition into an organized party was something he had not anticipated. During the Revolution when men opposed him he could be sure they were wrong. Now men like "my quondam friend, Colonel Mason," as well as Federalists like George Cabot, questioned or opposed his plans. His nominations of Anthony Wayne to command the Western Army

and of Gouverneur Morris to be minister to France were confirmed only after great difficulties.

There was opposition to Morris from such opposites as Senators Roger Sherman and Aaron Burr, on different grounds, and Mason and Monroe said it was an insult to France to "appoint a man of private monarchical principles."

Whatever Morris's faults, and Washington set them forth to him in a superb letter, he was not a monarchist, as far as this country was concerned, or any other country if by that absolutism was meant. And he was courageous, "sensible," energetic, and direct—the antithesis of Monroe.

As to the army, who should succeed St. Clair after his terrible defeat? Lincoln, McIntosh, Morgan, Williams, Moultrie, Steuben, Hand, Irvine, Huntington—all too old. Weedon, Scott, Wilkinson, Harry Lee, none suited. Besides, who was there in fighting qualities to equal Wayne? With his usual insight Washington said, "... a due sense of the importance of the trust which is commended to him will correct [Wayne's] foibles." So, of course, it turned out. No three years of American military history surpass in the thoroughness of preparation and the completeness and permanence of the victory those of Wayne in the West.

Washington, with old memories, told the Secretary of War, "Whatever General Wayne may require toward the equipping of his troops for the service for which they are designed, provided a compliance therewith be authorized by law, had better be granted, powder in particular, precisely such as he desires." But to Wayne's idea of branding the foreheads of deserters, the answer was no, on the grounds of humanity, policy, and legality.

As soon as the appointment was made Henry Lee sent his lamentation at being passed over. One is reminded in Washington's reply of Lafayette's protest about Lincoln at Yorktown. He

¹With no innuendo was Washington more impatient than that Hamilton, Morris, and other Federalists wanted a monarchy. Not ten men in the whole country do, he told Jefferson, and neither of those is among them.

first tells Lee it was "not the determination of a moment nor the effect of partiality or influence." On the basis of personal inclination he would have liked to appoint Lee, but in view of his junior rank in the Revolution, "it would be in vain to look for senior officers to act subordinate to you. Therefore the army would be of discontented materials or of junior characters—any disaster would be instantly described to the inexperience of the principal officers in stations to which they had never been accustomed. . . ."

The letter is characteristic of Washington's unfailing desire to have people understand that when he acted he did so not by caprice but after deliberation. "Let us get this straight" is one of the main principles he lived by. He concludes the letter: "To attempt to please everybody is the sure way to please nobody."

An aftermath of St. Clair's defeat, of special interest today, was that Congress asserted its right to inquire into its causes. The entire Cabinet concurred with Washington in conceding the right but advised him that he "ought to refuse those [papers] the disclosure of which would injure the public." Congress found—and to the Administration's discredit—that the defeat arose from incompetence in the War Department, the old story of insufficient supplies, pay in arrears, and troops badly trained. One of the results was that Hamilton at the Treasury took over purchasing from Knox at the War Department. There seemed to be no doubt that the greatest guilt lay on William Duer, whose ruin followed. Pickering, hearing of it and remembering Duer's great wealth, wrote his wife that it was good to be "so safely low thou canst not fall."

Perhaps in private chagrin at his own Administration's failings, Washington wrote angrily to John Francis Mercer, saying that three years before Mercer had assured him he would shortly pay the balance of his debt. Now, he said, it must be paid. Two weeks later Mercer wrote that he intended to sell some land and pay. There is an unusual though understandable acrimony in Wash-

ington's answer. First, he said, Mercer even now "conveys no special assurance of date... Why should I be told at this late date... of your intention of offering all your property for sale when part of it ought to have been applied to my use years since?... To what purpose (for me I mean) is it that you should offer property for sale, if the price set thereon will admit no purchase?"

Mercer's familiar subterfuge was annoying enough but what followed infuriated the President. He learned that Mercer and his friends had been using his name "for electioneering purposes, when there had been the most scrupulous and pointed caution observed on my part not to [utter] a sentiment [on any candidate] that could be construed, by the most violent torture of the words into an interference in favor of one or to the prejudice of another, conceiving that the exercise of an influence (if I really possess any) however remote would be highly improper as the people ought to be entirely at liberty to chose whom they pleased to represent them in Congress."

This is a long, angry sentence but wonderfully plain for all that. "I am informed," he continues, "that Colonel Mercer has openly declared that Mr. Richard Sprigg, Jr. [Mercer's brother-in-law], informed him that Bushrod Washington told him the President in his presence declared that he hoped Colonel Mercer would not be left out of the next Congress. . . . I have pursued one uniform course for three score years and am happy in believing that the world have thought it right. Of its being so I am so well satisfied myself that I shall not depart from it until I arrive at the end of my pilgrimage."

It was an easement of his anger to write three thousand words about agriculture to Arthur Young and to acknowledge cordially fifty copies of the Rights of Man from Tom Paine. He also wrote Madison of his determination not to serve again and to ask his advice as to the best method of making it known. His attractive desire to have the method "most remote from the appearance of arrogant presumption on his re-election" has often been noted.

To make "a declaration to retire not only carries with it the appearance of vanity and self-importance but it may be construed into a move to be invited to remain. And on the other hand to say nothing, implies consent."

This decision has been a hard one for many of the Presidents who followed him but it is doubtful that even the best of them troubled about this nicety of conduct. Indeed has any written, as Washington did to Madison, that he found himself "deficient in many of the essential qualifications," his unfitness to judge of legal questions and questions arising out of the Constitution among them? He preferred, he said, to go to his farm and work for his bread.

Doubtless the rough-and-tumble of party politics contributed to it. Freneau, Jefferson's clerk, was attacking Hamilton, and Hamilton was retaliating in the Gazette of the United States. In spite of Washington's remonstrances, Hamilton and Jefferson both refused a "coalescence" in September. Washington wrote Jefferson, "I have a great, a sincere esteem and regard for you both," and then as though with a sigh for the simplicity of surveying against the complexities of ambition adds, "I ardently wish that some line could be marked by which both of you could walk." Neither could accept the moderation of which Washington reminded them: "We are children of the same country . . . however necessary it may be to keep a watchful eye over public servants and public measures, yet there ought to be limits to it, for suspicion unfounded and jealousy too lively are irritating to honest feelings."

It may be said that such moderation was easy for a man who, since 1775, had never been in a subordinate position and who never had to make a political campaign.

In September the first unrest, leading up to the Whiskey Rebellion, occurred in Pennsylvania, over excise taxes. Hamilton was aroused and belligerent but the excitement simmered down until '94. The summer before, Hamilton had begun his unfortunate affair with Mrs. Reynolds and gossip about it amounting

to a question of his public integrity was spreading, to culminate by December in the famous visit to him of Monroe, Venable, and Muhlenberg. It seems unlikely that Washington did not know of Mrs. Reynolds, yet, remembering the Lee-Laurens duel, it is always possible it was kept from him. If not, what Hamilton or he said to each other remains their secret. Such a "foible" would have meant little to Washington ordinarily but involving, as this was alleged to, Treasury policy, it may well have contributed to his general dissatisfaction and desire to retire that year.

Perhaps knowledge of the visit of Monroe and his colleagues accounts for the querulous outburst to Anthony Whiting, the manager at Mount Vernon, at the time: "If some of the nights in which these overseers are frolicking at the expense of my business ... were spent in watching the barns, visiting the Negro quarters at unexpected hours, waylaying the road . . ." followed by pages of figures and drawings about abuses at the plantation. The New Year was even more difficult.

In France the Terror had begun with the September Massacres and as '93 started the King of France was guillotined. Very shortly France declared war on England and invoked the old treaty of alliance with the dead King to demand America's belligerency.

The outbreak of the Revolution in 1789 had of course aroused enormous fervor among all classes in this country. It appeared to be the sequel to our own Revolution and the fact that Lafayette was to a degree its leader made Americans the more sympathetic. Few realized that "liberals" like him would be swept away. The person of the King, to whom the Continentals felt they owed personally so much, appeared safe. It was supposed he had been misguided and that when his powers had been curtailed by constitutionalism a benign reign would follow.

But as the Revolution mounted in fury and executions, its popularity among the masses in America rose. Whatever excess was committed was considered necessary to the destruction of tyranny, the elevation of the common man, and ultimately the destruction of England. As one by one the French officers who had fought here went to exile or execution, Jefferson wrote to William Short, "My own affections have been deeply wounded by some of the martyrs to this cause but rather than it should have failed I would have seen half the earth desolated."

Had Washington craved a popularity such as even he never had, he had only to side with Jefferson and the pro-French and declare we were bound to come to France's aid. When he did not do so Freneau compared him to a crocodile or a hyena.²

Under the specious slogans of liberty and democracy, the Francophiles demanded war on England without regard to whether it was in the national interest or required by the treaty.⁸ As to the first, nothing could be more evident than that the country needed years of peace and trade if it was to survive. As to the second, the treaty with Louis XVI had bound each country to come to the other's aid in event of unprovoked attack by England.

Washington, Hamilton, and Knox in the Cabinet all asked Jefferson how it could apply to a war "which having been commenced by France, must be considered as offensive on the part of that power." A nation should have the fullest latitude to change its political institutions as it wished, but did this convey the right "to involve other nations absolutely and unconditionally in the consequences of the changes"?

On March 4, Washington spoke the 134 words of his Second Inaugural but not until April 22 was it possible to secure Jefferson's agreement with the rest of the Cabinet to the Neutrality Proclamation. Obviously Jefferson's resignation could have been called for and a new Secretary signed the proclamation forth-

²A study might well be made of name-callers like Freneau, J. B. Jones, the Rebel War clerk, Virginia Gayda, Goebbels, and the *Pravda* writers.

³The right of men to change their minds is of course fundamental, and it is of interest to note that ten years later Jefferson wrote Madison, "We should lose no time in securing something more than a mutual friendship with England.... We must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation."

with, but with that willingness to wait for unity, because it was more effective, Washington waited for Jefferson to yield. Afterward Jefferson wrote slyly to Monroe, "... if we preserve even a sneaking neutrality we shall be indebted for it to the President and not to his counsellors." He warned David Humphreys in Lisbon that Hamilton was showing his and Gouverneur Morris's letters and that the latter's "anti-French sentiments are extraordinarily grating here, tho' they are those of Hamilton himself and the monocrats of his cabal." There was much of the tale-bearer and gossip mixed with Jefferson's greatness.

Even a "sneaking neutrality" might have been harder to maintain had not the French government sent out Edmond Genêt as minister. He came, Otto said, "rather as Pro-Consul than diplomatic agent." His story is well known. He landed at Charleston, South Carolina, amidst wild acclaim, ordering privateersmen to be fitted out to attack British shipping, planning the invasion of Canada from the Northwest Territory, and altogether behaving as a proconsul would in a subject state. In Philadelphia, people like Freneau, Thomas Mifflin, and Thomas McKean fawned on him. According to Jefferson, Freneau's account of it in his paper "saved our Constitution which was galloping fast into monarchy." Even this sort of reckless inference failed to provoke retaliation in kind.

Washington wrote Henry Lee: "That there are in this, as well as in all other countries, discontented characters, I know well; as also that these characters are actuated by very different views. Some good from an opinion that the measures of the general government are impure; some bad and (if I might be allowed to use so harsh an expression) diabolical [aimed not only to impede the government but more especially] to destroy the confidence which it is necessary for the people to place (until they have unequivocal proof of demerit) in their public servants." And then he congratulates Light Horse Harry on having "exchanged the rugged and dangerous field of Mars for the soft and pleasurable bed of Venus."

Otto said Washington's reception of Genêt was "cold and measured." It was so much so that Genêt protested it and the fact that the French monarch's medallions were on the walls. "Let me caution you, sir, redeem yourself in the eyes of your people," Freneau wrote to the President in his Gazette.

The denouement came quickly. Encouraged by the mobs rioting around Hamilton's house and the receptions tendered him, Genêt armed, equipped, and gave sailing orders to a ship in the Delaware. Jefferson had written in his placid way to Madison, urging him to cut Hamilton to pieces in the face of the public. Madison, for the moment, contented himself with criticizing Hamilton's use of the word "Government." "Is it proper in a republican government to call the Chief Executive the Government?"

As the tension over Genêt's ship mounted, even Governor Mifflin deserted him and asked for four cannon to hold her in port, to which Hamilton and Knox agreed and Jefferson dissented. When Washington was told the battery was already in motion he was forced to agree. But there was a wonderful absence of grandiose excitement in his assent. He said he was "opposed to dispersing cannon all over the United States."

"opposed to dispersing cannon all over the United States."

On the last day of July Jefferson resigned to take effect on December 31 and in September left for Monticello. Freneau resigned from the State Department in October. Before leaving, Jefferson had had to write to France that Genêt was persona non grata and Genêt, fearing execution if he returned, asked for sanctuary in America and remained to marry the daughter of Governor Clinton, Washington's friend but political adversary.

sanctuary in America and remained to marry the daughter of Governor Clinton, Washington's friend but political adversary.

When the country realized that Genêt had "offended the Executive" there was a great swing of public opinion away from him. The states passed quick resolutions supporting neutrality, and the towns of Alexandria, Yorktown, Wilmington, New Haven, Annapolis, and Elizabeth sent proclamations of confidence and support to the President.

'It would be retirement indeed, "twelve hours' drive in a sulky from Charlottesville to Richmond keeping fresh horses half way."

Along with them came a request from an artist "in trouble." His wife had been ill and he had had to stay home to take care of her. He needed eighty dollars and he wrote Washington, "I prefer to owe you that favor than to anybody else being certain of secrecy." It was a touching request. He had taught "Miss Custis drawing" and made a miniature of her and he got the loan.

Not since Christmas Night, 1776, had the lives of so many of the patriot leaders been at stake as in the dreadful months of August and September as "malignant fever" ravaged Philadelphia. Hamilton himself was stricken and, on his way to New York to recuperate, the people of Trenton refused to let him and his wife pass through the town. "The alarm of people in the towns and villages" on the way to New York, Knox wrote Washington, was "really inexpressible" and the militia was out at Trenton, Brunswick, Elizabeth, and Newark to block the roads.

Where could Congress convene in October, unless at Germantown? Randolph wrote Washington that a German clerygman would give him lodging and stabling but dinner would have to be sent in from a tavern. The town itself was suspect as "old beds and furniture from infected houses in Philadelphia" had been sent there. "Foreign ministers will be crowded into dirty hovels and a place of worship in the English language is scarcely to be found. . . . The distances which members will have to travel thro' unpaved streets in a muddy season . . . the high prices demanded by people for putting themselves out of the way . . ." all made it "dreadful."

Washington arrived from Mount Vernon on November 1 and even ten days later it was felt unwise for him to go to Philadelphia, as his presence would draw crowds that might be still contagious.

The move into Philadelphia was made and Washington, settling down to business, raised the wages of one of his overseers, Hyland Crow, "to 40 pounds next year, whether the winds blow high or low."

The details of Mount Vernon were always a relief to his mind.

"Has the gardener and his wife removed into their new house? Where does the other Dutch gardener sleep?" he asked his nephew Howell Lewis.

In December he sent to Pearce his assessment of all his white overseers, spelled out with the care he might have used about our ministers abroad. "Whiting drank freely, kept bad company at my house and in Alexandria." Stuart was sober, "his talkativeness and vanity may be humored." Crow, in spite of his raise, was too "fond of visiting and receiving visits"; McKay was "sickly, slothful and stupid," Butler had "no more authority than an old woman would have," and, Davy, a colored man, was "as good as the white overseers and with more quietness than any of them."

Having told Pearce what they were, he wrote personally to several, including poor Crow, "at a loss to express my vexation and displeasure." Crow had the worst of it: "Look ye, Mr. Crow, I have too good reasons to believe your running about Alexandria and entertaining company at home. I sent a horse to you for the plow. . . . I learn you were figuring away at the races with him, though he was so stiff he should never go out of a walk. . . . I am very willing and anxious to be your friend."

To another he wrote: "... eight weeks this day since I left and what have you done? Very little except running to Alexandria... is it possible for any misconduct or impudence to exceed this transaction.... You are lost to all sense of shame...."

The Great Man felt so strongly about loose conduct and dissipation that, hearing shortly afterward that Thomas Ringgold was guilty of both, he told Pearce he was unwilling to allow the pure-minded Jack, Royal Gift, to stand and serve "on the Eastern Shore." Soyez bons pour les animaux!

Having gotten Mount Vernon off his chest on December 23, he wrote privately on Christmas Eve to Edmund Randolph that he was nominating him to be Secretary of State. Randolph was out when the messenger came, but he sent around a note that evening, regretting he had not been at home and saying, "Permit me either to have a personal interview with you on Thursday

[December 26] if the eruption on my hand will permit or to write you a candid opinion of your kind and always too friendly conduct towards me." It must have been and intended to be a wonderful Christmas present for Randolph. None could foresee what the harvest of 1793 would bring.

Conclusions on the year 1793 have probably nowhere been more simply or effectively stated than in the notebooks of Otto,

the chargé of the French legation under so many ministers. Of Washington he wrote at the end of the year:

He has shown himself constantly as the moderator between the two parties which have so long troubled the repose of the United States. Endowed with great qualities, more solid than brilliant, wishing especially to be judged by his actions more than his words, displaying in discussion of public affairs nothing of that icy indifference which he showed in combat, this extraordinary man was bound to disappoint those presumptuous agents who counted on making him the instrument of their passions.

And he goes on about America itself:

The French agents have always wished to see only two political parties in the United States, the French party and the English party. But there is a middle party far more numerous, composed of the best men of both other parties. This party, whose existence our agents have not even suspected, is the American party which loves its country above all.

AFTER A FEW MOONS HAVE PASSED, I SHALL LEAVE THE GREAT TOWN

(1794 - 96)

L_{F AN} "impartial survey" of America and the Administration had been made in 1794, the summary might well have been this:

"In general the domestic machinery of government works very well, particularly as regards the customs and internal revenue. Courts of justice function to the general satisfaction of the people. The post-office regulations are sound but performance is unsatisfactory. There is a decided feeling in all quarters that mails are not inviolate. This is not the result of government censorship or the work of the opposition but arises in large measure from a general curiosity among the people. We were told that even during the Revolution post-riders often opened letters and read them to people along the roads. Law and order are well maintained and although there is much bitter criticism of government there is no evidence of any desire to overthrow it by force. The Cabinet, the civil service, and the Congress all have a marked general devotion to what they consider the national interest and appear to know their jobs. We found no evidence of corruption in high places.

"The foreign service is well manned. Thomas Pinckney in London, Morris in France, Short in Spain, Humphreys in Portugal, and young Adams in Holland are men of experience and in some cases of brilliant talents. Certainly all are unpurchasable men. It may be noted that their five home states (South Carolina, New York, Connecticut, Virginia, and Massachusetts) are as far apart as the countries they have been sent to. Great care is taken that all geographical sections of America are represented by its officials, at home and abroad.

"The Administration appears well aware that its gravest problems are those arising beyond its frontiers. Whatever its interior accomplishments, its coming of age if not indeed its survival depends on its diplomatic success abroad. Its foreign policy is clearcut. The objectives are:

- "1. The extension of its foreign commerce without let or hindrance from European powers.
- "2. Neutrality in the Anglo-French wars.

 "3. The opening of the Mississippi by Spain to American trade and travel.
- "4. A prompt settlement with England, particularly to secure her evacuation of the Northwest Posts, a debt settlement, and 'freedom of the seas.'

"If the Northwest Territory is regarded as 'foreign,' the fifth objective is the eradication of any military threat by the Indians to the settlers there. Wayne's army is the implement.

"There are of course trouble areas in the domestic domain: growing and organized resistance to the excise in western Pennsylvania; suspicion of treason in favor of Spain in the Southwest Territory; and the growth of so-called 'Democratic Societies,' self-created bodies 'who assume the rights to say what is constitutional and what is mischievous after Congress has decided.'

"The last we consider to be an aspect of the inevitable growing up of the country and its first active formation of political parties larger than the shifting cliques of the Revolution and the Republic's first years.

"Whatever the growing pains, the country shows an amazing vigor, impressive to all the foreign legations, and a complete confidence in its ability to become a first-class power. Not the least of the evidence lies in the extensive private contributions, large and small, to the fund which for three years has prevented the inhabitants of the French islands in the Caribbean dying of starvation.

"There is a complete absence of drift in the Administration, and a determination to foresee and recognize the problems and settle them and to do so by patience and moderation. In saying this we are not unaware that large sections of the anti-Federalists are demanding war with England. This seems to us the usual violence of an out-of-office group who, if they had the responsibility of office, would be likely to adopt patience and moderation themselves.

"The Administration plainly feels they have the experience and intellect to deal successfully with any group of men in the world."

In accepting the American demand for Genêt's recall, France in due course asked for Gouverneur Morris's. The post was offered to Robert Livingston and to Madison, both of whom declined.

As a result, with his abiding conviction that foreign policy could and should be bipartisan, Washington asked Jefferson to go to London as special envoy to make a settlement with England, and nominated Monroe, then senator from Virginia, to be minister to France. It would seem that a patriot would have felt the obligation to accept an offer magnanimously made and displaying to the world the confidence of Americans of different parties in each other. Jefferson declined. Monroe, with Madison's permission, accepted. Apparently all three felt they could prevent anyone's going to London, but John Jay, the Chief Justice, a Federalist, was then nominated and confirmed for that post.

In Madrid, William Short and Carmichael pressed the Spanish government to open the Mississippi and settle the West Florida

¹Very fortunately for him, Robespierre was executed as Monroe landed.

boundary. Their progress in the spring of '94 was negligible but the Spanish minister in Philadelphia saw Randolph and indicated that both points would be conceded in return for an alliance. There were several grounds for refusing a conditional bargain. Spanish agents were known to be active in Kentucky and it was said a separatist state from Ohio and Illinois to the Gulf was their objective and that what is now Wisconsin and Minnesota was to go to Spain. Whatever the ancient wrongs done by England, no one in the government wanted Spain in her place as a neighbor. And Jaudenes, the envoy, was asked why the American diplomats in Madrid were being disregarded.

As to that, Jaudenes answered that Carmichael and Short were "not of sufficient splendor or rank to be impressive to the King." The sound of this was most offensive but there may have been something in it.

In the Continental Congress, Carmichael's nickname was the Boatswain. His health was poor and he was probably an alcoholic. Short was intellectually a brilliant man—a "son" of Jefferson's—but he was then and for the rest of his long life a man distracted by his love of Rosalie, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, whose husband had been murdered in the September Massacres in France and for whose personal safety he was in torment. His lone means of communication with her was through "the

His lone means of communication with her was through "the great lover with the wooden leg," Gouverneur Morris. Short's consuming desire was to get to Paris to see her. He told Godoy, the Foreign Minister, that if he would open the Mississippi he would go to Paris to make peace between Spain and France and make a triple alliance of them and the United States.

In August, Short learned that he had been made minister over Carmichael—an end to his plans to go to France—and shortly afterward that Pinckney was coming out from London as special envoy, senior to him.²

It was then he wrote the Dutch banker, Van Staphorst, the

²Jefferson (and Patrick Henry) had refused this appointment also, though it gave him the chance to do what he put such great value on.

moving words "I have had all the thorns-others have gathered the roses."

With Monroe as minister in Paris, a new torment arose for Short. Characteristically, Morris had had no criticism of the love affair and no hesitancy in letting the legation be its post office. Monroe was of nobler stuff, as Short learned when Rosalie wrote him, through a younger Livingston, that Monroe "did not chose to forward her letters to me." Seldom do we see the other side of public men as in Short's letters to Monroe.

I wrote her that she must be mistaken, that you were one of my best and oldest friends and that she might rely you would receive and forward our letters . . . if you should have any difficulty in giving me this most inestimable mark of your friendship, it can proceed only from your not being acquainted with the sentiments of my friend. . . . She is as sincerely attached to her country and its liberty as any person can be . . . [the letters] contain nothing, absolutely nothing but of a private and personal nature as relating to ourselves.

I beg and entreat you, my dear sir, to send me a letter. . . . 3

It was quite useless. Of course Monroe's action was unassailable, but how unappealing, how in keeping with his atrabilious self-righteousness and the pettiness of his attacks on Morris, Jay, and Washington.

That was the summer of the Whiskey Rebellion in western Pennsylvania. The rebellion was the refusal of farmers to pay the federal tax on stills or spirits. Washington's action in suppressing it has sharply divided those who have written about him.

In brief this is what happened. The "rebellion" had been smoldering since '92. On July 20, 1794, the collector in Pittsburgh resigned and a number of his deputies were tarred and feathered. Four arrests were made, Albert Gallatin, later Secretary of the Treasury, among them. Part of his defense was that

⁸Monroe Papers, New York Public Library, Manuscript Room.

the tax would have been unnecessary if there had not been funding of the debt.

On August 4, James Wilson, the Signer, then a federal judge, notified Washington of unrest beyond local power to cope with, and in accordance with the Militia Act of 1792, Washington summoned Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia to call out the militia. Their numbers were eventually to be fifteen thousand.

The claim is that so large a force was merely a gratification of his and Hamilton's latent militarism, as was his own presence in the area. The fact was that it was a very difficult decision to make. Who could say to what degree Jaudenes was back of it? Who could say into what paths it might lead and spread? Any anarchy would be an excuse for both Spain and Britain to make larger negotiations more difficult.

"What (under the rose I ask it) is said or thought . . . of the conduct of the people in the Western Counties?" Washington wrote Burges Ball, and before the militia moved he sent commissioners to negotiate with the dissidents.

On September 24 they reported that more than civil authority was required, and the militia was set in motion. By the time it reached Pittsburgh in November, all disobedience had ceased.

To many, such a show of force made the Administration a laughingstock, but John Marshall said "the greatness of the force prevented the effusion of blood." In any event there was a complete amnesty, no punishments, no reprisals.

On the road to Carlisle, Washington sent Pearce at Mount Vernon a lesson on how Pennsylvania harvested buckwheat. To Hamilton, however, he wrote as he might have seventeen years before: "I heard great complaint of Gurney's corps (and some of the artillery). . . . In some places I was told they did not leave a plate, a spoon, a glass or a knife."

Not only did the militia behave in its and the army's worst tradition, but its utter lack of equipment showed on what a thin thread defense of the country hung. But the great thing was that what looked to responsible men like rebellion subsided without real bloodshed.⁴ If there had been less display this would hardly have been the case. It was essential to the country that the national government have obedience to its laws. The joker was that the force used was not fitted to meet an armed enemy.

But beyond the mountains there was. In October came word of Wayne's victory at Fallen Timbers in the Ohio country. England could no longer hold the Northwest Posts under the excuse of controlling the Indians.

At the end of January of the New Year, '95, Hamilton resigned and returned to New York to practice law. The Cabinet was now Randolph, Wolcott in Hamilton's place, Pickering in Knox's, William Bradford as Attorney General.

The average age of the first Cabinet had been thirty-eight, Jefferson, forty-six, the oldest, and Hamilton, thirty-two, the youngest. The new one averaged forty-one. Pickering was fifty, the eldest, and Wolcott thirty-five, the youngest.

The country was then young. The average age for the same positions in Truman's Cabinet was fifty-seven and Eisenhower's selections for them average fifty-nine. At first glance the great difference in age may be explained by the fact that life expectation was then brief. Young men had to be called to high positions because there were no older men to fill them. But this is far from the full answer, as the extraordinary longevity of the patriot leaders shows. As a group they lived as long as the healthiest men of today.

The fact evidently was that the conditions of frontier and colonial or republican life required such self-reliance that men matured mentally more quickly. And plainly much was to be said for the classical education of the times.

^{&#}x27;Two men were killed.

⁵See Appendix.

Whatever their relative "youngness," Washington and this group managed the affairs of state so that by the end of 1795 the Jay Treaty was confirmed against strong opposition. Spain opened the Mississippi, granted the right of trade and deposit in New Orleans, and conceded the boundary of Florida, the Indians formally ceded southern Ohio and Indiana to the United States, and a better settlement was made with the Barbary pirates than the European powers were able to secure.

States, and a better settlement was made with the Barbary pirates than the European powers were able to secure.

This is not to say it was all the work of these five men. "The posture of affairs," a phrase of Washington's much used by Woodrow Wilson, was in their favor but without their general competence and fidelity it could have all gone wrong—as it seemed to have when a Madrid dispatch from Thomas Pinckney came in a cipher none could read and Washington said, "My God, a kind of fatality seems to have pursued this negotiation." And to a greater degree when it appeared one of them had been incompetent if not indeed unfaithful.

On July 26, George Hammond, the British minister, dined with Wolcott and gave him a dispatch from Fauchet, the French minister, to his government which had been intercepted by a British cruiser. In it Fauchet related a conversation with Randolph, the Secretary of State, wherein Randolph was alleged to have disclosed American state secrets and to have solicited money in return for anti-British influence he would exert. Wolcott showed the letter to Pickering, the Secretary of War, who wrote at once to Mount Vernon, asking Washington to return for "special reasons." He arrived on August 11 and was given the news, of which Randolph as yet knew nothing. William Bradford, the Attorney General, was then told.

⁶He was sixty-three, making an average for him with his Cabinet of forty-five as against fifty-eight for Truman and the similar officials.

Fauchet wrote in part: "Thus with some thousands of dollars the [French] Republic could have decided on civil war or on peace [in America].... Thus the consciences of the pretended patriots of America have already their prices."

The merits of the case have never been fully decided. The Cabinet, except Randolph, were Hamiltonians and Randolph claimed later that he was "the meditated victim of party spirit." Certainly, distracted as he was with debt, there is a tragic pathos about him in the week of August 12–19 as he went about his business, having no idea that his colleagues were deciding how he was to be dealt with.

Any uneasiness he may have felt must have been dispelled by the fact that Washington had him to dinner during the week. If rumor had reached him of the incriminating letter, Randolph must have said to himself, "Plainly the President takes no stock in ir."

One wonders about the invitation, which seems to have been a needlessly callous or cruel act. Yet Washington may have wanted to make a final assessment of Randolph—the parallel to Arnold's debts must have weighed heavily on him. And if there was treason in the Department of State any method of dealing with it was justified, and in spite of all the secrecy, Randolph might well have heard of it from a number of sources. Washington may have hoped that there in private Randolph would confess or clear it up.

Very carefully, and with the West Point betrayal plainly in mind, Washington prepared a brief questionnaire for Wolcott and Pickering. Bradford was sickening with fever and would die on the twenty-third. "At what time should Mr. F——'s letter be made known to Mr. R? What will be the best mode of doing it? In the presence of the secretaries and the Attorney General? . . . What immediate steps are necessary to be taken, so soon as the removal of Mr. R—— is resolved on . . . with respect to the archives in that office?" Only deep distrust would seem to account for the last.

On the nineteenth, Randolph was called in to face them all, including Bradford. Washington handed him the letter and asked for an explanation. Few scenes in life are of such sickening tragedy as that in which with theatrical surprise a man in high posi-

tion is confronted with that which will bring him very low.* Apparently Randolph had himself well in hand. He read the letter through and asked for a chance to examine it more carefully. He left the room and Washington sent him a hasty note in the morning: "Whilst you are in pursuit of means to remove the strong suspicion arising from this letter, no disclosure of its contents will be made by me." By return came Randolph's resignation. From Algiers, Joel Barlow wrote Monroe, "On the face of Fauchet's Algiers, Joel Barlow wrote Monroe, "On the face of Fauchet's letter . . . Robespierre never sacrificed a man on slighter grounds." The truth, as in most cases, doubtless lay between the extreme opinions of Wolcott, Pickering, and Hamilton and the Vindication Randolph shortly published, but certainly it would have been impossible to retain him in the Cabinet.

On the twenty-fourth Washington wrote to Thomas Johnson, a man his own age, ". . . the office of Secretary of State is vacant. Will you accept it?"—and two days later to John Marshall; ". . . the office of Attorney General is vacated by the death of William Bradford. Will you accept?"

Johnson declined on the twenty-ninth, to be followed by Charles C. Pinckney, John Marshall, Patrick Henry, and Rufus King. For three months Washington was compelled to peddle the great office of Secretary of State, though young Charles Lee (no relation to the major general) became Attorney General.

The reasons for refusal were personal and varied. "The rule of parsimony" made the post a charge on a Secretary's private resources. The division of opinion in the Anglo-French war made it a thankless one and there can be no doubt that city life in crowded Philadelphia appealed to few. Six years later Jefferson

crowded Philadelphia appealed to few. Six years later Jefferson wrote Gouverneur Morris, "I believe I shall have to advertise for a Secretary of the Navy."

At last, faute de mieux, Washington moved Pickering from the War to the State Department and this efficient, hard, opinionated,

"How closely Randolph fits Aristotle's tragic hero. "A man who is highly renowned... but not preeminently virtuous and just... whose misfortune is brought upon him not by vice and depravity but by some error of judgment or frailty."

but brilliant man did very well, and gave Harvard her first of many Secretaries of State.

It was a period of worry and frustration for Washington. There are two letters of the time which indicate how in large part he kept his balance of mind through his healthy hobbies. One is a long letter to Jefferson about nothing but corn and clover⁹ and the other is to Pearce, the factor at Mount Vernon, written the day Randolph's Vindication was published. "I promised," it began, "to be more full on the subject of hedging (than which nothing is more interesting to me)." A year later a somber letter to Jefferson, about the wholly unforeseen lengths to which political parties would go, brightens up at the end about "kindly clover" and a movable threshing machine.

The promotion of Pickering left the War Department vacant and after Pinckney, Carrington, and Howard declined it, James McHenry accepted.

William Vans Murray wrote him, "You will have this consolation and it ought to be a great one to you, certain I am that it will be so to your boys when they grow up, and Washington shall be gone, that your nomination was the President's own act." He added that Wolcott and Pickering were practical men to work with "without humours or caprices and perfectly agreeable."

By May of '96 thought was being given to the Farewell Address for the next March, and the letters to Pearce and Bushrod Washington were full of pleasant, schoolboy anxiety to have all in order for the master's return to Mount Vernon, where he might be "free for pleasure."

Madison had the satisfaction of informing Monroe that, while in '95 there were only thirteen votes in Congress to "the usage of

⁹Talk of crops was the *lingua franca* and they were the high "neutral ground" on which adversaries safely met. Jefferson at the time was ridiculing Marshall, as a defender of Washington, to Madison, saying "his lax, lounging manners have made him popular with the bulk of the people of Richmond." As to lounging laxness of manner, the pot was calling the kettle black, as Maclay had pointed out.

adjourning for half an hour to compliment the President on the anniversary of his birth," the motion to adjourn at all this year had been voted down 50–38. It pleased them more than it distressed Washington.

In familiar fashion the House of Representatives demanded to see all the papers in the Jay Treaty negotiations, though the treaty-making power lay in the Executive and the Senate. To Hamilton, alarmed that the demand would be granted, Washington wrote with unusual aplomb that he had "resolved from the first moment to resist and only deliberated on the manner in which this could be done with least bad consequences." Much of the contrast between the two men lies in the incident.

In February, Anthony Wayne had made his triumphal return to Philadelphia. Seldom has a choice of a commander better justified itself and to Wayne went the thrilling glory of seeing the British flag come down at Detroit in August, 10 as they at last evacuated the Northwest Posts in accordance with the Jay Treaty.

At Mount Vernon in the spring there were the motherless children of Tobias Lear as well as Lafayette's son. Latrobe, the artist and architect, dining there, was a little embarrassed by "the quiet, reserved air" but greatly impressed by the master's magnificent ease and simplicity. "He treated me as if I had lived for years in his house. . . . Dinner was at 3:30. Coffee at 6 on the portico" when the cooling breeze usually comes up the Potomac. From a twenty-year-old niece, Harriet Washington, came a charmingly impudent note on her Parks marriage:

Be pleased to send me 30 pounds also a great deal of good advice.

My love to you and Aunt Washington

Her uncle had already sent "good advice" to the effect that he hoped she could await his return to Mount Vernon as she would then be "in the way of seeing much company" and "matching

¹⁰December 15, he died at Presque Isle.

respectably," since he doubted she would "find matrimony with a large family and little means so eligible as she may have conceived it to be."

As with all the young girls he knew, he was not a "statue" though they sometimes found him comically serious about love and money.

A letter from the College of Heralds in London came in July from Garter, Isaac Heard. He had been ill for four years and apologized for the delay in answering Washington's inquiry. He now told him that Sir William Washington, son of Laurence Washington of Soulgrave (sic), died about 1648. His brother had come to America and he had married Anne, half sister of George Villiers, ¹¹ Duke of Buckingham, killed by Felton.

That summer James Monroe was recalled from France. Of the reasons we shall see more later but in essence Monroe, sent to France to promote his country's interests, had become, as many men do, more French than the French. Randolph, the year before, had warned him in one of those superb eighteenth-century paragraphs, "We do not perceive that your instructions have imposed upon you the extreme glow of some parts of your address [to the French Convention]. . . . You have it still in charge to cultivate the French Republic with zeal, but without any unnecessary eclat because the dictates of sincerity do not demand that we should render notorious all our feelings in favor of that nation."

In recalling Monroe, Washington was unaware¹² that Delacroix, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, had told him that what was wanted was a revolution to overthrow General Washington and that Monroe had replied, "Everything will be satisfactorily ar-

¹¹The last detail is one of those links so fascinating to genealogists. To appreciate its full import one should read "The Great Villiers Connection" in Maynard Keynes's *Essays in Biography* and W. T. J. Gun's *Studies in Hereditary Ability*, of which it is a review.

¹⁹As was everyone else until the publication of Professor Bemis's John Quincy Adams.

ranged . . . but it is always more grateful to make these arrangements ourselves than to be pressed to it."

Marshall wrote the President it was a gratification to him, as a citizen of the United States, that a gentleman of General Pinckney's character was going out in Monroe's stead. The offer had been made to Patrick Henry again but he was sixty and rich and ailing.

In August, Washington made an address to the Beloved Chero-kees. In the first draft they were his Brethren but he struck out the word and wrote My Children. Much of it is the conventional speech of such occasions, yet the Washington hand and heart are in the meet and proper words: "What I have recommended to you, I am myself going to do. After a few moons have passed I shall leave the great town and retire to my farm. There I shall attend to . . . increasing my cattle, sheep and other useful animals, [and] to the growing of corn and wheat and grain."

In January the chieftains had reached Pittsburgh, homeward bound, where with a delightful human touch they found that somewhere on the road "they had lost the address General Washington made them" and asked that a copy be made and sent to them at once.

Perhaps there is no better evidence of the stability and promise of American life at the time than the letter from Sir John Sinclair to Washington in September. They had long corresponded about their crops and herds. Sinclair was then forty-two years old, a famous man and the first president of the Board of Agriculture. He said, "I do not much like the present aspect of Europe . . ." and that he was considering an asylum for his family and himself in America. "[Revolution] is not impossible even here in England."

The year ended, and how deeply one must wish it need not have, with another of those callous, almost brutal revelations of Washington's views on slavery. How it was possible for this great, enlightened, and kindly man to behave, as he did in that

regard, defies understanding. It is no explanation to say he was no worse than the others, Jefferson included. He was greater than any of them and hence more was required. And he was worse, in that regard, than early abolitionists like Jay, Gouverneur Morris, and even Aaron Burr.

The incident starts with a personal letter from the President of the United States to his Secretary of the Treasury, saying that a runaway slave girl, the maid of the First Lady, had been seen and recognized in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, by Mrs. Langdon, the wife of the governor. Washington asks that Wolcott arrange "to sieze and put her on board a vessel bound to Philadelphia . . . however well-disposed I am to a gradual abolition or even to an entire emancipation of that description of people, it would neither be politic nor just to reward unfaithfulness with a premature preference."

To which he adds a line of political and moral innuendo worthy of Charles Lee of Monmouth.¹⁴ She had gone to Portsmouth with a Frenchman.

In October a reply came to Wolcott from William Whipple, son of a Signer of the Declaration.¹⁵ He had ascertained where this "most kindly treated" slave girl was living and sent for her under the pretext of employing her in his own family. He then told her that her identity was known and that steps were being taken to return her by force. He unctuously assured her that both Washington and he felt she had been "influenced" and would not have fled of her own accord.

She denied that she had been "decoyed away" but "had a thirst for complete freedom." Pressed by Whipple, and doubtless threatened, "she agreed to return if freed on the [Washington's] decease" but she would "rather suffer death than return to slavery and liable to be sold."

¹⁸Langdon was a Signer of the Constitution. Mrs. Langdon, sixteen at her marriage, was now thirty-five, Langdon fifty-five.

¹⁴See p. 343.

¹⁵As was Wolcott.

All in all, Whipple reported, she "had a good disposition when without bad advisors" and arrangements for her return passage were made. The vessel was delayed and in the interval her "bad advisors" dissuaded her from returning.

Whipple concluded that unless a warrant were sworn out and served, which he would be glad to arrange, there was nothing more he could do. There were many like her in Portsmouth and "the popular opinion here in favor of universal freedom had rendered it difficult to get them back to their masters."

Unquestionably slavery is the flaw in Washington's greatness and tragically so because it was a matter of torment to him. Much of his attitude toward his slaves is in contrast to the Portsmouth incident. He condemns "McKay and most of his class for they seem to consider a Negro much in the same light as they do the brute beasts on the farms." He is "sorry that Maria continues unwell and that Charles was seized with a fever. Let them want for nothing and whenever it is needful get Dr. Craik to attend them." What Sally Green "means by keeping a shop I am at a loss to understand. It is to be feared her shop would be no more than a receipt for stolen produce of the Negros. Examine into this matter and you may aid her in anything that appears to you feasible to the amount of 20 pounds—but not by an advance in money lest it should be fooled away [but a boatload of wood, flour, meat]."

As the Federal government had been moving from New York, he wrote Tobias Lear, "I have not the least objection to Fidus's wife [not Washington's property] going to Philadelphia in the vessel with the other servants . . . because I think he merits indulgences. On James account, I consent readily, if it was his expectation and wish that his wife [not Washington's property] may accompany the servants, but not being acquainted with the views of the parties (James and wife I mean) . . ." This is all generous enough, but no more than was becoming the lord of the manor, nor was his possessiveness involved.

In '86, writing to Robert Morris his disapproval of what was

later called the underground railroad of the Quakers in Philadelphia, he said, "I hope it will not be conceived from these observations that it is my wish to hold the unhappy people . . . in slavery. I can only say there is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it; [but it must be by legislative authority]. When slaves who are happy and contented with their present masters are tampered with and seduced to leave them; when masters are taken unawares by these practices . . . it introduces more evils than it may cure."

To John Francis Mercer, who offered a sort of barter settlement of his debt, he wrote, "I never mean to possess another slave by purchase; it being among my first wishes to see . . . slavery . . . abolished by slow, sure and imperceptible degrees."

To Colonel Spotswood, in '94, he wrote, "Were it not then that I am principled against selling Negroes, as you would do cattle in the market, I would not in twelve months be possessed of one as a slave."

Finally in his favor is the evidence of the Last Will, signed July 9, 1799: "Upon the decease of my wife it is my will and desire that all the slaves which I hold in my own right shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, tho' earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insupportable difficulties on account of their intermixture by marriage with the dower Negroes as to excite the most painful sensations . . . it not being in my power under the tenure by which the dower Negroes are held to manumit them. . . ." Those who were old or infirm were to be comfortably fed and clothed by the heirs. Sale or transportation of any "under any pretence whatsoever" was expressly forbidden and freedom was to "take place without evasion, neglect or delay."

This is a handsome document and it may well be felt that it does all that was possible. The legal and humane considerations in the intermarriage of the dower Negroes are easy for partisans to overlook.

Certainly the weight and sin which beset America was not easy to be rid of. The economic difficulties were enormous, wholly aside from capital loss. Was free employment at wages possible in a country desperately short of a medium of exchange? A white overseer at Mount Vernon received only ten dollars a month but 400 pounds of pork, 200 of beef and flour, 20 bushels of meal, 1000 herring, 200 shad, and his fuel were "found." A white farmhand could not be hired.

The difficulties in Virginia were small compared to those in the Carolinas and Georgia, though John Laurens had pleaded with his father to free his slaves. Yet with all the difficulties, the Signers of the Declaration had presumably meant what they said about men's freedom as they showed when they implemented it for the Northwest Territory. It surely was not beyond the geniuses in governing men, who made the little country so quickly great, to remove this curse from it and if Washington was first among them it was his obligation to act rather than wait for the slow, imperceptible degrees of his and other men's deaths.

How shall we account for the inertia and the Portsmouth incident, which was not unique in spite of the benevolent contrasts cited? He sent a runaway slave in chains to the West Indies and when Billy Lee, his devoted body servant through the whole Revolution, wanted to bring a "free woman who says they are married" to Mount Vernon Washington, while agreeing, wrote Colonel Biddle as contemptuous a letter about it as can well be imagined.¹⁶

It may seem fantastic to suggest that the inapplicability of copybook maxims lay at the heart of the human problem, yet such was the case. Subject to punishment without trial, under the constant anxiety of being sold, their daughters designated even at Mount Vernon as "breeding wenches," the slave was expected to be truthful, honest, hard-working, and loyal to his master. Naturally he was not so. His thieving of foods and goods was habitual,

¹⁶ July 28, 1784.

he evaded work by "pretended illness," and he plagued his master with "alleged promises of freedom." ¹⁷

Whatever the owner's professions were to the contrary, the result of this impossible relationship was an abnormal psychology in which the master found refuge. To preserve his own sanity he must make himself believe he was the victim of this ungrateful people's immoralities and feel toward them an arrogant contempt which was often close to hatred.

While it is true that the Mount Vernon "overseers must give aid and comfort in time" (but they must "not be imposed upon"), the order arose largely from a desire to protect a possession, or from a very distant "principle." In his slavery record one looks in vain for the impulsive loving-kindness of the uncallused heart which would have finally made Washington "the greatest man in the world" as the farmer, seeing him at the huts in Morristown in '80, called him.

The tragedy of it lies in the fact that he could not see that impulsive action would have released him as well as the Negroes from slavery. In the August before his death there were more Negroes "by a full moiety" than the farming system required. "To sell the surplus I cannot because I am principled against this kind of traffic in the human species; to hire them out is almost as bad because they could not be disposed of in families to any advantage and to disperse the families I have an aversion. . . . Something must be done or I shall be ruined."

¹⁷All are Washington's own complaints of the Mount Vernon slaves.

HE CALLED FOR HIS HORSE

(1797 - 99)

WITHIN four days of each other in July 1798 letters from two admiring strangers were delivered at Mount Vernon. One began "Venerable Old Man" and the other "My dearly Beloved old Gentleman, George the First." No doubt this was the way the public at large wished to think of him and it is certainly the way most writers have pictured him in the final years after the inauguration of John Adams.

The "venerable old man," however, spent most of those thousand days in the saddle or on his feet in the fields and his mind was never more vigorous nor his pen so trenchant. The bold clear script of his letters neither falters nor fades. The brilliant and mordant marginalia in Monroe's A View were written by a really "unknown Washington." They are malicious, witty, and wise, as though the writer decided to show the scribblers like Freneau and Callender what a man could do with a pen when he turned his mind to it.

The clash of personalities is in large measure the earmark of those years. It seems to have come about because the second President appeared to take small interest in affairs of state, aroused no personal loyalties, and because his Cabinet continued to report to Mount Vernon and to Hamilton. President Coolidge was reported as saying, "I hope I shall not try to be a great President," and this seems to have been the desire of John Adams.

Washington's Cabinet was accustomed to being instructed, consulted, and supervised. Adams was at Braintree for long pe-

riods, leaving them to shift for themselves. It would be impossible to imagine his writing to Pickering as Washington did in January '97 on our relations with France: "Be full, fair, calm and argumentative without asperity or anything more irritating in the comments than the narration of facts. . . . [I wish] that this letter to Mr. Pinckney may be revised over and over again."

On the eve of Adams's inauguration, Washington cleaned up his desk in his methodical way, except, as we shall see, for one drawer. He appointed Allan McLane collector of customs for Delaware. He wrote a note of sympathy to Knox on the death of another child and added: "I am not without my regrets at parting with (perhaps never more to meet) the few intimates I love . . . you are one . . . I shan't go more than twenty miles from Mount Vernon . . ." He wrote to Harry Lee, and to Jonathan Trumbull about the "twenty miles," and to Caleb Gibbs that he would send his "application" to Adams. Then, to be put in the archives of the Department of State, he wrote the long wellknown letter to Pickering about the British forgeries of his letters, alleged to have been captured in '76 and describing his immoralities in New York. He then put the finishing touches to the seven-page holograph inventory of the furniture and fixtures of the President's house, divided as to the items bought by him and by the state. Such a document is, of course, unique and must have taken hours to prepare and copy. One of a half-dozen secretaries could have done it for him but apparently he found either relaxation or some sort of compensation in such orderliness.2

He attended the inauguration with a countenance as serene and unclouded as the day, Adams said, coming modestly unattended and on foot to it. The next day the *Aurora* attacked him for

¹Mrs. Adams was not in Philadelphia to see it. Has any other First Lady missed it?

²The psychiatrists would almost certainly say this and many similar papers were offsets to inner disorders. Perhaps he had his own self-starting psychoanalysis.

*William Smith wrote Rufus King that after the ceremony Jefferson, the Vice-President, "attended the Philosophy Society of which he is president, made a dissertation about a lion's claw and soon after returned to Monticello."

"carrying his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence."

Four days later he left for Mount Vernon, getting there for dinner on the fifteenth. All day the sixteenth he was home alone, with an east wind blowing under a cloudy sky.

From Philadelphia there arrived a gay letter of the eleventh from Mrs. Powell, whose house he had occupied. As one reads the first lines it is impossible to suppress the hope that here at last is the "scandal" so many have looked for in the Great Man's life: "You have put into my possession love letters of a lady addressed to you under the most solemn sanction. . . ." It continues, "Upon opening one of the drawers of your writing desk⁴ I found a large bundle of letters from Mrs. Washington bound up and titled with your usual accuracy [author's italics]. Mr. Lear was present . . ." She says Lear refused to accept them, she has sealed them and awaits instructions. "Should Mrs. Washington appear to have any unpleasant sensation on this subject [remind her] to have any unpleasant sensation on this subject [remind her] that delicacy and a sense of honor and a pious education . . ."

Doubtless the psychiatrists could find evidence of a significant amnesia in the oversight.

In a mixture of good-natured complaint and contentment Washington settled down at Mount Vernon, where there was "scarcely a room to sit in myself without the music of hammers or the odoriferous smell of paint." McHenry wrote back, on April 6, that he doubted "either is an enemy to your happiness," which was quite true as he was almost continuously in the open air. "Up with the sun. If my hirelings are not in place I send them messages expressing my sorrow for their indispositions... probe till 7 o'clock breakfast. Ride till I dress for dinner."

Pickering had already begun to keep Washington informed, sending him first four letters from Rufus King in London, one addressed to General Washington, two to the President of the United States, and one to General Washington, President, all of

⁴Mrs. Powell had bought it for \$245.

which Adams had said must be for his predecessor. Pickering also reported what Joel Barlow in Algiers wrote of his mission there and in Tunis. Probably more interesting were some of the "Barbary mellon seeds" Barlow had sent the Society of Agriculture, which Pickering enclosed.

From the contents and frequency of Pickering's letters, one would suppose John Adams was not President.

There was a personal one in May which, while not important, is interesting in its side light on Washington. Pickering says he has inquired, as requested, about Colonel Clement Biddle. He says he is "apparently wealthy and building a large house but he has failed, I am told, three times—having paid away in the course of a year about 6,000 pounds of his honest creditors to usurers."

This credit report arose from the fact that Washington was considering appointing Biddle as his agent in Philadelphia. He had known Biddle intimately since before Valley Forge and he had been living in Philadelphia for seven years, presumably meeting Biddle frequently. But it must suddenly have occurred to him that really he knew nothing of his actual resources or solvency, so that in his thorough way he asked the Secretary of State to check up. Or he may have heard something of Robert Morris's approaching collapse and thought, "Well, there's no such thing as being too careful." The small incident is a commonplace in business life, and it adds to the picture of Washington to see that behind the majesty and magnificence there were the day-to-day puzzles and questions we all meet.

In July, with Monroe's arrival in Philadelphia, after his recall as minister to France, there began that era of ill feeling, that guerrilla between him and Washington, which lasted until the snowy day of Washington's death in December '99.

In the summer, twenty years before, Washington had written Archibald Cary of "the zeal [Major Monroe] discovered by entering the service at an early period, the character he supported

⁵Oddly enough neither Washington's inquiry to Pickering nor his reply to Mrs. Powell about the "love letters" appears to be extant.

in his regiment and the manner in which he distinguished himself at Trenton [showing] in every instance the reputation of a brave, active and sensible officer."

Now John Marshall, who had been in his regiment, was going to France, with two others, in his place and Monroe demanded from Pickering "as a matter of right the circumstances of his recall."

As he landed "a mean, base and infamous" pamphlet was published, reciting the sordid story of Hamilton, another gallant of Trenton, and Mrs. Reynolds. Sedgwick wrote Rufus King that it would serve only to "disturb the peace of a respectable family and so gratify the diabolical malice of a detestable faction." The full story had been given as privileged by Hamilton to Venable, Muhlenberg, and Monroe three years before and could have come into the author Callendar's hands only from one of them. The first two disavowed to Hamilton any part in its release and it became known that Monroe "had entrusted it to a friend [Jefferson] in Virginia."

On July 12 a Feast of Reason to honor Monroe was held in Philadelphia. The guest list was interesting. Jefferson and Freneau were of course there, and Chief Justice McKean of Pennsylvania, whose lovely daughter Sally was about to marry the Marquis d'Yrujo, "the rude, insolent" Spanish minister, as Pickering called him. There also most appropriately were Horatio Gates, now seventy, Aaron Burr, and his satellite, Jonathan Dayton.

On the seventeenth Pickering replied to Monroe's request for the "circumstances," sending a copy to Washington and apparently none to Adams. He said:

... it is easy to conceive that the President of the United States may be possessed of facts and information which would not only justify but require the recall of a Foreign Minister. . . . When the tenure of public officers (that of the judges excepted) was deliberately and confidentially placed in the pleasure of the President . . . it certainly was not contemplated to test the propriety or expediency

of particular acts of that pleasure or disclose them by a formal trial or a public discussion. . . . I cannot undertake to comply with your request.

To this Monroe replied, "If you supposed that I would submit in silence to [these] injurious imputations . . . you were mistaken. . . ." He goes on to say that Washington and Pickering have denounced him as a man "who had committed some great act of misconduct." He denies that the Constitution gave the President the right to dismiss without cause. "It was not intended to dispense with the principles of justice or the inalienable rights of freemen in favor of Executive pleasure. It is an incompetent recompense to a person who has been injured by the Executive to be told the Constitution permits the injury."

It is quite evident that Monroe's wrath was such that he wanted to stand on the Constitution while kicking it away from under him.

Pickering now brought Charles Lee, the Attorney General, into it, and Lee wrote to Pickering, with a copy duly to Washington, "Mr. Monroe has lately demanded . . . an explanation of the letter of recall which was sent to him in France. That an inconvenient, unwise and pernicious precedent might not be set his request has been denied."

On the twenty-fourth Pickering swept legalities aside and wrote Monroe as damning a letter as even the acerb Pickering ever achieved. "It is not true that removal from office necessarily implies actual misconduct. It may merely imply a want of ability."

The next day he pushed the knife a little deeper. He wrote that he would tell Monroe the considerations which induced him to advise the President to dismiss Monroe, when Washington had asked him. He added that McHenry and Charles Lee would give theirs. Wolcott was away.

In all this there was no reference to Adams, off at Braintree, but the rest of the Cabinet wrote almost daily to Mount Vernon. Monroe declined the offers.

Thereupon there was one of those brief bursts of comedy. Pickering wrote Washington that some of the papers in the case which Monroe desired to see could not be found and that he believed they were with Washington's.

This annoyed the Great Man—perhaps the mistress of Mount Vernon was still being more "wife" than "friend" about the letters left in Philadelphia. He wrote back that he was sure Pickering had them. Contrasting Pickering's cramped little house and office in Philadelphia with the spaces of Mount Vernon, the next sentence is very human and funny: "I have not nor is it in my power yet to open all my packages because I have no place to put them"!

Pickering at once conceded they must be in Philadelphia but, further to encumber Mount Vernon, sent off Washington's letterpress and his Journals of Congress, advising Colonel Fitzgerald at Alexandria to watch for them on the packet.

Monroe then conceded that he had all the papers he needed and Pickering wrote Washington he believed Monroe had only made the demand to be denied. "I kept a table ready for Monroe in my office for a week."

On August 29, Monroe, homeward bound, passed Mount Vernon without calling. He was about to start work on A View of the Conduct of the Executive, which was to give Washington such pleasure.

Not only the Cabinet continued to report to Mount Vernon. From the Hague came a fifteen-page report from John Marshall with twelve pages from William Vans Murray, the minister there, and a long letter from Charles C. Pinckney. Rufus King wrote from London that all possible was being done to dissuade Lafayette from going to America.

Late in January '98, Madison wrote Jefferson that one copy only of Monroe's book had reached Virginia. If this was true it was the one in Washington's possession. Jefferson wrote that the book was so good that the Federalists were "preparing a batch of small stuff, such as refusing to drink General Washington's health, speaking ill of him . . ."

The birds of a color were flocking together and Bache's Aurora published Tom Paine's open letter to Washington: "As to you, sir, treacherous in private friendships (for so you have been to me and that in the day of danger) and a hypocrite in public life . . . an apostate or an imposter . . ."

Paine was referring to his imprisonment in France during the Terror and the alleged indifference to his fate by Gouverneur Morris and Washington. His charges of course disregarded the fact that when he was arrested he was a member of the French Convention and a French national by his own choice. To his accusations, Bache added the story that Washington had given a private audience to an agent of the French pretender while Genêt was here as minister.

"One would think the measure of infamy was filled," Washington wrote Pickering, and denied "the impudent wicked and groundless assertion" that he had ever exchanged a word with the agent Talon, "outside of the public rooms on public days . . . publish the whole letter to Gouverneur Morris and his to me and let the public pass on the charge. . . ."

Then he turned to Monroe's book and filled the margins with his notes. Brilliant, subtle, and caustic, the notes display a hitherto unrevealed flair for argument, rebuttal, and denunciation not surpassed by any of the men who handled words so skillfully.

A View of the Conduct of the Executive in substance alleged that, as minister to France, Monroe had not only been left without instructions but that what he did receive were contrary to the national interest; that in contrast to his predecessor, Gouverneur Morris, he was a Republican, persona grata, if not gratissima, to the French government and could have secured any reasonable concessions from them (as to the imprisoning of our nationals and the seizure of our ships and cargoes) if it had not been for the nefarious treaty Jay was negotiating in London without the foreknowledge or consent of the French.

Washington's notes were written by himself alone. No adviser or bright young man was at Mount Vernon to edit them. They are often profound but their great interest lies in their display of curt, sarcastic wit, the skilled debater's repartee, and a flair for what can only be called, of all things, the wisecrack. It was as though the Great Man said to himself, "Now let me show them with their labored scurrilities how a sensible man makes a fool of his loathly opposite."

Here are excerpts from text and notes:

- Monroe: In May, '94 I was invited by the President . . . to accept the office of Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Republic.
- Washington: After several attempts had failed to obtain a more eligible character . . . Mr. Morris was appointed during the reign of Louis XVI. . . . Afterwards under the fluctuating counsels and changes which succeeded even the acuteness and wisdom of a Monroe might not have served.
- Monroe: Upon my arrival in France . . . I found the work of alienation and disunion [from the U.S.] had been carried further than I had before even suspected.
- Washington: If we had submitted to them without remonstrance we should have still been their dear friends and allies.
- Monroe: I was opposed to Jay's going to Great Britain.
- Washington: Did the true situation admit any other alternative? Was there an abler man to be found . . .
- Monroe: Had that treaty never been passed what might we not have expected from French friendship?
- Washington: Nothing if she did not perceive some advantage to herself in granting it.
- Monroe: As Jay had refused to send me a copy of the treaty [with England to communicate to the French government they and I] thought it extraordinary.
- Washington: No one else will think it extraordinary. . . . The great and primary object of the Administration was to pre-

- serve the United States in peace . . . it was not essential to make a parade of sentiments pleasing to one nation which might create unpleasant feelings in other nations with whom we were also at peace and wished to remain so.
- Monroe: It appeared that . . . the nature and object of [Mr. Jay's] mission to England had been misrepresented by me to the French government.
- Washington: The instructions warrant no such conclusion, nor could [his] government be responsible for his want of discernment and consequent misrepresentation.
- Monroe: That the Administration had injured me was a point upon which I had no doubt; that it had likewise compromised its own credit was also obvious to my mind.
- Washington: But not so in either case to an impartial and discriminating mind.
- Monroe: [Additionally] Colonel Humphreys . . . passed over to Algeria and concluded a treaty with that regency and of course without the aid of France.
- Washington: He did so and happily it succeeded, but not in a way appreciated by Mr. Monroe as it was effected without the agency of France.
- Monroe: The approval of the [Jay] treaty excited the general disgust of the French against the American government.
- Washington: Who were the contrivers of this disgust? . . . The French party in the United States was against the treaty before one clause was known . . . it was not the contents of the treaty but that a treaty should be formed which putting an end to the disputes between U.S. and G.B. put an end also to the hopes of our embarking in the war on the part of France.
- MONROE: My wish was to conciliate the French toward the treaty and I looked to the Administration for the means.
- Washington: What means is it he wanted? Did he expect to be authorized to declare that the government was in error in having made a treaty without first obtaining the consent of

France and to ask pardon for not having submitted Mr. Jay's instructions or the terms of it to the rulers of that country before it was ratified. . . .

Did the treaty surrender any right of which the U.S. had been possessed . . . make a change in the Law of Nations . . . If none why all this farrago but to sow the seeds of discontentment by imposing upon the uninformed.

- Monroe: With respect to the declaration that we were an independent people and had a right to decide for ourselves, etc., so often represented, I did not perceive how it applied.
- Washington: None are more dull than those who will not perceive.
- Monroe: It was my duty to answer [Randolph's letter about Jay] which I did without comment; for it was improper for me to censure and useless to advise.
- Washington: When a rational answer and a good reason cannot be given it is not unusual to be silent.
- Monroe: The French minister declined stating any special objections to the treaty.
- Washington: For the best reason in the world because he had none that would bear the test of examination.
- Monroe: No instructions can be adduced of any counsel being asked or attention shewn to the counsels of the French nation. . . .
- Washington: To have asked counsel would have been improper.
- Monroe: My efforts produced a certain effect for a certain term only . . .
- WASHINGTON: What effect?
- Monroe (continuing): . . . a sufficient one, however, to have permitted the Administration to interpose and assist me.
- Washington: Did he expect [we would agree] to have the treaty annulled, ask pardon for having made it and enquire of France what more she required?
- Monroe: The course which I pursued was a plain one.

Washington: So it is believed for the object he had in view but not for the object of his mission or the honor and dignity of his country.

MONROE: My appointment to the French Republic . . .

Washington: And an unfortunate one it was.

Monroe: Whether the nature of this crisis [repels] us from France and attracts us toward England is submitted for others to determine.

Washington: As he has such a happy knack at determining, he ought not to have let this opportunity escape him.

Monroe: Much was said [in Washington's address to Congress on the Jay treaty] of the advantage of our accord with Great Britain . . . without the slightest attention being shown to the French Republic.

Washington: To state facts for the information of Congress and not to write eulogisms on the French nation . . . was the object of the then President. If Mr. Monroe ever fills the chair of government . . . he may let the French minister frame his speeches.

As he wrote, Monroe's successors, Marshall and Charles C. Pinckney, had left Paris after Talleyrand's suggestion that the negotiations needed a *douceur* of two hundred thousand dollars to him. Elbridge Gerry remained. It now appeared that war with France was inevitable, that she meant to regain Louisiana and "renew the ancient plan of circumscribing and encircling . . . the Atlantic states" and of invading from Santo Domingo and her other West Indian islands.

It must be said that all the Federalist former Continental officers appear to have been eager for war. Their letters suggest that they wanted to show they had learned all the lessons of mismanagement in the Revolution and St. Clair's war, and that this time the army and the war would be properly run. It was accepted that Washington would come out of retirement to command the army.

Hamilton lost no time in making clear what he wanted. He wrote Washington on June 2 that, with him as lieutenant general, Hamilton wished to be inspector general with a commission "in the line."

On July 3, McHenry, Secretary of War, wrote to Washington that the Senate had unanimously confirmed his appointment that day and on the seventh President Adams wrote a plain little letter of appointment.

Previously he had asked Washington's views on other appointments. The end result of this was a Federalist free-for-all of jealous rivalry more violent than anything which had occurred in the Revolution, with Knox and Hamilton behaving worst and with James McHenry, whatever his supposed limitations, almost singlehanded, getting on with the job. Adams acted like a rather vindictive onlooker instead of a President or Commander in Chief.

The business began quietly. Washington sent in these suggestions:

To be major generals: Hamilton, Charles C. Pinckney, Knox, and Henry Lee.

As possible adjutant generals: Hand or Jonathan Dayton.

To be quartermaster general: Carrington.

To be director of hospitals: Dr. Craik.

He then listed and assessed some names as regimental commanders:

Massachusetts: Cobb, very good. Gibbs, very good.

Connecticut: Tallmadge, very good. Huntington, good. Sheldon, no comment.

Rhode Island: Olney, very good.

New Jersey: Aaron Ogden, very good.

South Carolina: William Washington, Edward Rutledge, and Thomas Pinckney, all very good.

Georgia: None recollected.

At eleven o'clock on the night of the sixth Pickering wrote hastily to Washington that Adams was "disinclined" to Hamil-

ton. That day Adams had written McHenry, asking him to request Washington to consider a long list for the choice of field commander under him. It was a strange, almost crafty roster of old and young, which can hardly have been prepared except to confuse. There were fifteen names listed in this order: Lincoln, Morgan, Knox, Hamilton, Gates, Pinckney, Lee, Carrington, Hand, Muhlenberg, Dayton, Burr, Brooks, Cobb, and Smith. Adams's son-in-law. Hamilton and the last three had been on Washington's staff but there the resemblance ended. If Gates's health had been unequal to the command of the expedition against the Long House, twenty years before, it is hard to see how he could have led an army to Florida or New Orleans or against the Indians, whom it was expected France would "seduce in Kentucky and Tennessee." Perhaps the best comment on the list is to point out how impossible it is to conceive Washington's being either so devious or so fantastic.

However, on July 18, McHenry advised Washington that Adams had sent the following nominations to the Senate:

Inspector General: Hamilton.

Major Generals: Pinckney, Knox.

Brigadier Generals: William Washington and Jonathan Dayton.

Adjutant General: Smith, the son-in-law.

On the twentieth Pickering, having received two dollars from Mount Vernon, sent Washington another copy of Monroe's book which, he said, "like Randolph's vindication is considered by everyone whom I have heard speak of it as his own condemnation, or, as some have expressed themselves, his death warrant." He adds that the Swedish chargé in Lisbon has said, "Monroe is an idiot." All were wrong.

On the twenty-fifth, without a word to his Cabinet, so Mc-Henry said, President Adams left for Braintree. Four days later two of the "first characters" of the Revolution wrote letters as

⁶Leonard D. White in *The Federalists* says that in his eight years as President Washington was absent 181 days; Adams, in four years, 385 days.

objectionable as those of any of the petty men in the Continental Congress they once looked down on. With McHenry bearing the whole burden of mobilization in again fever-ravaged Philadelphia, Hamilton wrote an intolerably arrogant letter to Washington about his friend McHenry's deficiencies and said the failure to make clear his own precedence over Knox and Pinckney was "impalatable."

From Knox the same day came nine pages of rancor, jealousy, and protest about Hamilton's seniority. He said for twenty years he had been "acting under a perfect delusion" in thinking he had Washington's "affection and respect," and now Hamilton was placed ahead of him. If it is true that Washington had said "public esteem" required it, he demanded to know "how was it manifested? In Virginia and the Southern states?" He would always "remember the friendship and confidence" hitherto shown him but even if a change were now made he "will say no."

Washington replied calmly, signing his letter, "I am, as I ever have been, your sincere friend and affectionate servant." He could not then say what Pickering had to Monroe about "want of ability." Knox wrote back truculently, still demanding to know "the origin of the estimation of the transcendant military talents of Colonel Hamilton." Then in a burst of abnegation he said he would either be senior major general or an A.D.C. Hamilton wrote that he had heard of Knox's reaction which,

Hamilton wrote that he had heard of Knox's reaction which, while painful to him, was to be expected. As though he were utterly devoid of such a vice, he added that it could be ascribed to "personal ambition." The signature, "with most respect and affectionate attachment," seems a little excessive in the circumstances.

Washington must well have asked himself, "Oh, the boys,

Even sturdy McHenry had to move to Trenton on August 13. On that day Washington congratulated him on the plan of promptly organizing twelve regiments of infantry.

*Four years before Madison had written Jefferson, "Hamilton is to resign...Knox as the shadow follows the substance."

when will they be men?" Both, it is true, were acting very much as he once had. But he was then twenty-five and Knox was now forty-eight and Hamilton forty-two. McHenry was at least behaving like a man of forty-six.

On August 25, McHenry wrote Washington that he had heard nothing about the controversy from the President but that he thought he might be intending to reverse the seniority. On September 7 he reported that Adams was determined to place Knox first and Hamilton last in the major generals. He could only hope Hamilton would not refuse to serve.

During that week it was learned that such was Adams's intention and Pickering wrote Washington, "[The] precipitate decision made us all very uneasy . . . the fact is that the President has an extraordinary aversion to Colonel Hamilton . . . [by] his own wishes he would scarcely have given him the rank of brigadier." Pickering said that, when asked by Adams who should have the field command, he had said Hamilton. "Oh no," said the President, "I would sooner appoint Gates or Lincoln or Morgan." Pickering told him Morgan had never had more than a small command and had a "broken constitution. As for Gates he is an old woman."

McHenry now wrote Washington that the President said there was too much intrigue going on and that pique over the Senate's rejection of Adams's son-in-law to be adjutant general had influenced the decision to place Hamilton last. Then in somewhat comic candor he says, well, there's no clothing for the army anyhow.

Washington now felt it necessary to write directly to Adams. He said that the only reason he had originally examined the list of officers was "to be reminded of names." But he stands by his suggestions. The last war—on which Knox's claim to seniority rested—does not apply. These are different days and there must be a new army de novo. As to Hamilton, "he is ambitious, yes, but he is enterprising, quick and his judgment is intuitively

Few generals have so clearly refused to fight the last war.

great." He loves Knox, but . . . He then asks straight out whether Adams's order of seniority is final and whether an adjutant general in place of Smith will be named without his concurrence. It is plain that if the answer had been yes Washington would have resigned.

Adams replied that the commissions all bore the same date and that if the dispute was not settled amicably he would refer it to Washington and confirm his judgment.

It may be felt that in his asking "to be informed," with the veiled threat of resignation, Washington was as much the prima donna as Knox or Hamilton. And it is quite possibly true. It may appear that for the first time in twenty-three years he was "second in Rome" and would not accept it.

On the other hand, all military commanders, unless those of the present Red Army, are given a free hand to choose their lieutenants and this right, not insubordination or civil control, was at stake. In addition Adams's very absence in Braintree must have brought back memories of his departure from Congress for home just as the army was going to "the bleak hill-side" at Valley Forge. The move was not that of a leader of men and what Adams first proposed doing was not "sensible."

And in Adams's letter there is a suggestion of one of the oldest of alibis. His "health is indifferent and Mrs. Adams extremely low."¹⁰

As the year ended it developed that part of the reason for Colonel Smith's non-confirmation was that he had knowingly pledged property to a Major Burrows which "was before mortgaged for its full value to Mr. William Constable." The majority of Adams's own Cabinet appear to have hoped it could be proven. Washington wrote McHenry that there was a possibility

¹⁰If nothing else distinguished Washington from Adams and most of the others, there would be the ill-health which the latter enjoyed and wrote of so often. Washington, except to say his is excellent, seldom mentions health. These figures might be noted about the ailing Adamses at the time. Mrs. Adams was then fifty-six and lived twenty years. Adams was sixty-three and lived twenty-eight years.

of "some fair explanation [which would] dissuade from a conclusion against him," and told him he was at liberty to show Adams the letter. "Candour is particularly due him." Smith was given a chance to explain and the explanation accepted.

Certainly one of the most appealing of Washington's qualities is the absence of the furtive, the talebearing, and the conspiratorial. This is what I said about that man or that issue and you may tell the world I think it. In contrast are many of Jefferson's letters. One wonders whether the many of his signed "Adieu" without name or initials are not symbolically secretive.

In January '99, Jefferson wrote Monroe, ". . . a very important measure is under contemplation here. . . . I may be forced to score you for fifty or a hundred dollars." In February he wrote that he had done so for one hundred dollars and added, "I shall seldom write you for account of the strong suspicion of infidelity in the Post Office." The measure was presumably the financing of the Callender scurrilities, and how distasteful the business is.

Through the Post Office at the same time went an angry letter from Washington to McHenry on the occasion of a commission for Caleb Gibbs being rejected by Congress:

That two major generals [and I] in November waded for five weeks through volumes of applications and settled them fairly and wisely [means nothing]. . . . Any member of Congress who had a friend to serve or a prejudice to endulge could set them at naught. . . . Gibbs was personally known to you, General Hamilton and myself. . . . He served through the whole Revolutionary War from the assembly of the first troops at Cambridge . . . to the closing of the military drama, without reproach. [. . . Additionally he was] recommended by Lincoln, Knox, Brooks and Jackson, yet the veto of a member of Congress was more respected.

There is a story that when Louis Philippe was an exile in America he met Washington one morning in Philadelphia, walking in the rain before breakfast. "You walk early, General," he said. "Yes," replied Washington, "I walk early because I sleep well. I sleep well because I never write anything which can get me into the slightest trouble. Remember that, young man."

He was also annoyed by the promotion of a young member of the Mercer family, commissioned a lieutenant of dragoons and forthwith made a captain. "In the array of officers where every attention was paid (that personal knowledge or information could reach) to merit, age, respectability and standing in the community, he was not even placed (if my memory serves me) high up among the lieutenants." As it turned out, a captaincy was not sufficient for Mercer, who refused it. Washington, hearing of it, asked McHenry, "In the name of common modesty what did the young gentleman expect? The command of the regiment?"¹²

Blood will tell, as he should have known, for he had to advise an applicant for the service of Young Royal Gift, "now in the prime being seven years old," that he had inherited his ascetic father's inclinations. Like him, "he is rather slow in covering unless a jenny is by to excite and stimulate him."

The spring of '99 was, on the whole, a happy time. "Six days do I labor . . . take exercise and devote myself to various occupations in husbandry. On the seventh (for want of a place of worship within less than 9 miles) I write letters."

Hamilton and Charles C. Pinckney were with the growing

Hamilton and Charles C. Pinckney were with the growing army around Harper's Ferry, while the Commander in Chief, at Mount Vernon, relieved at last of the burden of field command, could give his mind to the larger issues.¹⁸

Patrick Henry died in early summer. Many thought there had been an enmity between the two men. Henry had strongly opposed ratification of the Constitution and after his swing to Federalism he had consistently refused various Cabinet and diplomatic posts even at times when the occasion called for self-sacrifice. But of his death Washington wrote to Archibald Blair, "My breast never harbored a suspicion that Mr. Henry was un-

¹²Young Mr. Custis was made a dragoons subaltern.

¹³Nelly Custis had been married and Washington wrote Pinckney that her husband had "relinquished the lapp of Mars for the sports of Venus," a phrase about marriage which, as we have seen, pleased him very much.

friendly to me, altho' I had reason to believe that the same spirit which was at work to destroy all confidence in the public functionaries was not less busy in poisoning the private fountains."

Though the Conway Cabal, called by whatever name, may be a fiction to historians, it was reality to Washington. In this letter to Blair he added that Mr. Henry "was not to be worked on by intriguers [in the attempt] to supplant me in [the command of the Continental Army.]"

It is interesting that almost the last of Washington's letters to Pickering should have been about Lafayette, then released by the Austrians from Olmütz and in effect a man without a country. The letter of November 3 said, "I have not a doubt of General Lafayette being now on his passage to the United States. I have done everything in my power to induce him to suppress this determination [because of the delicate international situation]."14 Certainly there is no indication here of the "father" longing to see his "son" again after eleven long years. Surely if any such relation existed, the complications would have been swept away and the fatted calf been killed. It is true that four months previous Lafayette had been made one of the three beneficiaries of Washington's will outside the family. While one of them was his lifelong friend Dr. Craik, the second was the Earl of Buchan, whom Washington had never met. And the bequest to Lafayette was simply "two pistols taken from the enemy during the Revolutionary War," perhaps by Lafayette, and perhaps in return for the key of the Bastille he had sent to Mount Vernon.

As the last month of the wonderful century came in, James Monroe was appointed to the chief magistracy of the Commonwealth of Virginia. The news did not reach Mount Vernon for some days. A View of the Conduct of the Executive had not been its author's death warrant. Some believed it was Washington's, so

¹⁴On the previous Christmas Day he had at last written Lafayette that, while no one would receive him with more open arms, "it would be uncandid and incompatable with that friendship [I have for you] to say that I wish it before [the differences between this country and France are adjusted]."

shaken was he by the word that Monroe had been elected governor.

There was one specific, however, for all disappointments in men or events and that was to turn to the land. On the tenth he wrote at the top of a piece of paper:

River Farm Crops for and Operations Thereon for The Year 1800

Then he meticulously ruled up ten pages of paper in squares and wrote out the rotation of crops, looking ahead even "in the years 1802, 1803 . . ."

December 12 he dictated a letter to Hamilton about a military academy at West Point, and then in his bold, unshaken hand wrote the penultimate entry in the diary:

Morning cloudy. Wind at north east and mercury 33°. A large circle round the moon last night. About ten o'clock it began to snow, soon after to hail and then to a settled cold rain.

On the morning of the thirteenth it was snowing "and about three inches deep. Wind at north east and mercury at 30°." It continued snowing "till one o'clock and about four it became perfectly clear," with the "wind in the same place but not hard" and the mercury down to 28°.

He called for his horse. Before the next day was done he died as a country gentleman should, after a snowy ride across his fields in that last winter twilight.

Two English historians, Cyril Hartmann and A. L. Rowse, have recently spoken of "the abominable tyranny of references" and "the nightmare of accuracy" which nowadays make it necessary for anyone calling Cardinal Wolsey "a haughty prelate" to adduce "contemporary authority to justify both adjective and noun." So also, they said, "with bibliographies in modern historical works swollen to absurd proportions."

The habit has arisen in part from the fear, on the part of a non-academic writer like myself, of an academic reviewer's blighting line "Mr. Buzz-Buzz has apparently never heard of . . ." Perhaps the academic writer fears his brethren will say, "Professor Zu-Zu achieves some entertainment for the ordinary reader by fascinating errors and omissions."

The many trays of card catalogues on Washington and his times in any large library do not seem to me to require copying. To be of use they would need assessment as well as listing. How many hours are wasted with or waiting for useless books, as, for example, E. F. Ellett's *The Women of the Revolution*, 2 vols., Philadelphia, 1900, listed in so many bibliographies for the period.

Swollen documentation with index numbers is often more nuisance than help, however important in Ph.D. theses. So far as I know there has never been a serious case of a writer's lying about his references, and mistakes he may make are caught not by a page number but because his brother, with greater or more specialized knowledge, cometh and searcheth the matter.

I have tried to write this book so that the author of a letter or diary quoted is named in my text and I have indicated in the Notes the

source or repository of such documents only where it seemed unusually interesting or helpful.

Letters of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Benjamin Rush, all of whose Writings are readily available, did not seem to me to require any reference except of date. Those of less important men, unless otherwise indicated, have been quoted from: Letters of Richard Henry Lee, 2 vols., New York, 1912; Edward L. DeLaplaine's Life of Thomas Johnson, New York, 1927, George W. Greene's Life of Nathanael Greene, 3 vols., New York, 1871; Charles S. Hall's Benjamin Tallmadge, New York, 1943; Lewis Leary's That Rascal Freneau, New Brunswick, 1941; Kate Mason Rowland's Life of George Mason, 2 vols., New York, 1892; W. B. Reed's Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed, 2 vols., Philadelphia, 1847; Bernard C. Stiner's Life and Correspondence of James McHenry, Cleveland, 1907; Charles W. Upham's Life of Timothy Pickering, 4 vols., Boston, 1873; Henry C. Van Schaack's Life of Peter Van Schaack, New York, 1842; William and Julia Perkins's Life, Journals and Correspondence of Manasseh Cutler, 2 vols., Cincinnati, 1888; Charles B. Todd's Life and Letters of Joel Barlow, New York, 1886; and Theodore A. Zunder's The Early Days of Ioel Barlow, New Haven, 1934.

Slight but valuable memoirs or journals include those of Henry Dearborn, Boston, 1939; Jeduthan Baldwin, Bangor, Maine, 1906; Benjamin Tallmadge, New York, 1904; Tench Tilghman's, Albany, 1876. Very modern and charming are the Letters of Molly and Hetty Tilghman, ed. by Dr. J. Hall Pleasants, Maryland Historical Magazine, March 1926. For a different type of Marylander, H. P. Goddard's Luther Martin, Maryland Historical Society Fund Publication \$24, Baltimore, 1887, is illuminating on an enemy of Washington.

There must be a word of excoriation for the heirs of Jacob Hiltz-heimer. After publishing *Extracts* from his wonderful diary in Philadelphia, 1893, the priceless document was destroyed.

In the case of Washington, practically all letters from him are in

In the case of Washington, practically all letters from him are in the thirty-six volumes of the *Writings*, edited by J. C. Fitzpatrick, and most of those to him are in the Washington Papers in the Library of Congress. These and the Hamilton Papers (Library of Congress)

I have used mainly and extensively, as well as the Gates, Walter Stewart, Von Steuben, Joseph Reed, Allan McLane Papers in the New York Historical Society and the James Monroe Papers, both at the Library of Congress and at the New York Public Library. To those repositories I am grateful for permission to reprint.

One may tire of the printed word but the excitement aroused by Papers is unquenchable. As someone said of love, they are too good for the young, in this case the doctorate-aspirants. Years spent with the wonderful collections of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, to mention but one, could never be dull ones but only in "senescence, the second half of life," is there enough experience and acquaintance to catch all the allusions and recognize the links in the chain letters. And on what travels of the mind one collection sets us off to others.

Emerson said the world needs more Lives of obscure men. At least a hundred of the patriot leaders' Lives, full of intrigue, ambition, and strife, wait to be written for the first time or to be redone by someone other than a descendant who thinks his ancestor's whole life was that of "a pure-minded patriot" and "one of Washington's most trusted" friends or generals. They are, of course, being gradually written, Boudinot and Mifflin recently, James Wilson and William Short to come but under limitations or conventions which, in the main, prevent their reaching the general public.

Of all the Lives of Washington, it must be said that John Marshall's five volumes (1804–7) and Washington Irving's four volumes, New York, 1855, stand up magnificently despite all the later discoveries. Woodrow Wilson's Washington, New York, 1896, on the other hand, is incredibly bad. For some reason Wilson began paragraph after paragraph with the word "'Twas" (It was) and had a fancy for making "an end on't," but the Howard Pyle illustrations make up for a good deal. Henry Cabot Lodge's George Washington, 2 vols., Boston, 1889,¹ and Paul Leicester Ford's The True George Washington, Philadelphia, 1896, can be dispensed with.

Rupert Hughes's unfinished Washington started to break the

¹As this is written, Lodge's descendant becomes U. S. Delegate to the United Nations. In the *Washington*, his ancestor wrote, "Our relations with foreign nations today [1889] fill but a slight place in American politics and excite generally only a languid interest . . . it is difficult to realize how large a place they occupied when the government was formed," II, 129.

Wilderness Road which Dr. Freeman is now making a Broad Highway.

It is with regret that one must warn the curious or romantic that Eugene Ernest Prussing's George Washington in Love and Otherwise, Chicago, 1925, and Laura Aline Hobby's Washington, the Lover, Dallas, 1932, will be disappointments as will Gertrude Stein's Washington in Four in America, New Haven, 1947.

Colonel O. L. Spaulding's brief "Military Studies of George Washington," American Historical Review, Vol. XXIV, is informative. The less said of W. E. Woodward's Washington, the Image and the Man, New York, 1926, the better.

As to my friend Bernard Knollenberg's Washington and the Revolution, it is the scholarly heresy that Washington was not only not God the Father but, except for bravery, a dubious fellow. People either swear by or at it. While its method of proof seems to me similar to medieval scholasticism, men more learned than I, such as Professor Samuel W. Patterson (Horatio Gates, Defender of American Liberties, New York, 1941) and Professor John R. Alden (General Charles Lee, New York, 1951) subscribe to it, if I have not misjudged their books. Those interested should, however, read Washington to Order, by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings, 3rd Series, Vol. LX, 1928.

For general background among many, no book is better than Allan Nevins's The American States During and After the Revolution, 1775–89, New York, 1927. Robert Abraham East's Business Enterprise in the American Revolutionary Era, New York, 1938, is an engrossing piece of scholarship. Its vast bibliography is not "swollen" but all bone and muscle.

One of the keenest observers of our country at the time was Louis Guillaume Otto, so long the French chargé. His Considérations sur la conduite du gouvernement américain envers la France depuis le commencement de la révolution jusqu'au 1797 were published in Princeton, 1945. Paul Henry Lang's Music in Western Civilization, New York, 1941, has a surprising amount to say of America at the time, particularly of the Moravians' music at Bethlehem.

Many books not mentioned above are referred to in the Notes following and hundreds of others have been consulted. Taking Dr.

Freeman's public advice to students of the Revolution, I read all portions of the seventy-four volumes of the *Pennsylvania Magazine* of *History and Biography* dealing with the years 1775–99. The historical magazines of other societies, states, and colleges await a harvester.

NOTES

PRINCIPAL ABBREVIATIONS

GP, Gates Papers, New York Historical Society.

WP, Washington Papers, Library of Congress.

Scharf, History of Philadelphia, 3 vols., 1884.

LCC, Letters of Members of Continental Congress (ed. E. C. Burnett). BP, The Bland Papers, 2 vols., Petersburg, Virginia, 1840, ed. by Charles Campbell.

Pettengill, Ray W., trans. (Hessian) Letters from America, Boston, 1924. JCC, Journals of the Continental Congress.

LP, Laurens Papers, Long Island Historical Society.

SP, Von Steuben Papers, New York Historical Society.

Pamag, Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography.

CHAPTER FOUR

Sources for main references to Hessians, Pamag 7 (court-martial at Cassel).

Pamag 22-23 for mail and remittances.

Pamag 60 for Baurmeister.

Ameri. Hist. Assoc. Annual Report, 1901, for inducements to desert. Irving, III, 272, for impression of Americans at Saratoga.

Scharf, I, 335, for Ludwig.

That "primary evidence" is not always conclusive is illustrated by the fact that half the Hessians say American vegetables are larger than German and half that they are smaller.

Depositions as to rape, N. J. Archives, Series 2, Vol. I.

Captain McEwan's predicament, Clayton's diary, Pamag 25.

Sergeant Young's diary, Pamag 8.

McMichael's diary, Pamag 16.

Beatty's diary, Pamag 44.

Conduct at Easton, WP, June 22-23, 1778.

Partial Moravian diaries, Pamag 12.

Drowne on the Great God, quoted in New York City During the Revolution, Original Letters (Mercantile Library Association, New York, 1861).

CHAPTER SIX

Gates and Charles Lee letters from their papers, NYHS, the former unpublished, the latter partially published and thereafter lost or destroyed.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Gates Papers have: Washington's letter to him of December 23; his letter to Washington on the date Arnold was given his orders; Wilkinson's and Trumbull's letters. See also Wilkinson's *Memoirs*, I, 128.

Attitude of the tavern keeps, Pa. Archives, Series 1, p. 125.

Dinner of the Council at Greene's headquarters, Pamag 4.

The Sun Inn Register, Pamag 39.

Peale's diary, Pamag 38.

Cadwalader's letters, WP.

Moylan's letters, Force, Series V, Vol. III, p. 1446. Dickinson, WP, and see Mag. Amer. Hist., VII, 421.

Whipple to Langdon, LCC, where see also this noble utterance by the Signer, Caesar Rodney, on October 6: "My domestick business will employ me all the remaining fall, let matters turn out hereafter as they may."

On December 22, Joseph Reed wrote Washington, "We are all of opinion, my dear General, that something must be attempted to revive our expiring credit." Reed's biographer chose to believe this brought

about the crossing.

Anderson, Navigation of the Upper Delaware; Fackenthal, Improving Navigation on the Delaware; and Fargo, Story of Delaware Valley, are valuable secondary sources.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Intelligence from Dayton & Ogden, army detail, and Stirling's sister-in-law troubles, from WP.

CHAPTER NINE

Greene and Knox at Bethlehem, Moravian diary, Pamag 12.

Deborah Logan's diary, Pamag 16.

Bland to his wife, BP.

Elizabeth Coates's diary, Pamag 31.

Howe on wounded at Brandywine, WP.

In the Walter Stewart Papers there is a wonderful letter of February 16, 1777, from Joseph Brown of Providence. Brown's "conversion" troubles and shortages read like World War II, and he had the American manufacturer's equally familiar confidence in his "know-how" and his product.

"I shall proceed on making the canon as far as posable but have now no expectation of getting the cast before our coles [coal] will be gon for I have ben at the furnace since I wrote you and find that our coles are not likely to last so long as was expected. But we shall doe all we posable can as they are for the publick servis. Their weight and length must be according to the patterns we allready have it being imposable to alter them in time. As to their goodness I confess we have not mad them as smooth and sightly on the outside as they are in Urope. But we make them as sound and smooth on the in side as aney in the world and as good on the outside as any have ben made in America that I ever heard of so that I have no doubt but they will be as good as aney made on the Continent."

CHAPTER TEN

Return of Howe's dog, WP.

References to Allan McLane, here and hereafter, from his Papers, NYHS, unless obviously WP.

References to John Clark, WP. Muhlenberg's diary, Scharf, I, 333.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Lovell's letter, WP.

Payments to Houston and Govett, JCC, November 28, 1777.

As to Hall and Sellers, see *History of Printing in America*, Albany, 1874.

Dyer to Trumbull and Gates, and Laurens on leaving, LCC.

For arrivals in Bethlehem, Pamag 88.

Hall and Sellers's setup at York, Pamag 28 (J. C. Jordan). See also F. A. Burkhardt's Romance and History Along the Reading Road and excerpts from Hiltzheimer diary.

For Robert's trial and execution, see Pa. Archives, Series I, Vol. VII,

pp. 21ff., and Colonial Records of Pa., Vol. XI.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Conway's letters to Washington, WP. Varied demands on Johnson, Delaplaine, 288. Krafft's escape, NYHS Collections, 1882. John Laurens's letters to his father, LP.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Scammell's requirements in knives and forks, etc., McLane Papers. McLane to Laurens and McHenry and his intelligence reports, WP.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Sir H. Clinton to Germain here and hereafter from Papers and Letterbooks, Clements Library.

All testimony at Lee's court-martial, NYHS Collections, 1873.

John R. Alden's General Charles Lee indispensable.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Baylor and Otho Williams to Washington, WP.

All assignments and movements of Continental officers, WP.

John Mitchell's letters, Scott's reports, Tallmadge regarding Culper and the surprise at Tappan, WP.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Lovell to Gates, LCC.

Livingston to Greene, Calendar of Greene Correspondence, November 15, 1778.

John and Henry Laurens's letters, LP.

Charles Lee to Gates and John Laurens, Lee Papers, Vols. III and IV.

Hamilton to Steuben, SP.

Weather from Fell's diary, LCC, III, 549.

Gates to Conway, GP for copy.

Holten's diary, LCC, III, 550.

Rutledge to Jay, Bancroft Transcripts, NYPL.

See also Code of Honor in Colonial and Revolutionary Times, E. B. Greene, Colonial Society of Massachusetts, Vol. XXVI, pp. 367ff.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Gates's refusal of command, GP.

Gibbs on Luzerne's visit, Pamag 38.

Harrison to Steuben on Gerrard's visit, SP.

For Sullivan expedition, "New Sources on ——" by A. C. Flick, Quarterly Journal of the N. Y. State Hist. Assoc., Vol. X, 1929.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

New York weather, Rivington's Gazette for February, and WP. Arnold's first letters from West Point, WP.

Greene on "party business" and money troubles, WP.

For Pennsylvania Bank subscriptions, B. A. Konkle's Thomas Willing and the First American Financial System, Philadelphia, 1937, p. 94.

Meade to Monroe, Monroe Papers, NYPL.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The onset and conduct of the January Mutinies are in WP. See also, of course, Van Doren.

Lafayette's and Wayne's movements southward, WP.

Mrs. Mortier's present for Mrs. Washington, WP.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Rebecca Franks's letter from Flatbush, Famag 23. The timetable to Yorktown, WP.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Chapter title a favorite phrase of Washington's.

Bruno's diary in Pettengill.

British officers' advertisements, J. F. Watson, Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, 3 vols., Philadelphia, 1905, II, 228.

French officers at Easton, Pamag 35.

Kosci's adventure, Otho Williams Papers, Maryland Historical Society

(WPA, 1940).

Eliza Whitman letters, T. A. Zunder, The Early Days of Joel Barlow, New Haven, 1934. See also The Letters of François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois, New York, 1929.

Cox to Hannah Pemberton, Pamag 39.

Letters about the Nicholas Rogers miniature for Mrs. Washington, LP. Rogers's letter to the general, WP. The miniatures themselves seem to have disappeared. John Beverley Riggs of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, Dr. J. Hall Pleasants, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund L. R. Smith of Baltimore, Maryland, (Mr. Smith a descendant of Colonel Nicholas Rogers [1753-1822]) had none heard of the miniatures and went to a great deal of trouble to find trace of them.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The Washington-Lafayette letters are all from Fitzpatrick or Gottschalk.

Lafavette to McHenry quoted by Steiner, p. 506.

Adams's view of Steuben from Maclay's diary, May 27, 1790.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

All Washington purchases from WP.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

The "though not fifty five" is from N. W. Stephenson, and W. H. Dunn, George Washington, 2 vols., New York, 1940, II, 226. See also Bellamy's Private Life of George Washington, New York, 1951, for curious views on his health.

Hunter's diary, Pamag 17.

Marshall on money for Monroe, and Jefferson to Monroe on marriage, Monroe Papers, NYPL.

Jefferson to Madison on Mercer, LCC.

For the issue with Spain, Bemis's Jay's Treaty.

Mrs. Bland's letter, WP.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Title, Plutarch of Solon.

CHAPTERS TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE

Gaillard Hunt's Calendar of Applications and Recommendations for Office During the Presidency of George Washington, G.P.O., 1901, is a fascinating compilation. For the whole Federalist period, Lyton K. Caldwell's The Administrative Theories of Hamilton and Jefferson, Chicago, 1944; James Hart's The American Presidency in Action, New York, 1948; and Leonard D. White's The Federalists, New York, 1948, are invaluable, and of course Beard's Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy, New York, 1915, and Professor Dumas Malone's recent Jefferson volumes.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Bemis's Pinckney's Treaty for Spanish negotiation and his recent John Quincy Adams.

Short's letters to Monroe, Monroe Papers, NYPL.

Randolph's letter to Monroe quoted by D. C. Gilman, James Monroe.

An effort was made to prepare some tables of vital statistics about the patriot leaders. The first difficulty was to decide who they were, and any choice is of course an arbitrary one. What seemed a significant group of 145 was made up of the first six Presidents, the Signers of the Declaration, the delegates to the Constitutional Convention, the Confederation department heads and diplomatic appointees, Washington's Cabinet, Supreme Court and diplomatic appointments, the principal Continental major generals and staff officers. (Gates, Greene, Heath, Humphreys, Huntington, Lincoln, Moultrie, Parsons, Putnam, Joseph Reed, St. Clair, Schuyler, Stirling, Sullivan, John and Jonathan Trumbull, and Wayne were names not in other categories.) Ten of the names appear in more than one of these groups. In fact the "variety of career" among the leaders is one of the most significant aspects of our early leadership.

To the above names were added the most prominent of the Revolutionary state-governors who were not in the above groups (George Clinton, Thomas Johnson, Patrick Henry, Thomas Nelson) and Manasseh Cutler, Joel Barlow, Elias Boudinot, Aaron Burr, Henry Laurens, Thomas Paine, Charles Thomson, Jeremiah Wadsworth.

It seemed reasonable to expect that answers to the thirty-eight questions following could be easily secured and interesting correlations drawn from them.

Signer of Declaration Continental officer Confederation Department Head Delegate, Federal Convention Washington's Cabinet Federal Supreme Court Diplomat Federal Congress Wartime governor Postwar governor

Vice-President, U.S.
President, U.S.
Native-born
Home state
Year of birth
Month of birth
Number of father's children
His position in that number

Marital status

Age at first marriage Number of children

Date of death Cause of death

Financial status at death Age at Declaration (Trenton) Interrelationships to other lead-

Age at Federal Convention

Age at death
Federalist
Education
College class

Age at graduation

Religion

Traveled abroad

Indicted or legally accused of

high crimes

Attorney for one so indicted Age of first wife at marriage Member of Continental Congress

However, intensive research and correspondence with universities, historical societies, and state libraries and the employment of genealogical experts left a surprising number of blanks as well as a mass of contradictory evidence. Nor had it been foreseen that "cause of death" is a disputed matter even today on death certificates going to the insurance companies.

While biometrically the group is too small for wide conclusions, certain of the summaries are of interest. The work sheets are at the disposal of other writers who may wish to see, amplify, or correct.

Birth: 122 were born in this country, 23 abroad. The oldest was born in 1706, and 2 in 1707. From 1713 to 19, 6 were born; 1721-29, 21; 1730-39, 39 (Washington and 4 others, Thomas Johnson, R. H. Lee, Blair, Dickinson in 1732); 1740-49, 46; 1750-59, 26; in 1760, 2 and John Quincy Adams, a Washington diplomatic appointment in 1767. Date of 1 unknown. The largest number born in one year was 9 in 1745.

Months of birth were as follows: January, 17; February, 7; March, 15; April, 10; May, 8; June, 9; July, 12; August, 4; September, 9; October, 11; November, 13; December, 7. Unknown, 23. Fifty of them were first-born, and 104 were from first to fifth in large families. One was the fifteenth child, and of 25 we do not know.

Home state: The states of their birth were frequently not the states later associated with their fame and they have been grouped by the latter, including those born abroad. New Hampshire, 5; Massachusetts, 17; Rhode Island, 3; Connecticut, 17; New York, 15; New Jersey, 11; Pennsylvania, 16; Delaware, 7; Maryland, 11; Virginia, 20; North Carolina, 6; South Carolina, 11; Georgia, 6.

Education: Several of the South Carolinians were at Oxford or Cambridge and the Inns of Court. The latter classification below is for those believed to have gone only there. Those graduating from or substantially attending American colleges are: Harvard, 16; Yale, 13; Columbia, 4; Princeton, 15; Pennsylvania, 5; William and Mary, 10. Abroad: Oxford, 2; Cambridge, 3; Inns of Court, 7; Scottish universities, 4; a total of 79 having a higher education. Six had tutors, 10 "read law," 1 was at St. Omer, 3 at English schools, 6 at "common schools," and 40 were educated by their families or themselves.

"Age at graduation from college" is lower than today's averages. Of those for whom we have accurate record, 2 graduated at fifteen, 9 at sixteen, 6 at seventeen, 12 at eighteen, 10 at nineteen, but 10 at twenty, 4 at twenty-one, 3 at twenty-two, 2 at twenty-three, 3 at twenty-four.

Religion: The figure here is open to dispute. A man may have been born of Quaker parents, attended an Episcopal church, and been buried in a Presbyterian churchyard. And there were many shades of belief. The following breakdown, however, can be supported: Presbyterians, 20; Episcopalians, 58; Congregational, 28; Quaker, 6; Methodist, 1; Catholic, 4; Dutch Reformed, 5; Unitarian, 3; Baptist, 1; unknown, 19.

Marital status: One hundred six were married once, 32 twice, and 7 were bachelors. One married at eighteen, 5 at nineteen. Forty-five from twenty to twenty-five, 35 more in their late twenties. Thirty-four in their thirties, 7 in their forties, 1 at fifty-four, and 1 at fifty-seven. We do not know the age at marriage of 57 of the wives, but the rest were more mature than is supposed to have been the custom at the time. While one was fifteen (Mrs. Wayne), 6 sixteen; 10 seventeen; 8 eighteen; and 11 nineteen; 7 were twenty;

6 twenty-one; 10 twenty-two; 8 twenty-three; 4 twenty-four; 3 twenty-five; 6 twenty-six; 1 twenty-seven; 4 twenty-eight; 1 thirty-three; I thirty-five; and I thirty-six. Men with wives older than they: Bassett, Boudinot, Burr, Cutler, Ellery, Heath, Stirling, Stone, Wadsworth, Dayton. Men with wives under eighteen: Harrison, sixteen; Henry, sixteen; Knox, seventeen; Marshall, seventeen; Middleton, seventeen; Monroe, sixteen; Nelson, seventeen; Rush, seventeen; St. Clair, seventeen; Wayne, fifteen; Ellsworth, sixteen; Luther Martin, seventeen; Mason, sixteen; C. C. Pinckney, seventeen; Langdon, sixteen; Gerry, seventeen; King, seventeen. Infant mortality was so high that the number of "living children" is hard to determine but on the whole extremely large families were rare among the patriot leaders. Nine were childless, 12 had one child, 15 two, 14 three, 8 four, 15 five, 7 six, 13 seven, 11 eight, but in the upper reaches 1 had fourteen, 1 fifteen, 1 sixteen, and Carter Braxton had nineteen.

Intermarriage among the families of the leaders could well be the subject of an entire book. Taking these 145 men and disregarding relationships as close as first cousin, 4 had brothers in the group, 2 had a father, 4 a son-in-law, 7 a brother-in-law, 3 had a brother and three brothers-in-law, 3 had two brothers-in-law.

Travel abroad: Disregarding those born abroad, 54 of these men traveled abroad during their lives, 22 of the 56 Signers, 17 of the 55 Delegates to the Constitutional Convention, and 24 of the Continental officers among them. It is interesting to note that none of the 8 from New Hampshire or Rhode Island left this country. As will be expected, Virginia sent the largest number (10) abroad, South Carolina with 9 was next, followed by Massachusetts, 7; little Connecticut, 6; New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, 5 each; New Jersey, 4; and Delaware, North Carolina, and Georgia, 1 each.

Age at death: The longevity of the leaders is remarkable. Only 16 of the 145 died before fifty, and 26 between fifty and sixty; 19 died between sixty and sixty-five, 17 between sixty-six and sixty-nine, leaving 37 septuagenarians, 24 octogenarians, and 6 nonagenarians. There were 7 deaths in the 1770s; 15 in the '80s; 34 in the '90s; 20 between 1800 and 1809; 28 in the next decade; 22 in the 1820s; 6

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in the '30s; 1 in 1843; 1 in 1848; and the last, the nonagenarian, William Short, in 1849. The 6 nonagenarians were John Adams, Charles Carroll, Ellery, Short, Thomson, and W. S. Johnson. The 24 octogenarians were: J. Q. Adams, S. Adams, Boudinot, Burr, George Clinton, Cutler, Floyd, Jay, Jefferson, Johnson, Lewis, McKean, Madison, Marshall, R. T. Paine, Pickering, St. Clair, Smith, Thornton, Trumbull, Williams, Wythe, Few, Franklin. Only 16 died before fifty: Bradford, forty; Greene, forty-four; Gwinnett, forty-two; Hooper, forty-eight; Lynch, thirty; Middleton, forty-three; Paine, forty-eight; Ross; forty-nine; Stone, forty-four; Brearley, forty-five; W. C. Houston, forty-two; Pierce, forty-three; Spaight, forty-four; Hewes, forty-nine; Reed, forty-four; Hamilton, forty-seven.

Cause of death: Allowance here must be made not only for faulty diagnosis but for a nomenclature different from today's. A recent biography of Jefferson has him dying from five causes. Washington did not, of course, die of a quinsy sore throat but of "an acute infection." Where the evidence was unusually obscure or contradictory it has been submitted to competent medical authority, with the result in part that "cause unknown" has been used in 59 cases.

Cause of Death	
Vascular	31
Heart disease	17
Gastrointestinal	I
Acute infection	15
Intoxication	3
Gout	6
Drowning	2
Sunstroke	2
Killed in duel	3
Cancer	2
Murdered	2
Genitourinary	2
Unknown	59
Total	145

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Their financial status at death is of interest: 64 were affluent; 35 comfortable; 23 in restricted circumstances; and 18 penniless. New Hampshire and Rhode Island, who sent none abroad, had none penniless. The 18 were 1 each from Connecticut, New Jersey, and North Carolina; 2 each from Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, and Georgia; 3 from Virginia; and 4 from Pennsylvania. Co-related to their education, 3 were, respectively, Pennsylvania, St. Omer, and an unknown English school; 2 were Harvard; 2 Princeton; 2 Scottish universities; 3 from William and Mary; and 6 were self- or family-educated.

Of all these men, only 1 was tried for treason (Burr), 1 indicted but not tried (Dayton), 2 impeached (Chase and Blount), and 1 dismissed from high office for cause (Randolph). Five acted as these men's attorneys.

Ninety served at some time in the Continental Congress.

Variety of career in all these men is very considerable. The presidential careers illustrate it:

John Adams, Signer, Continental Congress, diplomat, Vice-President. J. Q. Adams, diplomat, representative in federal Congress, Monroe's Cabinet.

Jefferson, Signer, Continental Congress, diplomat, governor, Washington's Cabinet, Vice-President.

Madison, Continental Congress, Federal Convention, representative in federal Congress, diplomat, Jefferson's Cabinet.

Monroe, Continental officer, Continental Congress, senator in federal Congress, diplomat, governor, Madison's Cabinet.

Washington, Continental Congress, Continental officer, Federal Convention.

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